AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY
DEC 29 1980

Saturday Review

AUGUST 1980 $1.50

nthony Burgess:
rica Jong's New Triumph

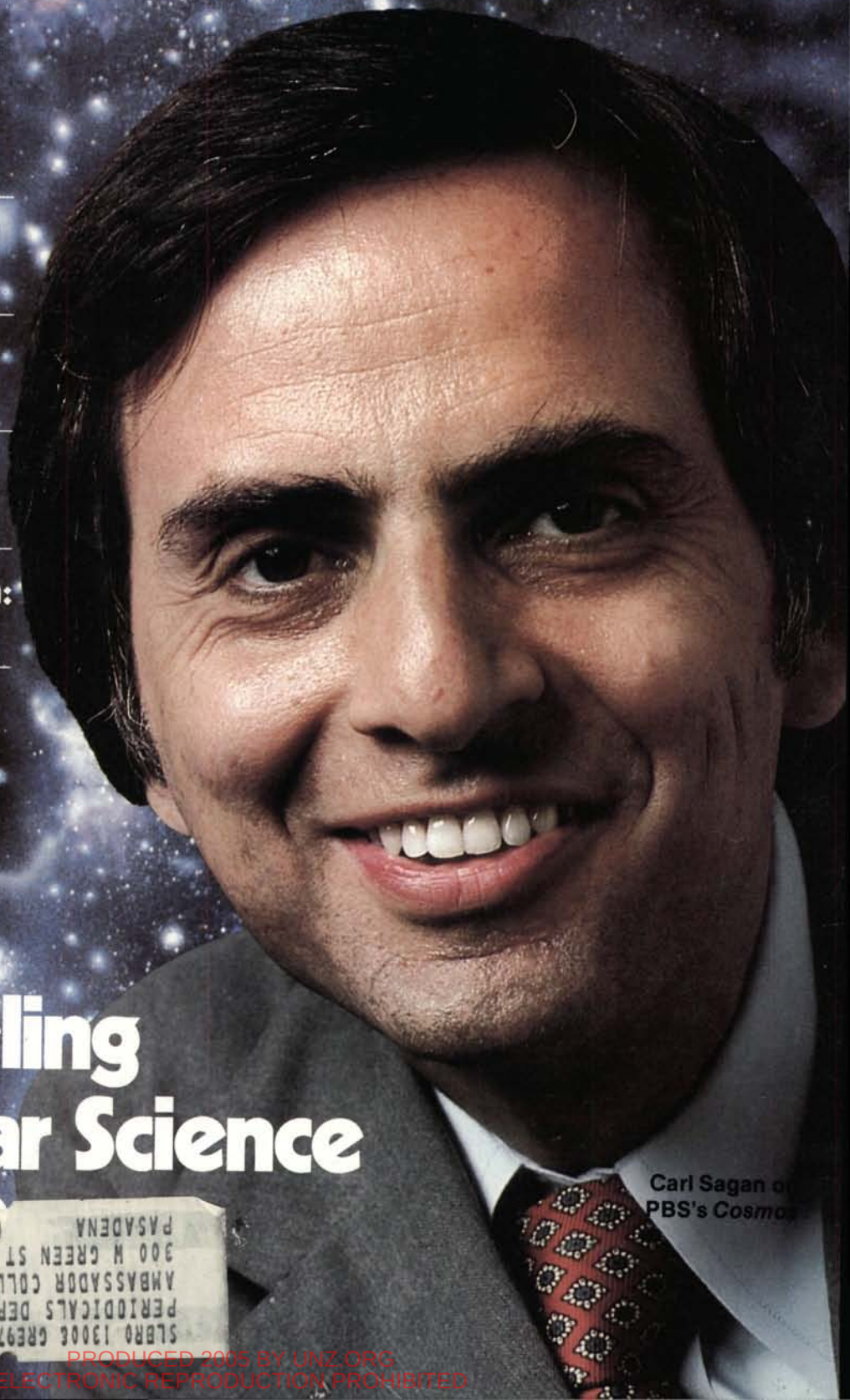
lerman Wouk:
Farewell to C.P. Snow

ohn Canaday:
n Art Book—for $4,500

levelson on Nevelson:
ler Life and Her Art

Great Private Collection:
orbes's Fabulous Fabergés

ames Dickey:
obert Penn Warren's Poems



saac Asimov on

What's Fueling the Popular Science Explo

Carl Sagan o
PBS's *Cosmo*

SLBRO 13006 CRE97 24B60 SEP01
PERIODICALS DEPT LIBI SAT
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91105

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Benson & Hedges Lights

Only 11 mg tar

"B&H, I like your style."

BENSON & HEDGES Menthol 100's LIGHTS

BENSON & HEDGES 100's LIGHTS

B&H 100's LIGHTS

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Reg.: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Men.: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

PRODUCED BY BAT LABS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POTPOURRI FROM QPB

QPB brings you a great selection of titles from a wide range of fiction and non-fiction. Humor. History. Poetry. Classic and current and of lasting interest.

All are printed on fine paper in readable type. And all are full-size, softcover editions just as durably bound as their hardcover counterparts. Yet they cost up to 65% less. Why pay for the hardcover? Join QPB and pay for the part you read. The inside.

Compare

Hardcover: $15.95 QPB Softcover: $7.95

625. A Golden Thread: 2500 Years of Solar Architecture and Technology. Ken Butti and John Perlin Hardcover: $15.95 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

591. Economics In Plain English All You Need to Know About Economics—in Language Anyone Can Understand. Leonard Silk Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB: $3.95**

592. The Publish-It-Yourself Handbook: The Tradition and How To. (Pushcart Press's Revised Edition) Edited by Bill Henderson **QPB: $5.50**

603. The Modern Researcher. Third Edition. Jacques Barzun and Henry F. Graff. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $6.50**

605. On Writing Well: An Informal Guide to Writing Nonfiction. Second edition. William Zinsser Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB: $4.95**

608. The All New Rand McNally Road Atlas 1980. QPB: $4.95

615. The Decade Of Women: A Ms. History of the Seventies in Words and Pictures. Introduction by Gloria Steinem. Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB: $8.25**

617. Heaven's Command: An Imperial Progress/**Pax Britannica:** The Climax of an Empire/**Farewell The Trumpets:** The Decline of an Empire. (3 Vols.) James Morris Hardcover: $38.40 **QPB: $17.95**

619. Doonesbury Classics. (4 Vols., Boxed). Garry Trudeau. **QPB: $12.95**

624. The Bantam Great Outdoors Vacation And Lodging Guide Eastern United States and Western United States and Alaska. (2 Vols.) Val Landi. **QPB: $13.50**

161. The Doctors And Patients Handbook Of Medicines And Drugs (Second Edition, Revised). Peter Parish, M.D. **QPB: $5.95**

166. Backpacking: One Step at a Time (Revised). Harvey Manning Foreword by Jim Whittaker **QPB: $3.95**

176. Thirty Seconds. Michael J. Arlen. Hardcover: $9.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**

305. Mysteries Of The Past. Lionel Casson, Robert Claiborne, Brian Fagan and Walter Karp Editor: Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr. Hardcover: $34.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

334. Tassajara Cooking: A Vegetarian Cooking Book and **The Tassajara Bread Book.** Edward Espe Brown. (2 Vols.) (Illus.) **QPB: $8.90**

530. The Lives Of A Cell and **The Medusa And The Snail** Lewis Thomas. Hardcover: $17.90 **QPB Ed: $7.95** (2 Vols., Boxed)

549. Acrylic Painting and **Oil Painting** (The Artist's Painting Library). (2 Vols.) Wendon Blake Paintings by George Cherepov Hardcover: $45 **QPB: $9.95**

586. Jailbird. Kurt Vonnegut Hardcover: $9.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**

571. The Basic Book Of Photography, Revised Edition. Tom Grimm. Photographs by Tom and Michele Grimm. Drawings by Ezelda Garcia. **QPB: $6.50**

136. Lovers On The Nile: The Incredible African Journeys of Sam and Florence Baker. Richard Hall Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

140. Darkness Visible. William Golding. Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

151. The Lord Of The Rings J.R.R. Tolkien. (3 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: $32.95 **QPB: $9.95**

159. The Zen Experience Thomas Hoover. **QPB: $4.95**

144. Vida: A novel by Marge Piercy. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

106. The Door In The Wall And Other Stories. H. G. Wells Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB: $5.95**

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

120. The Rise Of Theodore Roosevelt. Edmund Morris Hardcover: $15.95 **QPB: $5.95**

124. A Field Guide To American Architecture. Carole Rifkind Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $7.95**

125. Bay Of Pigs: The Untold Story. Peter Wyden. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $5.95**

126. The Arbor House Treasury Of Modern Science Fiction. Compiled by Robert Silverberg & Martin H. Greenberg. Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $7.95**

129. Cosmic Profit: How to Make Money Without Doing Time. Raymond Mungo. Hardcover: $9.95 **QPB: $4.95**

200. The Art Of Cooking For Two Coralie Castle and Astrid Newton Illustrated by Sara Raffetto, and **One Pot Meals.** Margaret Gin. Drawings by Rik Olson. (2 Vols.) **QPB: $8.45**

148. Friendship: How to Give It, How to Get It. Joel D. Block, Ph.D. Hardcover: $10 **QPB Ed: $4.95**

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.

Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB225-8

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want [ ] [ ] [ ]

Name _____ 0-16
(Please print clearly)

Address _____ **Apt.** _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

How membership works.

1. You receive ***QPB Review*** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *new* Main Selection, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's list prices are offered at at least 20% discount off that list price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each book or set you take (except the first 3 you get for $1 each), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of the books we offer; you pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

QPB **The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Micawber's theory

It has always appeared to us that the periodic furor about corporate profits might be resolved quite easily through application of the classic theory set forth by Mr. Micawber in *David Copperfield:* "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

Even if the figures are elevated into the billions—as they might be in Mobil's case, and that of some other large corporations—Micawber's theory maintains an inexorable force: the person or organization (or the nation, but that's another matter) that cannot provide, over the long haul, for its own necessities will end in a condition of misery. The person in misery produces tears; the analog in a business is red ink.

The appalling size of the funds needed to escape misery in the energy business is a function of the appalling costs that a company such as Mobil must incur to find and produce energy. Going out with a shopping list has become a depressing experience for everyone. Consider what happens when we go out with ours.

Item: Bonus payments for the right to drill on 43 tracts offshore U.S.A. Cost: $1.8 billion in 1979 (of which Mobil's share was $580 million).

Item: One program to install 36 additional producing platforms offshore U.S.A. in the Gulf of Mexico @ $10 million apiece. Duration: Five years. Mobil's share of cost: $120 million.

Item: One catalytic cracking unit to enable greater gasoline yield from our refinery at Paulsboro, New Jersey. Cost: Over $50 million.

Item: One oil producing platform for the deep waters of the Norwegian Continental Shelf. Cost: $2 billion (of which Mobil's share is $250 million).

Item: One program to develop reserves in the Arun gas field in Indonesia. Duration: 10 years. Mobil's share of cost: over $400 million.

And so it goes. Last year, for example, Mobil Oil's total capital expenditures in our energy and chemical businesses hit $3 billion—most of it spent in the United States. That adds up to a stupendous shopping list indeed, and is in fact equal to every dime in cash flow available for investment.

For—unlike Mr. Micawber—if we come out at the end of the year sixpence (or even $2 billion) ahead, we don't put it into our pocket. We put it back in the business—into wildcat wells, into platforms, into refineries, into solar research, into ships, and shafts, and seismographs and all the other myriad costly items required to get more energy for our millions of customers.

Last year, for those customers, Mobil was able to supply oil and natural gas liquids at the rate of about 2.2 million barrels per day—an increase of 63,000 barrels per day in comparison to 1978. It cost a great deal to get all this energy, but just as certainly it met a great need. And thus, as Mr. Micawber would put it: "Result happiness."

Mobil®

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1980 Mobil Corporation

FEATURES

A Farewell to C.P. Snow by Herman Wouk
Charles Snow was tireless and uncompromising in his quest for truth **16**

What's Fueling the Popular-Science Explosion? by Isaac Asimov
We want to know: Will technological change overwhelm us? **22**

The Scientist Superstar by Robert F. Moss
Scientist Carl Sagan parlayed a spot on The Tonight Show *into stardom* **24**

Museum Wars: The Scramble for Blockbuster Shows by Malcolm N. Carter
Museum directors land hit exhibits or lose members, prestige, jobs **29**

Creators on Creating: Louise Nevelson by Vicki Goldberg
The world has caught up with Louise Nevelson—and she loves it **34**

How Hollywood Manipulates the Film Ratings by Ben Yagoda
Hollywood's rating system may have radically altered its products **39**

Great Private Collections: Forbes's Fabulous Fabergés by Alice Hess
Malcolm Forbes enjoys using Czarist cups and Fabergé ashtrays **44**

San Francisco's New Symphony Hall
The Hall by Irving Kolodin **50**
The City by Horace Sutton **53**

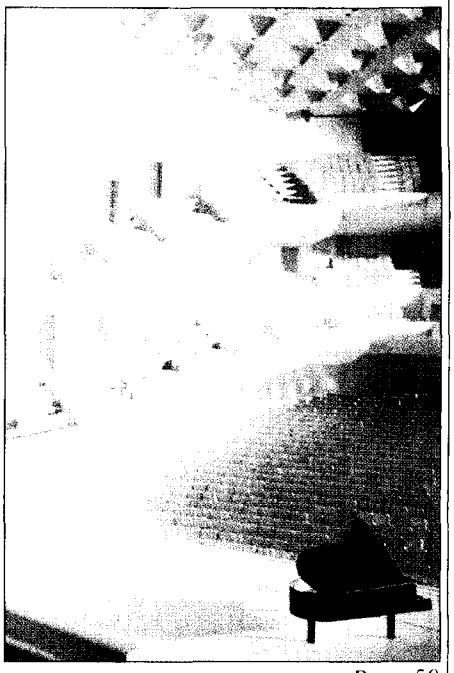
DEPARTMENTS

Letters **4**
SR Calendar **6**
Editorial by N.C. *Book Report* **11**
Book Reviews:
Anthony Burgess on Erica Jong's Fanny; *James Dickey on Robert Penn Warren's* Being Here; *Harry Levin on Edmund Wilson's* The Thirties; *Thomas Powers on Russell Warren Howe's* Weapons **54**
Book Briefs **62**
Film by Judith Crist *Mazursky's Clear-Eyed Vision* **70**
Photography by Owen Edwards *An Arch Fantasy* **72**
Art by John Canaday *The Sistine Ceiling Up Close* **74**
Language by Thomas H. Middleton *Getting Into "Into"* **77**
Theater by Stanley Kauffmann *Imitations and Images* **78**
Music by Irving Kolodin *Celebrating Aaron Copland* **80**
Dance by Walter Terry *Vaudeville Revitalized* **82**
Records by Matthew Gurewitsch *Two New Brandenburgs:* **83**
Diversions *Double-Crostic, Puzzles, etc.* **92**
SR Recommends *Worth seeing, worth doing, worth having* **95**

SATURDAY REVIEW (ISSN 0361-1655) published monthly by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE, a wholly owned subsidiary of Macro Communications Corp., 150 East 58 Street, New York, N.Y. 10155 (212) 826-4360. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$18; two years—$34; three years—$48 (Canada and Pan Am—additional postage $3 per year; all other countries $5 per year). Vol. 7, No. 12, August 1980. Back issues $2.00 each. Controlled circulation postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at Concord, N.H. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada © 1980 by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll-free (800) 247-5470.

Page 34

Page 44



Page 50

Cover: Photo by Bill Ray

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Publisher
Robert I. Weingarten
Editor-in-Chief
Alfred H. Kingon

Editor
Carll Tucker
Editor Emeritus
Norman Cousins
Managing Editor
Henry Weil
Editorial Director
Horace Sutton
Literary Editor
Susan Heath
Senior Editor
Irving Kolodin
Copy Editor
Dorothy B. Humanitzki
Associate Editor
Susan von Hoffmann
Assistant Editors
Susan K. Reed, Karen E. Tenney
Cartoon Editor
Clarence Brown
Contributing Editors
Peter Andrews, Stephen Arons, Anthony Burgess, Judith Crist, Owen Edwards, Roland Gelatt, Vicki Goldberg, Stanley Kauffmann, Jonathan Evan Maslow, Thomas H. Middleton, Robert F. Moss, Susan Schiefelbein, Walter Terry

Art Director
Victor Mazurkiewicz

Assistant Art Director
Don Salkaln
Art Associate
Emily Benedek
Circulation Director
Edward Martin
Subscription Manager
Jack Schwint
Production Director
Steven Lawsky
Assistant Production Manager
Renee Torres
Typesetters
Vandra Thorburn, Marsha Goldberg, Albert Ramos

Treasurer
John M. Reinhardt
Accountant
Norman M. Weissman
Administrative Assistants
Dorothy Murray, Mary Swift
Assistant to the Publisher
Christine Schlagheck
Advertising Director
Marvin Krauss
Corporate
Susan Shoshana Aron
Publishing/
Nancy Milligan
Travel/Hi-Fidelity
Joanne Gumo
Travel/Imported Auto
Robert Kimmel
Direct Response
Advertising Manager
Susann Tapper
Classified
Elaine Morris
Manager of Advertising Services
Helen Winiski
Advertising Representatives
Denver, *Michael C. Joyce (303) 355-5509*
Western Region, *The Pattis Group*
Los Angeles, *Rob Humphrey (213) 462-2700*
Southern Region, *The Pattis Group*
Miami, *Jackie Hascall (305) 665-6263*
Midwestern Region, *The Pattis Group*
Chicago, *Bob Sherman (312) 679-1100*

A Score of Notes for Levine

Irving Kolodin's article "Is James Levine Wrecking the Met?" [June] was long overdue. If the Met wants to "strike a blow for civilization," it will get rid of Messrs. Levine and Bliss *before* its 100th anniversary and bring back Schuyler Chapin.

Herant Akmajian
Scarsdale, New York

Irving Kolodin has put into words the feeling I have had for quite some time: That the Met has become a provincial opera house—not the worst, but certainly not the best. It offers passable productions with predictable casts, predictably sung, but somehow so unimpressive that one forgets them before reaching home the same evening.

Helen Michail
New York, New York

Mr. Kolodin's examples of singers, conductors, and repertory currently on or off the Met stage seem to have been chosen only for their ability to support his own theories.

He fails to consider both (if there are only two) sides of this story. For example: Mr. Kolodin comments that James McCracken is "out of favor" with Levine, but fails to mention anything of their dispute over telecast appearances.

Had Mr. Kolodin drawn his conclusions from examples of mismanagement or questionable administrative direction, one might have been able to better swallow his article.

Martha Spaulding
El Cajon, California

Irving Kolodin's article on James Levine was of special interest. This year I gave up my subscription at the Met, which I had had since 1936. The vague feeling that the quality of singers, staging, and choice of operas was going downhill jelled to the point where I decided not to hang in there and hope for improvement. Too bad. I loved the Met.

Helene de Beer
Bronxville, New York

There is one thing for which the Metropolitan Opera management should be congratulated. Unlike most of our symphony orchestra managements, it was able to identify a young American and give him an opportunity. Despite the reservations that Mr. Kolodin mentioned, I believe Mr. Levine has measured up to the opportunity. Levine's judgment can and should be criticized. But with experience, we should expect improvement as the seasons go by.

John L Fenton
East Longmeadow, Massachusetts

Mr. Kolodin is apparently oblivious to the fact that it is far easier for a symphony orchestra to attract top-flight guests than it is for an opera company. The major opera company conductors of our time quite rightly

"I'm exhausted. I spent the whole day on hold."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

insist upon being scheduled and paid for extended periods of time for preparation and performance of new productions. There are too few top conductors and too many alluring opportunities for them.

The ultimate judgment on the wisdom of this arrangement must obviously rest with the results. I personally find more to my pleasure the opportunity of hearing several strong performances a year from Levine than an occasional special production conducted, badly or well, by a big-name visitor.

Philip Hart
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Irving Kolodin comments: In answer to Ms. Spaulding the Met has responded in its own way to the problem of "questionable administrative direction" by announcing that executive director Anthony A. Bliss will, in all probability, be named to the position of general manager in the fall.

As for Mr. Hart's comment, the Met's difficulty in attracting top conductors doesn't seem to be one that is experienced worldwide. Those top conductors who want to work in opera will do so.

A Schlesinger Fantasy?

The Schlesinger Jr., Madsen, Brown, and Bender book reviews [June] themselves were worth more than the price of the magazine. I hope *Saturday Review* will continue to give us such critiques in our troubled times.

Mark and Helen Starr
Long Island City, New York

The past solid credentials of *Saturday Review* led me to expect objectivity. Any magazine, however, that hires Arthur Schlesinger Jr. to review a book by Richard Nixon and calls itself "objective" has some serious editorial liabilities.

Beverly DeHoff
Wilmington, Delaware

If Mr. Schlesinger Jr. writes another book, I suggest you let Mr. Nixon review it in your pages. That way I'll know that *Saturday Review* isn't trying to arrange the world in a Schlesinger fantasy.

Donald K. Clark
Merritt Island, Florida

Taxpayers Speak Up

I hope Mr. Fleetwood remains unscathed for his wonderful article "The Tax Police: Trampling Citizens' Rights" [May]. But I wouldn't want to be in his shoes now—he'll probably be subjected to audits, harassment, and the other dirty tricks the IRS has up its sleeve.

Dolores Leshy
Peebles, Ohio

As I am one of the subjects of "The Tax Police," you may be interested in knowing what has happened to me since the May article. On June 9, 1980 I was served a grand jury subpoena for all of my books and records covering my activities since January 15, 1974—including the membership list of an organization I headed called the Association of Concerned Taxpayers. I shall be back in court on July 17 defending my belief that the same problem exists that began before 1776 with the resentment of a despotic king and an unfair tax system.

Barbara Hutchinson
San Diego, California

Blake Fleetwood's article is extremely misleading, and does a disservice to the IRS people, who, with possible rare exceptions, are doing an honest, fair, and reasonable job of tax enforcement.

Russell S. Bock
Santa Barbara, California

Please address letters for publication to Letters to the Editor, Saturday Review, *150 East 58 Street, New York, New York, 10155. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. We are unable to acknowledge or return unused letters.*

"How do you do it, Dorothy?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CALENDAR

for August

Film

Opening dates often vary. Check local listings.

Caddyshack. A comedy about a group of caddies at a posh country club and the affluent golfers whose bags they tote. Starring Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, Ted Knight, Michael O'Keefe, and Bill Murray. Directed by Harold Ramis.

The Hunter. A thriller about a bounty hunter. Starring Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, and Catherine Harrod. Directed by Buzz Kulik.

Those Lips, Those Eyes. The trials and tribulations of a group of summer-stock actors. Starring Frank Langella, Glynnis O'Connor, Thomas Hulce, Kevin McCarthy. Directed by Michael Pressman.

Twinkle, Twinkle, "Killer" Kane. A comedy suspense thriller. Starring Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders. Directed by William Peter Blatty.

Why Would I Lie?. A light romantic story about a habitual liar. Starring Treat Williams, Lisa Eichhorn. Directed by Larry Peerce.

Willie and Phil. Two men in love with the same girl provide the structure for reflections on the Seventies. Starring Michael Ontkean, Ray Sharkey, and Margot Kidder. Directed by Paul Mazursky.

Xanadu. A musical fantasy. Starring Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck. Directed by Robert Greenwald.

Theater

1 **Year One of the Empire**, world premiere of a saga of American imperialism by Elinor Fuchs and Joyce Antler. Odyssey Theatre Ensemble, Los Angeles. Directed by Frank Condon (through September 28).

5 **Richard III**, by William Shakespeare. American Shakespeare Theater, Stratford, Connecticut. Starring Michael Moriarty (through August 30).

The Peking Opera Theater's 12-week U.S. tour includes *Princess Red Fish* (above).

6 **Anyone Can Whistle**, by Arthur Laurents, music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Berkshire Theater Festival, Stockbridge, Massachusetts (through August 24).

7 **The Country Wife**, by William Wycherly. Hopkins Center, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. With Meredith Baxter Birney (through August 23).

7 **Foxfire**, by Hume Cronyn and Susan Cooper, based on the *Foxfire* books. Stratford Festival, Stratford, Ontario. World premiere starring Cronyn and Jessica Tandy (through October 12).

8 **The Seagull**, a new version of the Chekhov play by John Murrell. Stratford Festival, Stratford, Ontario. With Brian Bedford, William Hutt, and Maggie Smith (through October 12).

11 **Forty-Second Street** a stage version of the 1933 Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell film musical by Mark Bramble and Michael Stewart. Winter Garden Theater, New York City. Starring Jerry Orbach and Tammy Grimes. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion.

12 **Peking Opera Theater of China**. Metropolitan Opera House, New York City (through August 24); Ambler Festival, Philadelphia (August 25-27); Garden State Arts Center, Holmdel, New Jersey (August 28-30); and the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C. (September 2-14).

13 **Henry VI**, an adaptation drawing material from all three parts of Shakespeare's *Henry VI* trilogy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stratford Festival, Stratford, Ontario. Starring Stephen Russell (through September 14).

13 **Vanities**, comedy by Jack Heifner. John Drew Summer Theater, Easthampton, New York. With the off-Broadway cast (through August 23).

19 **Brigadoon**, a revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical fantasy. Saenger Theater, New Orleans (through September 1); Wolf Trap Festival, Vienna, Virginia (September 3-7).

Music

Continuing through August 18 **Ravinia Festival**, Highland Park, Illinois. Features Neville Marriner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal (August 2).

Continuing through August 24 **Chautauqua Festival**, Chautauqua, New York. The Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra with Jean-Pierre Rampal featured (August 14).

Continuing through August 26 **Tanglewood Festival**, Lenox, Massachusetts. Features conductor Hang Zhong-Jie, the first conductor from the People's Republic of China to lead an American orchestra, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (August 17).

Continuing through August 31 **The White Mountains Festival '80**, Bretton Woods, New Hampshire. Featuring flutist Julius Baker (August 7) and pianist Ruth Laredo (August 13).

Continuing through August 13 **Monadnock Music Festival**, New Hampshire. Highlights include Charles Wuorinen conducting his own *The Magic Art: An Instrumental Masque After Purcell* (August 10 in Jaffrey Center, August 11 in Hillsboro).

Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony are in summer residence at Tanglewood.

Continuing through September 7 **Wolf Trap Festival**, Vienna, Virginia. Highlights include Franz Allers conducting *Die Fledermaus* (August 6, 9, 10) and Sarah Caldwell conducting *Falstaff* (August 21, 23).

4 **Molde Jazz Festival**, Norway. Gerry Mulligan and his Big Band and pianist Bill Evans with his new trio (through August 9).

8 **International Chopin Festival**, Duszniki, Poland. Cycle of symphonic concerts and piano recitals devoted to Chopin's music (through August 12).

10 **South Bank Summer Music Festival**, South Bank Concert Halls, London. Features an ensemble led by Pinchas Zukerman and Laurence Lesser performing Schoenberg's *Verklaerte Nacht;* Claire Bloom, Maina Gielgud, and Wayne Sleep in Stravinsky's *Soldier's Tale* (August 15); and Marc Neikrug's *Through Roses* with Pinchas and Eugenia Zukerman and Maximilian Schell as narrator (August 21; festival continues through August 24).

14 **Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival**, Meany Theater, University of Washington, Seattle. Highlights include violinists James Buswell, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, violist Walter Trampler, and special guest cellist and composer-in-residence Ned Rorem (through August 20).

16 **International Music Festival**, Lucerne, Switzerland. Features the New York Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic, and Royal Philharmonic London (through September 9).

17 **Edinburgh Festival**, Scotland. Premiere of Peter Maxwell Davies's new opera; the Cologne Opera performing Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto;* the Scottish Opera performing Janacek's *Cunning Little Vixen;* the New York Philharmonic (through September 6).

25 **Chicago Jazz Festival**, Grant Park. Features Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach (August 29), Stan Getz and Lionel Hampton (August 31). The programs will be broadcast nationwide by National Public Radio August 29-31, 7:30-11:30 PM (through August 31).

29 **The Student Prince**, Sigmund Romberg, New York City Opera, New York State Theater, New York City. Adapted by Hugh Wheeler, directed by Jack Hofsiss, conducted by Andrew Meltzer (through September 7).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CALENDAR

for August

Katharine Hepburn in *The Corn Is Green.*

Television

August is a month of repeats. Listed below are two worth a second look.

6 **The Corn Is Green** (9:00-11:00 PM, CBS). Katherine Hepburn as a turn-of-the-century Welsh schoolteacher struggling to educate youthful coal miners. Directed by George Cukor.

15 **Pavarotti at Juilliard** (9:30-10:00 PM, Wednesdays, PBS). Six master classes conducted by opera tenor—and former teacher—Luciano Pavarotti at the prestigious music school.

Art

5 **"The Most Remarkable Scenery:" Thomas Moran's Watercolors of the American West** (Cleveland Museum of Art). A chronicle of Moran's travels in the West in the 1870s and 80s with over 80 field sketches and finished watercolors (through October 5).

14 **Treasures of Ancient Nigeria: Legacy of 2,000 years** (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City). 100 objects, never seen before in the United States, represent 2,000 years of Nigerian art (through October 26).

20 **Concentration: Stuart Davis** (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York). Selections from the permanent collection of Davis's bold, clean, colorful abstractions of urban and rural American life (through October 12).

31 **The Morton G. Neumann Family Collection** (National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.). 130 works including Miros and Dubuffets (through December 31).

Photography

16 **Dorothea Lange: Her Collection** (Community Gallery of Art, Arapahoe Community College, Littleton, Colorado). Major retrospective of Lange's studio portrait work (1919-1934), her work in the Southwest (1931-1933), and her influential documentary photography in the middle and late Thirties (through September 13).

Dance

Continuing through August 10 **Pepsico Summerfare '80**, State University of New York at Purchase. Featuring the Eliot Feld Ballet (August 9,10).

Continuing through August 23 **Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**, Becket, Massachusetts. The Ohio Ballet (August 5-9) and the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company are featured (August 12-16).

Continuing through August 28 **Saratoga Performing Arts Center**, Saratoga Springs, New York. Highlights include *An Evening of Ballet Music*, featuring Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins (August 8) and the Alvin Ailey Dance Theater (August 26-28).

Continuing through August 31 **Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival**, Damrosch Park, New York City. Highlights include *Tribute to Pavlova* with Ann Marie DeAngelo (August 22), Jose Limon Dance Company (August 23), and *Dance: 1000 Years of Jazz* (August 31).

5 **Artpark Dance Festival**, Lewiston, New York. Featuring the Joffrey Ballet (August 5-10) and the innovative dance-gymnast company, Pilobolus (August 12-17; festival continues through August 27).

9 **Chicago City Ballet Weekend**, Grant Park, Chicago. Maria Tallchief as artistic director, Otto-Werner Mueller conducting (through August 10).

18 **Royal Danish Ballet and New York City Ballet Festival**, Tivoli Gardens, Copenhagen, Denmark. Works choreographed by George Balanchine, Jerome Robbins, and Peter Martins (through August 31).

19 **Ravinia Festival of American Dance**, Highland Park, Illinois. Featuring the San Francisco Ballet company (August 19-24) and the Twyla Tharp Dance Foundation (August 26-31; festival continues through September 7).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brian DePalma,
the modern master of
the macabre
invites you to an evening
of extreme terror.

Dressed to Kill

Samuel Z. Arkoff
presents
A George Litto
Production of
A Brian DePalma Film

Michael Caine
Angie Dickinson
Nancy Allen
in "Dressed to Kill"

Written by
Brian DePalma
Produced by
George Litto
Directed by
Brian DePalma

Color by Technicolor®
Prints by Movielab
A Cinema 77 Film
A Filmways Picture
FILMWAYS

Opens soon at a theatre or drive-in near you.

R RESTRICTED

© FILMWAYS MOTION PICTURES INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO LOOK LIKE A FAT CAT IN A LEAN YEAR

During the last recession, when fear ran rampant, certain advertisers made what seemed to be a bold—even foolhardy—move, by blossoming into 4-color ads in magazines like Time, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated, U.S. News & World Report.

Madness? On the contrary. These advertisers had discovered a whole new kind of media buy: Media Networks.

Media Networks (affectionately known to its clients as MNI) binds your ad into compatible groups or "networks" of national upscale magazines, zip-coded to reach into the homes of your target audiences anywhere, from a state to a certain side of town.

Because you can't get much more precise than that, MNI eliminates the waste usually built into a media buy. Instead of using your money to talk to the indifferent along with the interested, you're now addressing the heart and soul of your business.

The obvious benefit of all this is that you can now afford to repeat your ad. And repeat your ad. And repeat your ad.

And the obvious benefit of that is that by talking to the right people the right number of times, you're achieving precisely the kind of impact that's outlandishly expensive anywhere else.

Yet, at the same time as you're unleashing this media blitz through MNI, you're making the most prudent, almost guarded, use of your budget.

Enough generalities. For a lengthy conversation about how to tailor MNI to your specific needs, call Roger Treese at (404) 449-8346.

MNi

© 1980 Media Networks, Inc., 600 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

LA 11/2

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO SAVE FUEL DURING YOUR SUMMER VACATION

ENGINE TUNING, TIRE PRESSURE, AND HOW YOU DRIVE MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE.

You're sure to be on the move this summer. With gas more expensive, you may find helpful a few simple reminders on the best ways to get maximum mileage. They won't take a lot of time, and may save you a fair amount at the gas pump.

A car that is properly tuned and maintained will be the most fuel-efficient. Newer GM cars require less routine maintenance than older ones, but all cars require some periodic checkups. Fouled spark plugs, improper spark timing or clogged oil and air filters all can reduce mileage significantly. So be sure to follow the maintenance program in your GM Owner's Manual and Maintenance Schedule.

Underinflated tires waste lots of gas. Tires that are too soft have a higher rolling resistance, which forces the engine to work harder and to use more fuel. So have the tire pressures checked periodically, or use a tire gauge yourself, to be sure your tires are inflated to the pressure recommended in the GM Owner's Manual.

Use your air conditioner prudently. Whenever possible, use the vent position on the air conditioner to circulate air; it's not only quieter and cleaner than opening the windows all the way, but your car presents less wind resistance with the windows up. If you park in the shade, your car will be cooler when you get in, so it'll be easier to keep comfortable without making the air conditioner work so hard.

Keeping the proper amount of coolant in the radiator will help prevent your car from overheating. It won't save fuel, but it may save expensive towing costs. A lot of people think it's okay just to add extra water, but that can actually cause the mixture in your radiator to boil. Coolant—a 50/50 mixture of ethylene glycol antifreeze and water—raises the boiling temperature and will therefore help prevent overheating.

Your driving habits are probably the most important factor of all in saving fuel. The best advice we can give is to drive at moderate speeds and accelerate evenly. For example, jackrabbit starts take much more gasoline than gradual acceleration. Frequent stops will also cost you fuel, because every "pump" of the accelerator means extra gas going through the carburetor. Also, "riding the brake" creates a lot of unnecessary friction and wastes gas.

Extra weight in your trunk, such as tire chains, golf clubs you don't plan to use, even unnecessary luggage, takes more gas to haul. And finally, driving at high speeds substantially reduces fuel economy. So observing the 55 mile per hour speed limit makes economic sense and may save lives, too. Tests confirm that you can get approximately 20% better mileage by driving at 50 miles per hour than at 70 miles per hour.

Attention to routine maintenance and moderation in how you drive are the keys to getting the best mileage from your car during this summer. That'll save you money and help make sure that there's enough gas for others to enjoy a summer vacation, too.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

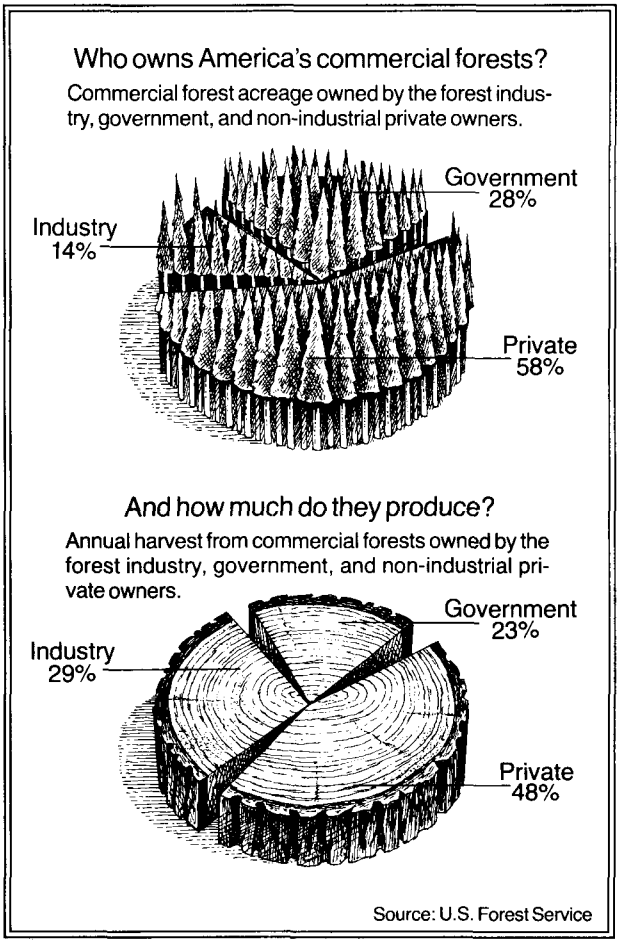
General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A report on the great American forest.

Good forest management means growing more trees. Not sharing shortages.


Who owns America's commercial forests?
Commercial forest acreage owned by the forest industry, government, and non-industrial private owners.
Government 28%
Industry 14%
Private 58%
And how much do they produce?
Annual harvest from commercial forests owned by the forest industry, government, and non-industrial private owners.
Government 23%
Industry 29%
Private 48%
Source: U.S. Forest Service

It's no accident that the most productive forests in America are those owned and managed by the forest industry.

Although they make up only 14% of the commercial forestland, they provide 29% of the annual timber harvest.

This is because the industry has learned that it's not only possible to grow more trees faster, but also imperative.

It's a race against time: Every year Americans need more lumber and plywood to build homes. More furniture to make them liveable. More paper and pulp to print the books and periodicals that educate, enlighten and entertain. More packaging and containers for thousands of essentials, from milk to machinery.

The sobering fact is that within 50 years U.S. demand for wood and paper products is expected to double.

Yet not all the nation's commercial forests are working equally hard to get ready.

What is a commercial forest?

Commercial forest, as defined by the U.S. Forest Service, is *all* forestland — whether owned by individuals, government or the forest industry — that is capable of, and potentially available for, growing repeated crops of trees for harvest. It includes land in National Forests but not in National Parks or Wilderness areas.

On all commercial forestland, tree growth per acre averages only 61% of potential, which is not good enough. The greatest room for improvement, however, is in National Forests, where trees now grow at only 48% of potential.

Yet as the industry has shown, the growth cycle can be speeded by applying such techniques as: encouraging natural regrowth, planting superior seeds and seedlings, fertilizing, thinning and protecting trees from disease, insects and fire.

How soon can we start growing more trees?

Since we clearly have the know-how to grow more and higher-quality trees, how soon can this nation get on with the job of increasing productivity on *all* commercial forestlands?

The first step is to understand the problem. If you'd like to learn more about the importance of America's forests and the challenges they face, send for a free booklet, "The Great American Forest." Write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

The great American forest. Trees for tomorrow. And tomorrow. And all the tomorrows after that.

Trees. America's renewable resource.

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Report

Herewith some notes about several new books that seem to me to be worthy of special attention.

Rene Dubos does not fit the traditional idea of the hero. He has not been a president or military leader who has inspired people to overcome great odds in the achievement of essential goals. He has not led any public crusades. But he is a hero to many people nonetheless because he has scaled the heights in science, without losing his humanity in the process; he demonstrated that science and philosophy are interconnected. He has always believed that science must never be detached from its effects on people and therefore on public policy. As a microbiologist and medical researcher, he occupies a leading position in the development of antibiotics. He is one of the world's premier environmentalists not just because of his detailed knowledge of living systems but because his work is infused, in Schweitzer's phrase, with reverence for life. Everything that Dubos does in his own research, and everything that he scrutinizes in the work of others, is measured according to human needs.

The purpose of *Quest* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is to give a much fuller picture about this man than is generally known. Credit for the book belongs to Jean-Paul Escande, who persuaded Dubos to engage with him in a series of tape-recorded dialogues, which are transcribed in this book. The result is an open window on one of the best-informed and best-integrated minds in contemporary civilization. The dialogues provide a fascinating account of Dubos's intellectual development and his views on the human condition. Through the skillful questioning of Escande, a French physician and writer, Dubos addresses himself to the wide range of problems affecting the individual and society. On every page of this book the mind of the philosopher-humanist is at work. No problem exists in isolation. Each concept and issue is seen in its widest perspective.

Anyone who places high value on civilized thought, on felicity of expression, on the higher levels of curiosity, and on intellectual stimulation will prize *Quest*. Jean-Paul Escande is not merely an interlocutor or questioner but a highly developed intellect in his own right. The interaction of finely honed minds is always a majestic event. Rene Dubos and Jean-Paul Escande have made such an event possible with *Quest*. In so doing, they provide the reader with rich nourishment—a feast that one hopes will never end.

"...an open window on one of the best-formed and best-integrated minds in contemporary civilization."

In a few probing and poignant words, the British historian, A.L. Rowse captured the problem of history. He said that people who are caught up in great upheavals never really understand what is happening to them.

The ability to connect great events to personal experience is apparent throughout Samuel Pisar's *Of Blood and Hope* (Little, Brown). His insights into the principal events of living history are suffused with intimate recollections and parallels from his own life. Pisar is one of those—Henry Kissinger and John Stoessinger are two other names that come instantly to mind—who survived the Nazi horrors in Europe to rise to prominent stations where they either held prime political power in the Western world or became confidants of and advisers to those who did. Like Kissinger and Stoessinger, Pisar writes about world affairs against the background of personal memories of horror and holocaust. His command of historical experience, however, has meaning for him only as it helps others to comprehend the cataclysm now in the making. He writes:

> The entire planet is being transferred into a chessboard for potential war on an unimaginable scale. The great powers are placing their deadliest pieces on all the strategic squares: land-based and submarine-launched ballistic missiles with multiple, independently targeted nuclear warheads, heavy bombers with cruise missiles; subterranean and movable launching pads, "intelligent" rockets attracted by their own targets; cluster bombs steered by television, and laser beams—the inventory is endless.... Science, which was supposed to bring hope to humanity, has brought terror instead.

Pisar writes with such impact that it is difficult to stop quoting him. Along with the apocalyptic warnings, he offers this hope:

> The first precondition of survival in the face of deadly peril is clarity of mind. To avert a holocaust on a universal scale, an awareness is urgently needed that mankind has entered a new historic phase—the dangers it faces in common henceforth eclipse the differences that still divide it: the national chauvinism, religious fanaticism, racial prejudice, and ideological dogmas that cause man to confront man and rob him of his ability to face the challenge of his survival.

The ultimate question, of course, is both the individual and society. On

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL

not how to create such an awareness but how to institutionalize it. In the end, it is how people act collectively, and not just how they make decisions and determinations as individuals, that governs historical change. The will to survive must be tied to a specific program for survival. People must be able to translate their mood into a movement.

While Sam Pisar does not provide us with a comprehensive program for achieving world order, he does give us a sense of inner history and a compulsion to see beyond our personal affairs. The man knows how to write. His book is a powerful reading experience.

In the past two years, a dozen or more books have reflected a tendency by many physicians to share responsibility with the patient. This process involves not merely a verbal trick or a psychological device. It also represents a genuine effort by physicians to persuade patients, especially those who are seriously ill, that the quest for recovery is a dual affair.

The physician's job is to bring to the encounter the best that medical science has to offer. The patient brings a healing system that can be activated by a strong will to live, powerful expectations of recovery, and a sense of control over his or her autonomic nervous system. Conversely, feelings of panic can retard the healing process by impairing the ability of the human brain to produce the secretions that are essential for recovery. The wise physician recognizes that his job is not just to administer medications but to engage the emotional resources of the patient to the fullest. This is what is meant by the physician-patient partnership. *Healing From Within*, by Dr. Dennis T. Jaffe (Knopf), and *Free Yourself From Pain*, by Dr. David E. Bresler (Simon and Schuster), deal with various aspects of this theme.

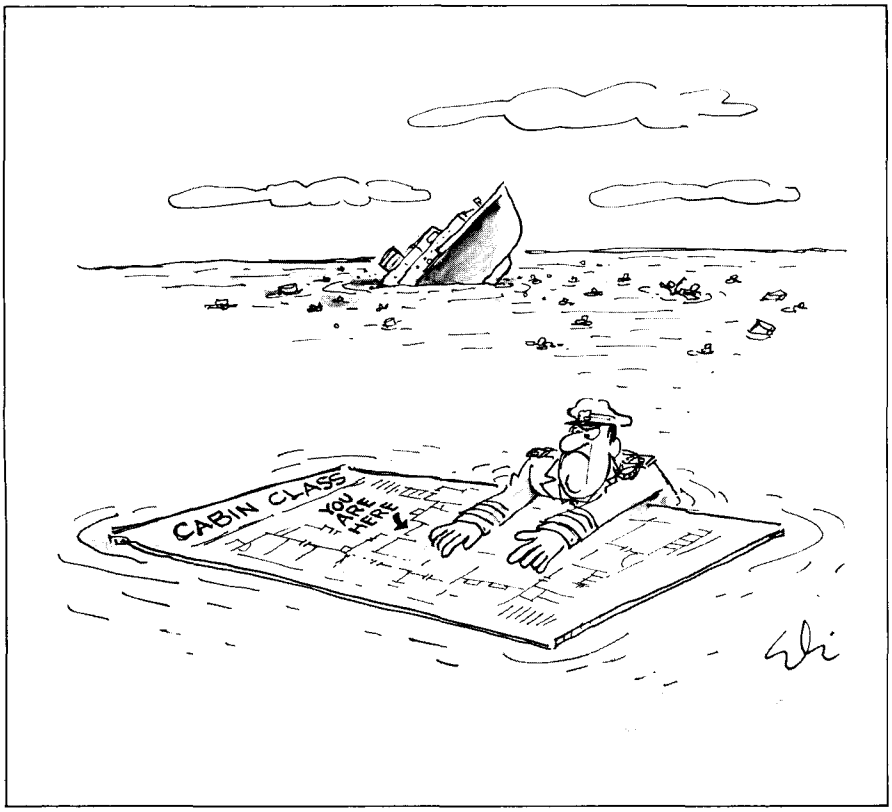
Healing From Within provides a panoramic view of what is known and not known about the psychological factors at work in both illness and recovery. Dennis Jaffe cites specific case histories to show that illness is not always the result of genetic predisposition or exposure to pathological organisms. The way people think about themselves and about their relationship to the world around them, their philosophy of life and work—all these feelings can either enhance life or can lead to serious physical breakdown.

The particular value of Jaffe's book is that he provides practical examples that help the individual to develop those attitudes that foster health and that can help to overcome disease. It is natural for patients who are told that they must take an active part in their own recovery to ask, "How?" Jaffe has furnished a guide for that purpose.

Jaffe's book takes on special significance in the light of an article written for the *New England Journal of Medicine* by its late and much-beloved editor, Franz Ingelfinger. In that article, Dr. Ingelfinger wrote that 85 percent of the people who visit doctors' offices have no real business being there; that is, they are suffering from self-limiting disorders. Most of the time they complain about pains for which the physician can find no verifiable cause. This doesn't mean that the pains aren't real; it simply means that the body is trying to call attention to habits that, if continued, could in fact lead to serious illness.

One of the country's leading authorities on pain and ways of coping with it is Dr. David Bresler, author of *Free Yourself From Pain*. The thousands of cases he has treated in his pain-control unit at the University of California at Los Angeles have enabled him to classify the most frequent types of pain. His suggestions are offered not as a substitute for competent medical attention but as a way of enlisting the patient's own resources. While he does not juxtapose traditional medicine against unconventional therapies, he does provide a concise description of such approaches as acupuncture, guided imagery, orgone therapy, bioenergetics, rolfing, therapeutic touch, hypnosis, meditation, biofeedback, nutrition, counseling, and integral medicine in general.

As in the case of Jaffe's book, Bresler's work provides a comprehensive and highly specific set of suggestions for dealing with the kind of pain that doesn't always yield to medical prescriptions—pain that may have no verifiable organic cause but has an annoying way of persisting. It is doubtful whether any other book has more to say about the nature of pain and its origins than this particular volume. —**N.C.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of these drivers had a head-on collision and walked away without a scratch.

"I'm Dr. Arnold Arms, the man on the left. In 1975, I drove one of the American cars equipped with air bag restraint systems being tested in this country. At 6 p.m. on October 7, I left my office to make a house call and never made it. I had a head-on collision with a city bus. I was travelling at about 25 miles an hour.

"I recall very well what happened. The air bag filled in front of the steering wheel and deflated right away. I could see I was alive. I could see that I had no broken bones. To my surprise, I didn't even have a headache or whiplash injury. I was able to walk away from the crash." ***Arnold V. Arms, M.D., Kansas City, MO***

In 1979, 25 million drivers and passengers were injured in car accidents; 27,000 died. The cost of hospital and medical treatment for auto injuries was astronomical. And with inflation continuing to spiral, these costs continue to soar.

Many deaths and injuries could be prevented if people would use seat belts and shoulder harnesses, which are standard equipment in all new cars. Unfortunately, fewer than 20% of all automobile occupants use their seat belts.

A federal standard requires that all full-size 1982-model cars *automatically* protect front seat occupants from serious injury in crashes up to 30 mph.

The auto industry has proven technology to meet these new federal requirements. Safety belts that automatically restrain you is one approach. The air bag restraint system is another.

Extensive testing has proven that air bags can absorb the impact forces in head-on and front-angle crashes, with a cushioning effect that dramatically reduces serious injury. Research has shown that air bag protection can reduce the frequency of head, face, neck and torso injuries by as much as 40%. And the cost is less than many car stereo systems.

Air bag protection is automatic. No initiative is needed from the occupant. However, manual lap belts will still be provided for those who desire additional protection in other than front-angle crashes.

If there are fewer injuries, there will be less medical, hospital and legal expenses. And we will be better able to keep the cost of your auto insurance at a reasonable, affordable level.

Here's what we're doing to control costs:

- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash resistant and highways safer.
- Lowering premiums for cars with air bag or automatic seat belt restraint systems.
- Asking for stricter enforcement of the 55 mph speed limit.
- Encouraging increased use of safety belts.

Here's what you can do:

- Use your seat belt regularly.
- Work in your community to make sure speed laws are enforced.
- Don't drink if you're going to drive.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, New York 10038.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Protecting America's Water

How the chemical industry is helping to clean up the nation's lakes and waterways

The chemical industry is investing more than any other U.S. industry in fighting pollution. As a result, almost all of the plants run by members of the Chemical Manufacturers Association meet or exceed Environmental Protection Agency requirements for effluent water quality. But we're not stopping there. Here are some of the actions we're taking to do an even better job:

1. Applying clean-up technology

We're using aeration, biological treatment, flotation, separation and other methods in various combinations to create multi-function total systems. We're designing and installing more new types of equipment. We're using chemicals to *combat* pollution (just as chlorine disinfects drinking water). In fact, studies show that chemical companies are doing far more than cities to clean up wastewater.

2. Investing more for treatment and research

By the close of 1976, 106 chemical manufacturing companies had invested $1.8 billion in plant facilities and equipment to improve water quality. By the end of 1979, the figure had *more than doubled* to an estimated $3.7 billion. In fact, of every dollar the chemical industry spends on new manufacturing facilities, 25 cents go for pollution control. That underscores our continuing commitment to protecting you and the nation's environment.

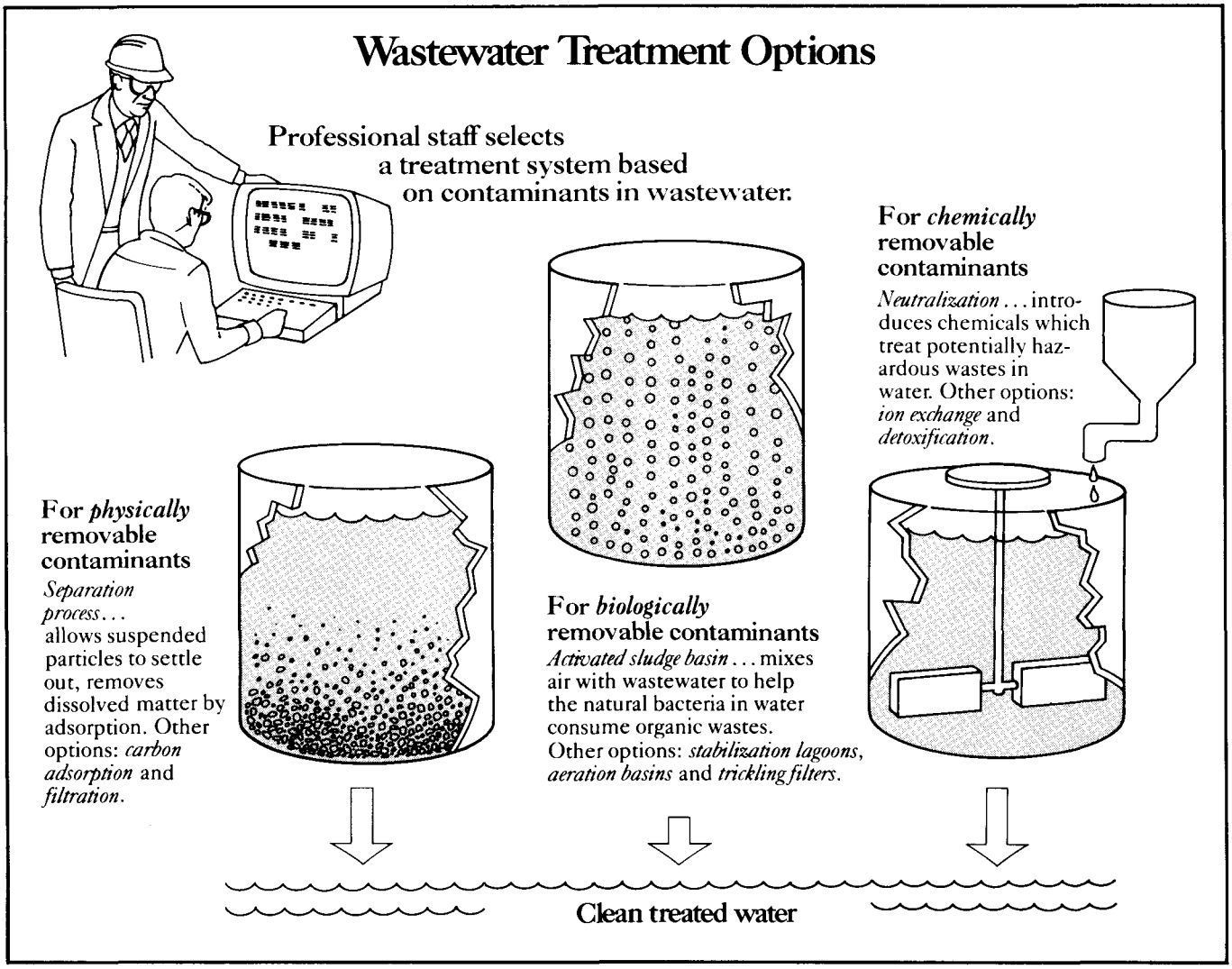
3. Adding more environmental experts

The chemical industry has more than 10,000 employees working full time on pollution control. Nearly half of these employees work on water pollution alone. We also make a point of hiring people with experience in many disciplines—from solid waste disposal to sanitary engineering. That's one of many reasons we've been able to lead the country in cleaning up industrial wastewater.

4. Putting bite into "mean bugs"

Natural bacteria in water break down a variety of wastes. Some chemical plants, however, produce wastes which natural bacteria will not break down. Through sophisticated research programs, we are finding ways to use tough kinds of bacteria—"mean bugs"—with appetites

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Wastewater Treatment Options
Professional staff selects a treatment system based on contaminants in wastewater.
For physically removable contaminants
Separation process... allows suspended particles to settle out, removes dissolved matter by adsorption. Other options: carbon adsorption and filtration.
For biologically removable contaminants
Activated sludge basin... mixes air with wastewater to help the natural bacteria in water consume organic wastes. Other options: stabilization lagoons, aeration basins and trickling filters.
For chemically removable contaminants
Neutralization... introduces chemicals which treat potentially hazardous wastes in water. Other options: ion exchange and detoxification.
Clean treated water

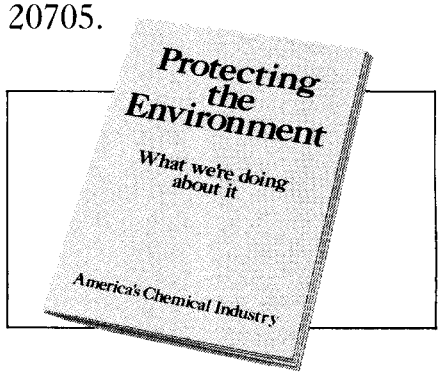
The chemical industry uses one or two of these approaches and sometimes an elaborate wastewater treatment process to remove potentially hazardous impurities.

that are specially tuned to some hard-to-treat chemical wastes.

5. Using pollutants constructively

We have found that certain chemical wastes can be treated and returned to nature safely or reused to create beneficial substances and products. Some examples: Wastes containing nitrogen from one chemical plant are providing nutrition for pine trees, instead of creating problems in a nearby lake. Sulfuric acid wastewaters at another plant are contained and neutralized to produce gypsum, which can then be used for wallboard and cement.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to protect the environment, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. CR-08,P.O. Box 363, Beltsville, Maryland 20705.



America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Farewell to C.P. Snow

by Herman Wouk

The press obituaries have already paid ample tribute to the recently departed Lord Snow, and their prominence and length have testified that an important life has ended. I offer here a wreath from a fellow novelist: a very brief abstract of his life and work, and an account of C.P. Snow as I knew him.

In the 74 years that were granted him, Charles Snow ran a splendid race. When death abruptly ended the race, he was going strong. That characterizes him. He was a big vigorous man, a doer first and last. Past 70 and beset with illness, he produced his final novel, *A Coat of Varnish*, a much-praised murder tale of fine literary texture; also *The Realists*, an incisive book of essays on eight of the world's great novelists, flashing with wit and wisdom about our difficult art; and in his last letter to me, he was projecting a dramatization for television of his 11-volume masterwork, *Strangers and Brothers*. All of us would wish to be so active, sharp, and productive, should we survive as he did well into an eighth decade. But few of us are given such stamina, such drive, and above all, so much to express and to achieve.

The main lines of Snow's full life are plain and striking. He won eminence in three fields: literature, politics, and science. What he cared most about was literature. But his impressive fiction gained by his first-hand knowledge of "the corridors of power," a phrase he coined. He brought to life, too, in his stories, the arcane world of high science, where superb minds grapple with the subtle ways of God (or Nature, as you please), and yet must operate by the mundane, sometimes sordid, often cruel or evil rules of academic, financial, and political games. In portraying these realities in fiction, Snow had no peer and no close rival among the living.

Snow's whole oeuvre turns on a dogged probing for truth behind appearances.

If another writer had his wide expertise (which I doubt), he lacked Snow's art; and any who might approach him in art lacked his knowledge.

Born like Dickens to a lower middle-class family, Snow like Dickens worked his way to world recognition entirely on his own. His keen appreciation of Dickens—"in the English language, arguably the most marvelous writer after Shakespeare"—may well have stemmed from sympathy with the immortal giant's life predicament. But Snow did not react to that predicament as Dickens did. No blacking factory, no debtor's prison haunt his writings; and where Dickens in *Our Mutual Friend* and *Little Dorrit* seems to pronounce an almost Marxian doom on Western industrial society, Snow shows the society as it somehow goes on creakily working, touching in its lights and shadows with urbane clarity. In an era of harsh serious fiction, reflecting the unmistakable moral slump of our rough times, Snow could be both penetrating and tolerant about us. With his pessimism about our irrationality and very dangerous short-sightedness, went a warmth that repressed the condemning word and spoke of the good in our threatened race, wherever he could discern it.

He was a master at marshaling the ironic ambiguities of life. In the world of Charles Snow's novels, exactly as in the real world, the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Timing and chance are too powerful for that, as are the irreducible irrational elements in human nature. I remember my baffled disappointment when I first closed *The Masters*. In this brilliantly realized picture of a power struggle in academia, the wrong man wins the fight, and that is that. The storyteller has thrown away the rules of fiction to confront you with life as it is; and a moment's thought changes your disappointment to admiration.

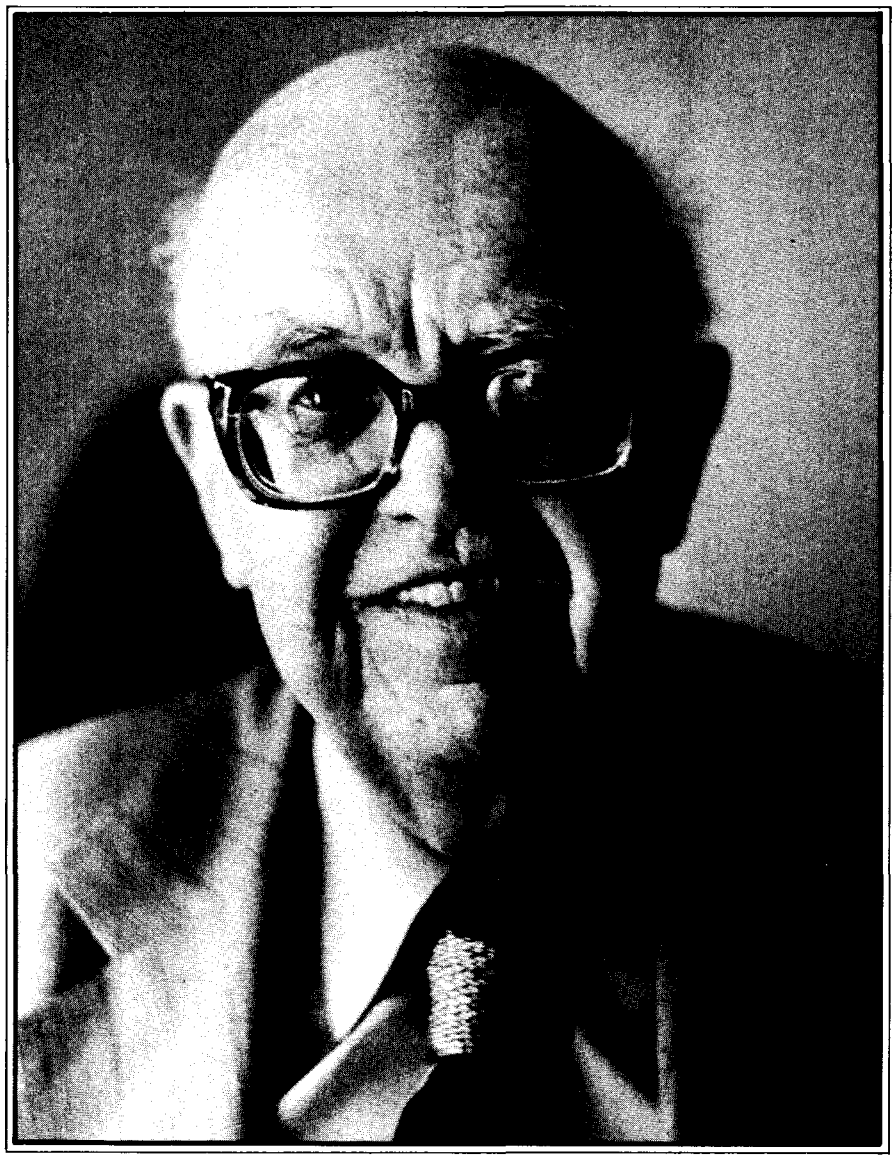
In Snow's last novel—a murder mystery independent of *Strangers and Brothers*—ambiguity still spins the plot. We find out who the murderer is—that is, we think we do. Yet it appears that he is going to get away with it—that is, we think he will. Murder mysteries are not like that; murder probably is like that, out in the real world. The real world was Charles Snow's natural habitat, his study, and his art. That made him rather an unfashionable

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novelist; the fashion is for works of introspective withdrawal from a frightening era.

Snow was not one for withdrawing. In articles and lectures he publicly told the truth as he saw it; a sure way to win enemies while trying to influence people. He endeavored, for instance, to see and to tell what was good—or at least manageable, within our common frame of humanity—about the truculent Soviet Union. There is no removing Russia from the planet's surface. In one way or another we have to live with the Soviet peoples. Painfully realizing that, Snow did his best to discern what was human and reachable in Russia; and for his pains, he was often labeled a crypto-Communist. He could shrug off such noise when it was trivial. He challenged and crushed the slander when it was serious.

His world-famous statement about the noncommunication between "the two cultures" was in general nothing new. Universities have been partitioning off the arts and the sciences for a century and more. The ringing contribution of Snow was to call the split a growing danger in our time, because of the power of science over our lives, and the runaway nature of applied science left to itself, with no infusion of wisdom and moral guidance that we look for in "the humanities"; that is, in literature and in the arts. Nobody likes to be called an ignoramus, even a partial ignoramus. Feathers were ruffled on all sides. The "humanities" chaps, who until then had thought of themselves as broad-range fellows unlike the narrow "science" types, were especially riled. Snow took a lot of heat. When the hubbub died away, his message stood. The academic world is still trying to meet the grave problem he unforgettably set forth.



JILL KREMENTZ

I know of Snow's scientific achievement only by report. He himself once said he gave up physics, his early career, "because he wasn't good enough"; which means that he was comparing himself unfavorably to Nobel Prize geniuses like Lord Rutherford, whose attention he caught, and who thought him a coming physicist of note. The complex British political system is less of a puzzle to me because of the stark, sure-handed illumination of its workings in Snow's novels. He served his country well in both these worlds of science and politics. Just such a man was needed to be chief of scientific personnel for the Ministry of Labor in wartime. Just such a man could take on the job of Parliamentary Secretary for the Ministry of Technology, under the Labor government of the 1960s.

But all the time, while bearing shifting, multifarious, major public responsibilities, Charles Snow was living another private life as an artist. Over a period of 35 years he composed the 11 volumes of his monumental fiction panorama, *Strangers and Brothers*, steadily and professionally. To quote the quiet, proud comment that closes his introduction to the definitive edition, "The first words of *George Passant* were written in the summer of 1935. The last words of *Last Things* were written in January, 1970."

Well might C.P. Snow be proud, not only of the achievement, but of the strength that enabled him to bring it off. I know something of such marathon literary labor; but I have done my work, such as it is, only by a ruthless narrowing-down of my life to the thing itself, to my family, and to my solitary studies. Snow was not only a busy but a gregarious man, with many brilliant friends; and as time went on, with a circle of young admirers and disciples to whom he was generous of his time and his witty talk. I don't know how he did it. He had a sort of genius for steady self-management that recalls Anthony Trollope, about whom he wrote with special insight and understanding.

When I read my first Snow novel, *The Masters*, I thought at once of Trollope. Guesses about the future of any man's writings are chancy. Trol-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One Stamford Forum, Stamford, Conn. 06904

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lights that saved the World Trade Center $240,000 a year? GEE!"

(No, GTE!)

The people at the Twin Towers were impressed when they heard about our special Sylvania energy-saving fluorescents. These SuperSaver™ lights consume up to 20% less energy than standard fluorescents, with a negligible difference in light output.

So, they went ahead and installed them in one-third of the World Trade Center. And they saved almost a quarter-of-a-million dollars a year!

GTE's Sylvania lighting people make a whole range of energy-saving bulbs. Fluorescents, incandescents, even halogen headlamps for automobiles.

This kind of energy savings adds up to not only a great deal of money in the bank for the people involved—but, when you think about it, a great deal of oil in the bank for everyone else.

GTE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Most Exciting Gift Catalog you have ever seen

Yours FREE

Gifts of Perfect Taste! Delicious Cheese, Sausage, Meats, Fancy Pastries, Candy, Fruit and Nuts. Unusual Gifts offered only by The Swiss Colony.

- **144 pages in brilliant full color.**
- **630 unique low priced gifts!**
- **254 gifts under $10—41 under $5.**

SAVE UP TO 25% on over 100 gifts with "Early Order" discounts up to $5 each.

FREE $17 Coupons—Save $17 with our special "Get Acquainted" coupon offers.

FREE Cheddar Cheese

A SUPERB $5.95 VALUE!

We will include a whole 1¼ lb. wheel of our Cheddar Cheese **FREE with your first purchase** from our catalog. Aged cheese famed for its smooth tangy mellowness and rich zesty flavor. It's our way of acquainting you with the choice gifts we offer in the catalog. Special "Get Acquainted" offer valid to new customers only.

☐ **YES!** Please rush FREE Gift Catalog and $17 Coupons and Free Cheddar Offer

Name_____
(Please Print)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

This Offer Expires Oct. 31, 1980

The Swiss Colony®
Dept. WR
1112 7th Ave. P.O. Box 800, Monroe, Wisc. 53566

lope himself was modest about his own hopes for durability. He erred on the downside, by far. Snow was a realist in his thinking, and in his fiction. Perhaps he was similarly modest about the future of *Strangers and Brothers*. I cannot say, but I should think the novels will be read, like Trollope's books, for a long time. They are consistently entertaining. The whole oeuvre turns on a dogged probing for the truth behind appearances in emotional situations and in the unending struggles among men and women for place, for sexual fulfillment, and for fortune. The intent is Proustian, the tone Trollopian: clear, honest, English.

The real world was Charles Snow's habitat, study, and art. That made him an unfashionable novelist; the fashion is for introspective withdrawal from a frightening era.

Charles Snow and I first met in 1962 aboard the magnificent old *Queen Mary*, in one of its last crossings. I had never seen a photograph of him. Vaguely I pictured a lean, severe, possibly dandyish don out of *The Masters*. I couldn't have been more startled to encounter at the captain's cocktail party, first night out, a large, stout, bald, double-chinned, doughty man, with very sharp, amiable eyes twinkling behind heavy glasses. The captain knew Snow and his wife, the authoress Pamela Hansford Johnson, very well, but he seemed uncertain about my identity. Again Snow startled me; this time, by as generous a description of my work to the captain as I had ever heard or read. We authors, by and large, are not a generous breed to each other. I'm not sure why. We work damned hard at a lonely trade. Each of us has—or should have—a fiercely idiosyncratic way of looking at the world and at the art; so that perhaps the other fellow always seems to be doing it wrong, and to be more or less cockeyed in his insights. That is putting the best face on the fault. The worst face, simply enough, is jealousy. C.P. Snow showed no trace of it that evening on the *Queen Mary*.

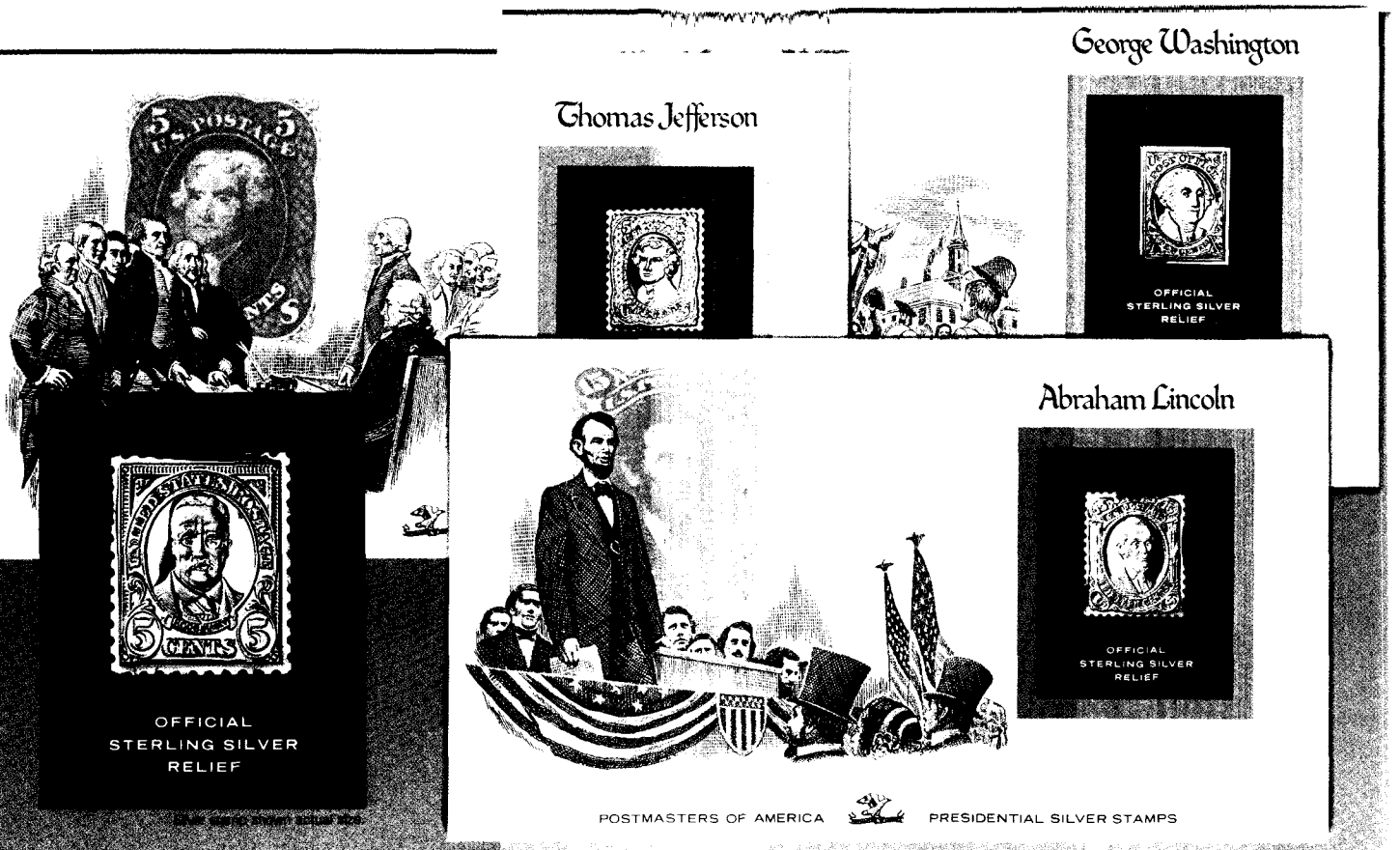
We saw each other rarely over the years. We did not exchange books or comment on each other's work, and seldom corresponded. When we did meet or write, it was "Herman" and "Charles." The note was cordial, even warm, but essentially professional. We liked and respected each other. Such was my feeling, anyway. Because Snow was a world celebrity, and a formidable literary critic—more than because he was 10 years older—I always felt junior to him, and bore myself so.

War and Remembrance had been out only a few weeks, late in 1978, when, like a bolt from the blue, came a letter from Charles Snow. What he said about the novel is not to the purpose. The book was the result of 15 years of most arduous labor, a main try. The sales were good. Sales say little about the merit of a literary work. Most best sellers are ephemeral amusements. The reviews, the few I saw, went both ways as usual: some raves, some grumpiness. I knew what I had tried to do; but whatever my hopes, and my consciousness of having done my honest best, I was truly in the dark about the durable worth of my long labor. Snow's letter was a turn in my life. I don't know—I can't know, perhaps in my lifetime—whether his precise delineation of what I had attempted, and in his view achieved, will prove right or wrong. I do know that such an unlooked-for letter, from a novelist sinking into illness and old age, to another younger novelist enjoying apparent big success, was the act of a rare man.

Trollope ended his autobiography with these words: "Now I stretch out my hand and from the further shore I bid adieu to all who have cared to read any among the many words that I have written."

Now from the near shore, I stretch out my hand to Charles Percy Snow, life peer of England, the Trollope of our time; and I bid him adieu with gratitude for the many excellent words he wrote for the world, and for a few words he wrote to me when it mattered. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sterling silver stamps and cachets shown smaller than actual size.

POSTMASTERS OF AMERICA PRESENTS OFFICIAL STERLING SILVER RELIEFS OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL STAMPS

A history-making tribute to every American President who has ever been honored on U.S. Stamps.

The most significant and desirable of all our Presidential stamps–authentically re-created in precious sterling silver–for the first time ever. With each silver bas-relief stamp issued in an official commemorative cachet portraying a major event of that President's career.

Thirty-five superb silver reliefs—one for each of our honored Presidents.

To be issued in a single, limited edition.

Advance subscription deadline: August 31, 1980.

On July 1, 1847, the United States Government first introduced U.S. postage stamps as we know them now. Part of that historic issue was a stamp honoring George Washington. And that stamp established a tradition that has since led this nation to honor *every* past President, except those still living, on at least one U.S. stamp.

Today, a number of these American Presidential Stamps are quite rare. Prized treasures of museums or major private collections. And now, as a lasting tribute and commemoration, Postmasters of America will recapture these great stamps *in a totally unprecedented manner*—by issuing the *first* collection of official sterling silver reliefs ever created to honor every American President ever portrayed on a U.S. postage stamp.

Intricate designs—in silver

This impressive collection will consist of thirty-five finely minted bas-reliefs in precious sterling silver, depicting great stamps which honor every American President from Washington to Lyndon Johnson. And each one will be issued in an *official commemorative cachet*, portraying a major event in that President's career.

To make each silver bas-relief a painstakingly accurate re-creation of a great American stamp, Postmasters of America has appointed The Franklin Mint, whose master craftsmen will prepare each superb relief by impressing a finely rolled sheet of sterling silver between two matched minting dies. The result, in every case, is a work faithful to the historic stamp right down to serrated edges and the tiniest intricate details.

Since several Presidents have been honored on more than one U.S. stamp, the specific issue representing each President will be selected—by Postmasters of America experts on philatelic history and stamp values—on the basis of rarity, design and importance.

Minted for subscribers only

In keeping with their importance, these official sterling silver stamp reliefs will be available *only* from Postmasters of America and only during this Presidential election year. And they will be produced *exclusively* for subscribers, with a further limit of one collection per person.

Subscribers will be able to build the collection at the convenient rate of one per month. For those who subscribe by August 31, 1980, the issue price of just $14.50 for each sterling silver stamp will be *absolutely guaranteed throughout the collection*, despite the continuing pressures of inflation. An attractive album will be provided to each subscriber at no additional charge.

This is a collection for the person with a sense of history, the patriot and the parent, as well as the collector. For it offers unique product form . . . assured rarity . . . historical importance . . . and the dramatic beauty of silver. All combined with the great names of American history in an exciting and educational collection.

But please remember that the application below is valid only if postmarked by August 31st.

Postmasters of America is the official commemorative organization of the National League of Postmasters and the National Association of Postmasters of the United States. Not a part of the U.S. Postal Service, its purpose is to provide a continuing service to collectors.

© 1980 FM

ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

THE OFFICIAL STERLING SILVER RELIEFS OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL STAMPS

Issued by Postmasters of America

Valid only if postmarked by August 31, 1980.
Limit: One collection per subscriber.

Postmasters of America
c/o The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for *The Official Sterling Silver Reliefs of the American Presidential Stamps*, consisting of thirty-five sterling silver stamp replicas, each in its own commemorative cachet, to be sent to me at the rate of one per month.

I need send no money now. Bill me $14.50* for each issue in advance of its shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1. per issue for shipping and handling.*

Signature _____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr.
Mrs.
Ms. _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

The Franklin Mint is the world's largest private mint. It is not affiliated with the U.S. Mint or any other government agency.

MAGAZINE ARCHIVE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's Fueling the Popular Science Explosion?

by Isaac Asimov

Photo by Don Kushnick

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All of a sudden, Americans are fascinated by science—"fascinated," as a person may be by great beauty, grace, intelligence, picturesqueness; held in their spell; and "fascinated," as a mouse, cowering helplessly, waiting to be eaten, may be fascinated by the glittering eye of a snake. Americans today view science in awe of the marvels it has showered on us, and with fear of the horrors it spawned. We feel that if we do not understand science and the changes science makes possible, we may find ourselves overwhelmed, even destroyed by those changes.

This fascination with science explains the current boom of interest in all aspects of science—fact and fiction.

On television, serious science has proven its box-office appeal with such series as *The Ascent of Man*, *Connections*, and *Nova*. And in September, Carl Sagan's 13-part series, *Cosmos*, will be introduced with hoopla unprecedented for any scientific program. Costing $8 million to produce, this Olympian survey of cosmological, biological, and historical topics, co-produced, written, and hosted by Sagan, will be the most expensive single-season series ever produced for PBS. So wide an audience is this series expected to attract that Random House is planning a staggering first printing of 150,000 copies of the book *Cosmos*, which will be spun off from the television series.

Magazines and newspapers have proven no less enamored of the subject. In what seems like a case of spontaneous generation, a new group of science magazines for the general reader has been introduced in the past 22 months: *Science 80*, *Next*, *Discover* (from Time Inc.), and from *Penthouse* (of all places), *Omni*, which combines science fact with science fiction. Included in the "new" *New York Times* is a special weekly section called "Science."

In previous decades, science fiction was the least regarded popular genre in movies or in print. Today, the great Hollywood blockbusters are "space operas" such as *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*. And if I may (more or less blushingly) refer to personal evidence, among my 218 books published over the last 30 years there are some 50 books of science fiction and 120 books of science fact, and, far from striking any point of diminishing returns, I find that (so far) they are steadily doing better as the audience grows.

This overwhelming fascination with science is strictly a contemporary phenomenon. There was nothing like it in the past. To be sure, there were always some professional scientists

omni
WOODS HOLE: A SCIENTIFIC UTOPIA
FRANK HERBERT AND THE ILLUSTRATED DUNE
A NEW NOVEL BY STEPHEN KING
OMNI'S 'RE-FORM' PRESIDENTIAL PLATFORM
ext
UT A FUTURE FOR YOU!
STAR WARS
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK
THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION
by Donald F. Glut
Based on a story by George Lucas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who were consumed by it and some dilettantes who played with it—but the mass of the population was unmoved.

Europeans and Americans who lived through the industrializing era of the 19th century were dimly aware of the existence of science in much the way that they were dimly aware of the existence of China. What really affected their everyday lives and roused their liveliest interest was "invention."

People were perfectly aware of the changes produced in society and in their daily lives by such items as the steamship, the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the sewing machine. These were not, in the general view, the products of science but of the ingenuity of clever men who were not pictured as scientists (and who, indeed, were *not* scientists in the narrow sense of the word).

Yet there were scientists like André Marie Ampere, who worked out the mathematics of electrodynamics a generation before Thomas Alva Edison used electrodynamics in many of his inventions. For every person who has heard of Ampere, one can easily imagine that 100,000 have heard of Edison. What's more, of those who have heard of Edison, very few understand the connection with Ampere or see that Ampere had to precede Edison, for it was Ampere's discoveries that made Edison's possible.

The general understanding that science, and not necessity only, is the mother of invention is undoubtedly a 20th-century phenomenon, and so is the realization that science can lead to destruction and retrogression as well as to advancement and progression.

It may well be that the first glimmer of the meaning and potentialities of science (as opposed to "invention"), as far as the general public was concerned, was of its terrifying side, unfortunately. That came in 1915, with the use of poison gas in World War I. This was clearly a scientific development, pure chemistry; and it was a horrifying discovery without socially redeeming value, since it didn't even win the war for either side. Before 1915 was over, both sides were using poison gas, and it gave neither an advantage but merely introduced a vast increase in the terror and misery for both armies.

The terror wasn't forgotten. Although poison gas wasn't used in World War II because it would gain nothing for either side, civilian preparations always included the inevitable gas mask. But World War II brought the nuclear bomb in 1945. Before it, even poison gas shriveled as horror; and the nuclear bomb, even more clearly than the earlier terror, was the product of science.

In the generation since World War II, science has continued to produce its marvels and its horrors. Television and jet planes are inventions in the full 19th-century sense, but it is now clear that electronics and aeronautics are sciences and that the public draws conclusions from the connection.

The development of solid-state physics has brought the transistor and all its infra-miniaturized descendents and given us generation upon generation of computers in rapid succession, each set smaller, cheaper, and more versatile than the one before. Only someone incredibly naive could think of these computers as the product of mere ingenious tinkerers.

We cannot dismiss space exploration with the thought that rockets are

The Scientist Superstar

by Robert F. Moss

Carl Sagan is elated about his upcoming public television series, *Cosmos*, the product of a two-year labor of love. "It's far exceeded my fondest expectations. Our intent is to be tremendously lively and exhilarating, with real emotional content, and at the same time to get across a lot of real science. We've accomplished something that's never been done before."

Sagan's jubilance is understandable, since his combination of television series and book probably represents the pinnacle of his remarkable career; nor is it surprising to find that the show is a kind of hieroglyphic for Sagan's entire life and career.

A product of the American melting pot, Sagan sprang from immigrant stock, a Brooklyn boy who grew up playing stickball and dreaming of the stars. Infatuated with astronomy from his early days as a science-fiction addict, it was natural that Sagan would pour his restless energy into scholastic attainment, and he collected his diplomas—a B.A., M.A., and a Ph.D., all from the University of Chicago—at a headlong clip. After teaching for several years at Harvard, where he was denied tenure, Sagan eventually moved on to an endowed chair at Cornell.

From the beginning of his academic career, he was fiercely publication-minded and his first paper, "Radiation and the Origin of the Gene," appeared when he was only 23. Some 300 papers were to follow over the next 23 years, including important research into the enigmatic radio emissions from Venus and the seasonally fluctuating patterns of light and dark on the surface of Mars. In addition, Sagan has been a mainstay of NASA's photo-interpretation teams.

Sagan's *Cosmos* is one of the most intellectually ambitious programs ever presented to the American public. Conceptually speaking, it is very much a one-man show, a grand collage of the themes and subject matter Sagan has dealt with in his books. Among its 13 episodes are a voyage across the known universe, a dissertation on Hindu cosmology, a precis of human evolution from a single-cell organism to *homo sapiens*, a capsulization of the Mars and Venus experiments mentioned above, a caustic examination of the UFO phenomena and other forms of pseudo-science, and—Sagan's trademark—a report on the state of exobiology (the search for extraterrestrial life). This is hardly the usual quick-frozen entertainment television sets before us. "It's a hard show to do," says Sagan. "You're constantly in danger of slipping too far toward bland, easy-to-understand material with no content, or slipping into stuff that's absolutely accurate, but who cares?"

A dynamic figure in the classroom, Sagan has never left the university environment, except for sabbaticals. One can hear throughout *Cosmos* the voice of a dedicated, fired-up teacher, seeking tinder in other minds. "Science is fun," Sagan effuses. "People enjoy learning something that they didn't know before. I feel good when I see that light go on, that sign of people understanding something they didn't understand before.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no more than an invention of the medieval Chinese. A rocket, no matter how large and powerful, would merely be a missile that went up and never came down (at least not for years). What counts is the telemetry, the miniaturized devices, the solar cells that make the satellite or the probe responsive to our orders and humble transmitters of information.

Nor is there any question in the mind of much of the public that if our problems are to be solved—or made worse—it will be through the medium of science and technology. Regardless of whether a person is pro- or anti-technology, the realization remains that the complex problems we face are beyond the reach of mere ingenuity.

If the energy crisis is to be solved by the discovery and utilization of new sources (fusion? solar power in space? geothermal energy? biomass?), it is the advance of science that will make the solution possible and practical.

Science must likewise be depended upon to discover solutions to the problems of nuclear and chemical pollution and to the new problems caused by the advances in genetic engineering. The American public is also aware that one of the components of American power in the world has been its leadership in science and technology—computers, microelectronics, subatomic physics, lasers, and so on—and that the decline in American power is, in part at least, brought about by our diminishing status as world scientific leader.

In short, since 1945, the public view of science has changed. Science is no longer a remote discipline practiced by absent-minded professors and oddballs with long hair, who speak a

It's a joy other people can share."

It is television though, not his scholarly or professional achievements, that has propelled Sagan to celebrityhood. Einstein, Freud, the Curies, Salk—all burst into public view through the force of their genius, but Sagan needed TV to achieve the same visibility. His first appearance on the *Tonight Show* in 1972 revealed an obscure astronomer who had been allotted five minutes at the end of the program to plug his first commercial book, *The Cosmic Connection*. But Sagan shrewdly picked topics—the improbability of UFOs and the probability of extraterrestrial life—that would play in Peoria, and he used all the show-biz gloss he could muster. Three weeks later Carson rolled back the rug for Sagan at 12:30 and let him improvise whatever intellectual footwork he wanted. In a worshipful *New York* magazine profile in 1975, Stuart Bauer described the results as "one of the great reckless solos of late-night television." The star-gazer was a star and solidified his status by returning to the Carson show often. (Students in Sagan's classes at Cornell have been known to call out "Heeere's Carl!")

Without the *Tonight Show* exposure, Sagan would undoubtedly still have become a prolific science writer, but it's difficult to imagine that he would have become the prince of popularizers in his field, establishing a much larger public domain than, say, Loren Eisley and Dr. Lewis Thomas, science specialists who are much better writers than Sagan. Random House is paying Sagan $250,000 for four books, the second and most recent of which is *Broca's Brain*, which has sold 125,000 copies and is in its eighth printing. The third, a book version of *Cosmos*, is due in October.

Even a comparatively flimsy book like *The Cosmic Connection*, published by Doubleday in 1972, streaked through 20 printings in its hardcover and paperback incarnations, with total sales in excess of 500,000 copies. *Cosmic Connections* was followed by *Other Worlds*, a hasty patchwork of astral and planetary information that Sagan did for Bantam, and then, when he signed up with Random House in 1977, came *Dragons of Eden: Speculations on the Evolution of Human Intelligence*. An essentially sobersided account of the development and structure of the brain, *Dragons* became a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, a Pulitzer Prize winner, and a best seller for eight months. Common sense suggests that, since the book is hardly what the average American would call a "good read," the majority of the 1.25 million copies sold were bought by people who were interested in owning a book by the illustrious Carl Sagan, not in reading what was inside it.

Still, TV has few pedagogical showmen as good as Sagan. Endowed with a dark-eyed, sensual handsomeness, Sagan complements his sex appeal with a neo-professional appearance—casual, a bit shaggy, long-haired (in *Cosmos*, he even wears a corduroy jacket). A suave ebullience helps to brighten and bespangle the scholarly information about quasars, pulsars, black holes, white dwarfs, red giants, and the rest of Sagan's medley of topics.

Cosmos is Sagan's most luminous achievement to date, and Sagan is exuberant about the effect his series might have. "Consider," he says, "that 150 million people might watch the program—3 percent of the world's population. Of those a million might get excited; 10,000 of these will be youngsters who will be turned in the direction of science. A handful will make important contributions. That's a tremendous impact." ■

Sagan was on the *Tonight Show* so often, his students began calling, "Heeere's Carl!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

language none can understand but themselves. Science is viewed, instead, as a matter of life and death, scientists as saviors/ destroyers whom it is important to understand, and who must account for what they are doing. Americans are coming to understand that science, to paraphrase the French politician, Georges Clemenceau, is too important to be left to the scientists.

Our life-and-death stake in science makes us eager, even desperate to understand science. It also makes us crave for our recreation fantasies about science—science fictions—in which the problems caused by science are marvelously mastered by science in the future.

Science fiction, of course, is not science. At best, science fiction contains a leavening of science that can form only a minor portion of the whole, since the interest in any story is bound to be concentrated on the people in it, on their deeds and reactions.

Such science that is included or discussed in science-fiction stories may, moreover, be over-simplified, modified, or distorted for the sake of the plot. For that matter, the science may (alas for human frailty) be downright wrong through the ignorance of the writer—who is rarely himself a scientist.

But, right or wrong, the seeming science in science fiction speaks to our anxiety about where the accelerating rate of change made possible and inevitable by scientific developments is taking us.

From the beginning of history through the 18th century, the rate of change through science and technology was so slow that the amount of significant social alteration in the course of a single lifetime was small enough to be unnoticeable, so that the wail of Ecclesiastes that there was "nothing new under the sun" must have seemed true to individuals.

As the centuries passed, however, the rate of advance increased until, about 1800, the rate of change, in those parts of the world where science and technology were advancing most rapidly, became great enough to be visible in the course of a single lifetime.

Yet while change may be disliked and resented, it will come, and if it is stubbornly ignored, it will overwhelm us.

Human beings could observe what differences had been introduced in their own lifetimes by the coming of the steam engine, for instance, or the development of gaslight.

That created a new curiosity; possibly the only basically new curiosity to be introduced in historic times: What will life be like after I die?

Prior to the 19th century, no one would have dreamed of asking that, since life would differ in the future in inconsequential details from the past, as far as people could see.

By the 19th century, however, the question had meaning. What new inventions would appear? What new scientific discoveries? What new basic changes in lifestyles?

Science fiction arose in response to such questions. If one could not witness the future and assuage one's curiosity directly, one could at least speculate. Those who could speculate best, eloquently and convincingly, did it professionally for those who could not.

The first true science-fiction writer—that is, the first to make a good living out of the craft—was Jules Verne. In the more than a century that has elapsed since his success, those who followed him have been emulating him in speculating on future developments and on change.

As time moved on, the rate of scientific and technological advance has continued to increase. Changes have followed so closely on each other's heels that it has become nearly impossible to absorb them all. More and more, it is the fundamental crisis of our time that we may lack the ability to understand and accept change.

Yet while change may be disliked and resisted it *will* come, and if, as a last resort, it is stubbornly ignored, it *will* overwhelm us. Like it or not, change must be a factor in our calculations, and young people, particularly, are becoming increasingly aware of that.

It may be that that is why there is a curious flavor of decay and irrelevance in mainstream "realistic" fiction of today. As long as fiction deals with the here and now, the young people of today have to recognize it as nothing more than a quaint relic of yesterday. Perhaps that is why most forms of popular fiction have been decaying for a generation; why there is little fiction in magazines; why the short story of almost all varieties is all but dead; why first novels are harder to publish than ever before.

It cannot be the effect of television alone, for in this same period, science fiction (science fiction *in print*) has been steadily expanding—in short-story form as well as in novels.

It is not that science fiction is an accurate way of predicting the future. The predictive record of the science-fiction writer, while better than that of almost anyone else, is still poor. Nevertheless, one thing *every* science-fiction story takes for granted is that the future will be different from today and that prediction, at least, is remarkably certain. That basic assumption which makes science fiction distinctive also makes it relevant.

It isn't at all likely that science-fiction readers, in general, have reasoned this out and have therefore become science-fiction readers. It is much more likely that hardly any of them have. Nevertheless, there is a general unease in the air today about the rate and inevitability of change, and science fiction helps to ease these concerns.

One might well ask whether this anxiety about science and the resulting fascination with science fact and fiction will help us to accept, understand, and *guide* the changes that we fear. Might we acquire from this plethora of books, magazines, movies, and television series some tools to help us solve the formidable crises of our times?

Perhaps not, but as the sad old joke has it—It couldn't hurt. ■

Isaac Asimov, the author of 218 books has just published his autobiography—in two volumes—In Memory Yet Green *and* In Joy Still Felt *(Doubleday).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PONTIAC'S "X" CAR TAKES ON THE IMPORTS

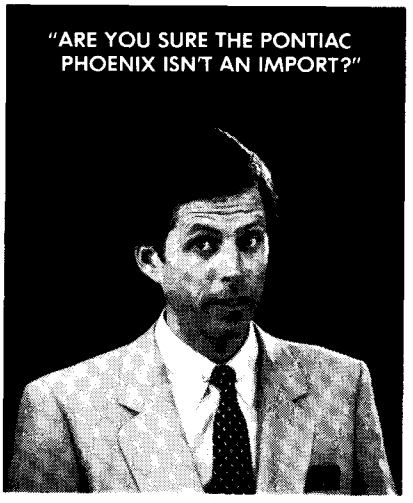
PHOENIX vs. VW DASHER

Some people think they have to send their dollars overseas to get a fuel efficient front-wheel-drive car, like the Volkswagen Dasher.

But Pontiac knows how to give you real front-wheel-drive efficiency right here at home . . . in the 1980 Phoenix.

PHOENIX OFFERS BETTER MILEAGE AND RANGE.

Pontiac Phoenix LJ is EPA rated at (24) MPG while VW Dasher offers an EPA rating of 23 MPG. And if you multiply Phoenix's (24) EST. MPG by its 14 gallon fuel tank, you'll discover Phoenix offers you an estimated range of 336 miles. VW Dasher, with its fuel capacity of 11.9 gallons, has an estimated range of only 273.7 miles. Remember: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Phoenix is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



PHOENIX HAS LOWER ANNUAL FUEL COSTS.

According to the fuel economy sticker the federal government requires on every new car sold in America, Pontiac's Phoenix LJ costs $24 less per year for gas than VW Dasher. The EPA bases annual fuel costs on each car's "estimated mpg" for 15,000 miles at 90¢ per gallon.

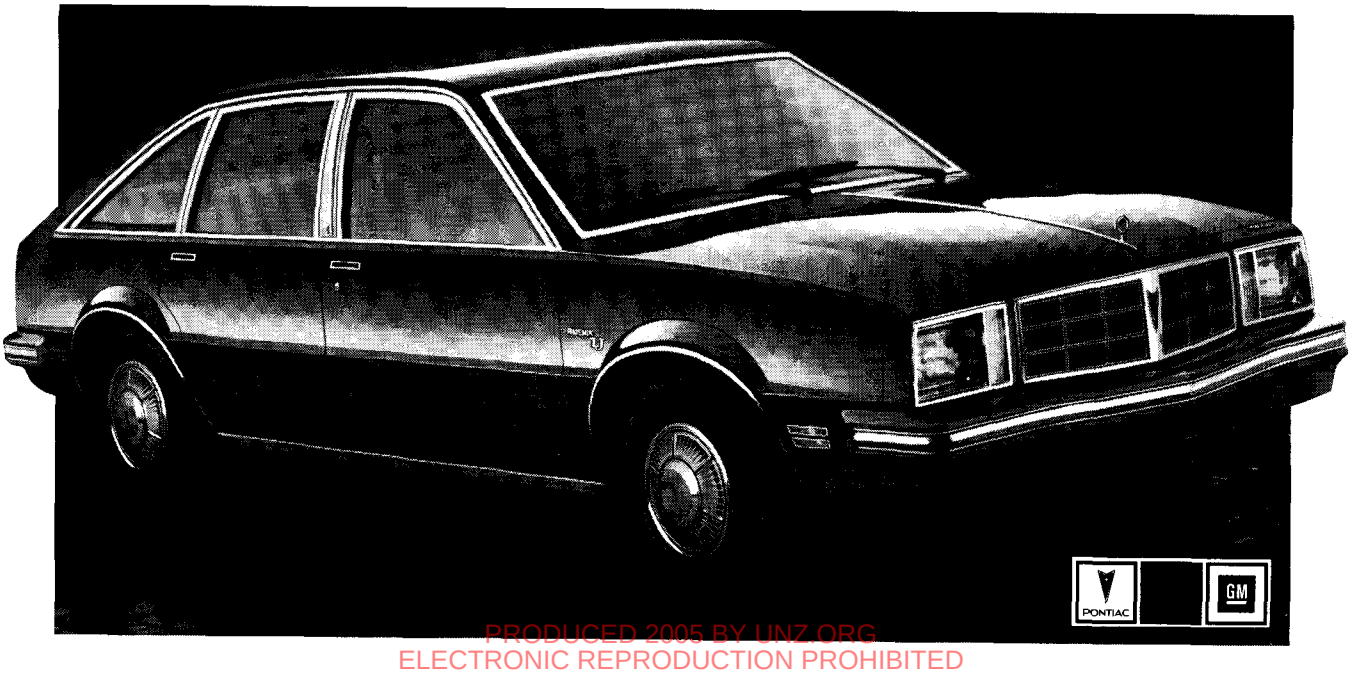
PHOENIX IS PRICED $1,885 LESS.

According to the government required price sticker, Phoenix LJ 5-door Hatchback is priced at $6,305, while the VW Dasher 4-door Hatchback is priced at $8,190. This is a base car comparison of manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Taxes, license and available equipment additional. Destination charges vary by location and affect comparison. Level of standard equipment varies.

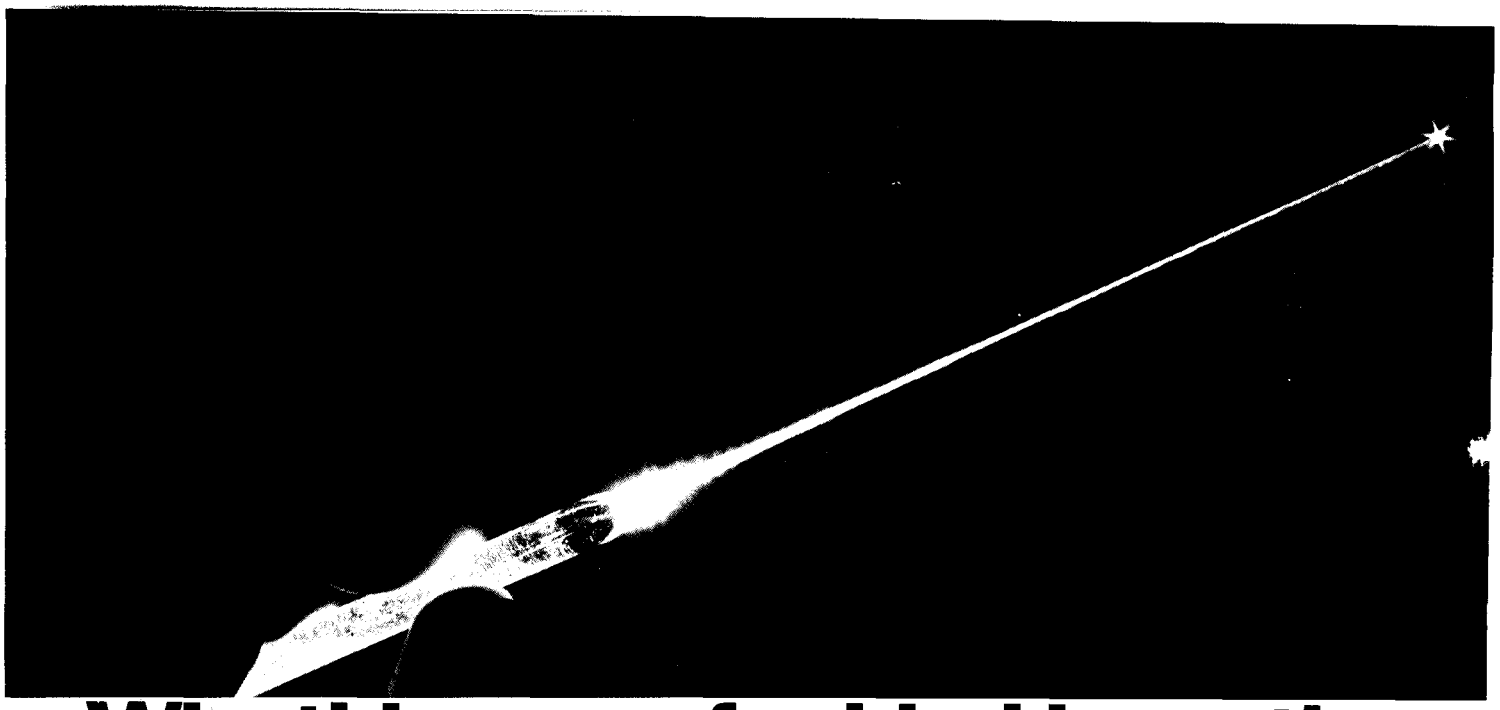
Add up the savings on annual fuel costs and base price, and Phoenix wins by $1,909. Come home to efficiency. See your Pontiac dealer.

MORE PONTIAC KNOW-HOW TO THE GALLON

AND WINS BY $1,909!



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.

For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern. By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Museum Wars:

The Scramble for Blockbuster Shows

by Malcolm N. Carter

To most art-lovers, no institution seems more sober and dignified than an art museum. After all, what higher calling can there be than the preservation, display, and celebration of the art of the ages? However, in recent years, behind those genteel facades, museums have been waging a series of grubby little wars, in the hope of snaring such prestigious exhibitions as King Tut, or *The Splendors of Dresden*, or the upcoming *Search for Alexander* from Greece. Museum officials will resort to almost any strategy to win these wars, including virtual bribery. For the spoils are enormous: Big shows capture the imagination of a community, invite the warm glow of publicity, give a jolt to membership rosters, cram the gift shops, and otherwise help museums make ends meet. Conversely, museums that lose the wars risk the wrath of their memberships: In Atlanta, the director of the museum must continue to explain, years after King Tut went home, why Atlanta wasn't on the Pharaoh's itinerary.

In New Orleans on the other hand, where an aggressive campaign was mounted to obtain that particular blockbuster, the rewards were considerable. Director E. John Bullard reports that membership in the New Orleans Museum of Art soared to 20,000 after the *Treasures of Tutankhamun* hit, and while the number has since leveled off at approximately 10,000, membership is still triple the pre-Tut total. In addition, the museum sold $2.7 million worth of Tut merchandise in four months, plus another $1 million worth of standard items from its gift shop. What makes the $1 million so impressive is that it represents a *tenfold* increase in the museum's normal sales *per year*. Chicago's Field Museum is another example; not only were membership revenues two or three times higher for the first year after Tut, but the museum believes that a 25 percent increase in the number of contributors of unrestricted funds in the same year "definitely" was attributable to Tut. When the Boston Museum of Fine Arts opened *Pompeii A.D. 79*, it had almost as many visitors in three months as it usually attracts in a whole year.

Of course, museums are not the only beneficiaries of big shows. One research study found that visitors to the Tut show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art spent more than $76 million on hotels, restaurants, entertainment, and transportation, plus another $34 mil-

MARTIN A. LEVICK FROM BLACK STAR

Tut brought newcomers thronging to museums.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lion on shopping in New York City. According to the New Orleans Museum of Art, out-of-town visitors added at least $69.4 million to the city's economy. Come budget time for the museums, city fathers remember.

Is it any wonder, then, that museum directors stand ever poised to do battle over special exhibitions and that they resort to the basest of persuasive tactics to achieve their ends? Reputations are at stake, even jobs. "You have to use every bit of leverage you can," says Henry Gardiner, who was dismissed last year as director of the San Diego Museum of Art in part, he avers, because of his failure to get the big shows. "You use every trick you know; you really have to hustle."

For a smaller museum like the San Diego, hustling may mean trying to tie into the "old-boy network" that dominates the museum world. "You're not going to hear about a show unless there is a particular reason," says Gudmund Vigtel, director of the High Museum of Art in the Atlanta Memorial Art Center. Thus, one explanation he gives for having added three new curators is that they have good connections. (It is no coincidence that New Orleans made the big time with Tut following the arrival of John Bullard, who used to work for Carter Brown at Washington's National Gallery of Art.)

Once the director of a small museum hears about a desirable exhibition, his life is not necessarily going to be a bed of roses, however. He may well embark on a determined campaign of politicking and lobbying, as New Orleans did for Tut and continues to do for *Alexander*. This can involve sending letters from every politician in town, drafting documents that tout the receptivity of a particular community, getting congressmen to button-hole cultural attachés at embassy parties, and wining and dining foreign ambassadors.

New Orleans and San Francisco have proven particularly adept at this last strategem, though museums such as San Diego have on occasion deluged organizers of exhibitions with letters, proposals, and arguments in their favor. Carter Brown—who disclaims any role in having decided that *The Search for Alexander* will go to Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco after it opens at the National Gallery in November—says one museum even printed up a brochure extolling its benefits.

To land Tut, one museum sent a delegation to Egypt with the offer of a $100,000 bonus. The Egyptians were persuaded.

New Orleans went after *Alexander* by giving the ambassador from Greece the royal treatment in recent months and at Mardi Gras, when he was entertained by everyone from the mayor to the governor. He has been bombarded with letters and cornered at embassy parties. "We made a special effort so that he would know that everyone in Louisiana...was extremely anxious to have the exhibition in New Orleans," Bullard says.

When New Orleans sought Tut, the head of the city's bicentennial commission reminded the ambassador from Egypt of the early cotton trading between the port of New Orleans and Egypt. She further recalled for the ambassador that both Cairo and New Orleans were built on deltas. The fact that the bicentennial official was also the wife of the mayor, then Moon Landrieu, was not considered a liability. For the same show, the M.H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco, which was not on the original itinerary, sent a delegation to Egypt. In addition to profits from the sale of reproductions, the group —which included the resourceful department-store magnate, Cyril Magnin—offered Egypt a $100,000 bonus. "They were interested in that," Ian White, director of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, recounts blandly.

Magnin figures in other San Francisco successes as well. As the city's chief of protocol, Magnin helped snag the landmark exhibit of archaeological finds from the People's Republic of China. He met the PRC's chief emissary at San Francisco International Airport in a luxurious bus equipped with deep leather chairs, took him to four wineries, and feted him with lunch and a reception. "He was very impressed," Magnin recollects. Magnin

MARTIN A. LEVICK FROM BLACK STAR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

says he is also responsible for snagging the *Alexander* show. Because he recalled that former San Francisco Mayor George Christopher was Greek, with close friends in the Greek government, Magnin urged him to telephone Athens. "The next thing I knew we had the show," Magnin recounts, saying that San Francisco snatched it from Los Angeles that way.

Those museums that have had little luck joining the old boys sometimes decide to lick 'em instead. If ever there was a David venturing into Goliath's parlor, for instance, it's the Toledo Museum of Art inviting the National Gallery to participate in a show of the Ohio institution's conception. Still being negotiated, this El Greco show would not have made its way to Toledo if the museum had waited to be asked. Furthermore, joint sponsorship both spreads the expenses and enhances the standing of any museum with the imagination and wherewithal to mount its own big show.

An unusual variation of this procedure was played out by the Minneapolis Institutes of Art. Rather than seeking out a corporate sponsor, the museum was approached by an executive of the Minneapolis-based Control Data Corp. The executive was wondering whether the institute's director, Samuel Sachs II, would welcome a show from the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad. Yes, Sachs replied. Who wouldn't?

Months later, the museum and the corporation met, and Sachs learned that the Hermitage wanted to sponsor an exhibition in the West to accumulate the hard currency necessary to buy a computer system from Control Data. Not only would eight U.S. museums get a big show, but the Russians would get their computer, and Control Data would get its sale. "It was a situation where there were no losers," Sachs says.

Then came the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and with it, Sachs laments, the refusal of then-Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to go through the formality of granting the Soviets indemnity from the seizure of the collection while in the United States. Without that guarantee, there was no way the Soviets would allow it to enter this country. The show was canceled.

Such is the lot of the smaller museums, depending as they do on the good graces of relative giants like the Metropolitan or the National Gallery —or the State Department and Control Data. "It's a lot of being in the right place at the right time," Sachs says. Often it is a mere accident of geography that bestows the big show on a small institution. (The Chinese, seeking a location in the Midwest, selected Kansas City as one stop for its archaeological treasures.) Sometimes it's merely a matter of space. (The main reason why Atlanta lost the Tut show to New Orleans was that it simply didn't have enough room.) Otherwise, it can be a matter of who knows whom. (Besides a trip to Vienna to clinch the deal, all San Francisco's Ian White had to do to get the Habsburg costume collection was call Philippe de Montebello of the Metropolitan, which is bringing the show to the United States.)

While the big guns among museums have few of these concerns, they have their own problems. For one thing, they view it as a matter of prestige to get a big show *first*. The National Gallery confronts this issue shrewdly: Gambling that any foreign government would want a special exhibition from one of its museums to play Washington, it has made it a policy to reject any show that appears elsewhere in the U.S. first.

Though the museum—which had mounted both Impressionist and old-master shows from the Soviet Union a few years earlier—lost out on the Metropolitan Scythian Gold exhibit as a result of this position, Carter Brown seems equanimous. "I don't think we have to have every show that comes down the pike," he says. To him, the notion that the major institutions compete with each other for prestige is "overrated." Yet he does admit to having experienced a measure of dismay upon reading that Thomas P. F. Hoving, then director of the Metropolitan, had announced the stunning show from Dreden, which both institutions worked to obtain. "I couldn't believe my eyes," Brown says.

Connections play so crucial a part

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the wars museums wage that they extend far beyond the relationships among museum directors. They encompass the kind of contact with the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities that can bring grants to produce blockbuster shows. Connections that count also involve those individuals in the private sector who give away money to support the arts or, better yet, those who counsel enlightened businesses on donations.

Nina Kaiden Wright, president of Ruder and Finn Fine Arts—basically a public relations firm—often brings museums and corporations together

MARTIN A. LEVICK FROM BLACK STAR

Picasso at the Museum of Modern Art.

herself. The National Gallery had already lost the Hermitage show when she visited London and saw the Post-Impressionist exhibit at the Royal Academy of Arts. On the Monday morning after her return, Ms. Wright telephoned Carter Brown and asked him two fundamental questions. Did he want that show to fill the gap left by the cancellation of the Hermitage on short notice? And, if so, would he need help from a corporate sponsor? To both questions, Brown answered affirmatively. By something more than coincidence, Ms. Wright had been talking for almost half a year with General Telephone and Electronics about the company's desire to do "something cultural that was important." She called an executive there, and GTE gave Brown its support. The museum director went to London, contacted the individual lenders of the collection, and obtained their approval.

Corporate executives, who decline to be quoted by name, say they are inundated with proposals to fund special exhibitions. "We get dozens and dozens," says one, adding that "you make a decision based on the organization." Read it this way: Corporations make safe choices, and the safest rely on the reputation of the museum making the proposal. The Haves among the museums become the Have-Mores.

In deciding on a grant, corporations don't consider it irrelevant if the museum has already received the imprimatur that goes with a federal grant. Nor is the private sector unswayed by the attention that a particular show may receive or by the good will that sponsorship may engender in communities with the capacity to show their appreciation at the cash register. "They cannot have as their central focus the excellence, the quality, and the significance of the exhibition," complains Sherman Lee, director of the Cleveland Museum of Art. "This is not the concern of the corporate realm." On the other hand, Minneapolis's Sachs says he knows of instances, which he declines to specify, of corporations turning down a museum proposal out of a feeling that their self-interest was transparent. The likelihood of Exxon sponsoring *The Art of Qatar* strains credulity, Sachs says.

Even with corporate donations, museums may be seeing the light at the end of the tunnel: It's gotten to the point where the cost and trouble of putting on special exhibitions can easily exceed the revenue they produce. More than a million dollars per show is getting to be common, and museums suddenly are canceling announced exhibitions for want of money. What with the pressures of inflation, California's Proposition 13, and the withdrawal of guards paid under the federal CETA program, Ian White had to cancel the *Treasures of Chatsworth*, for example. "I think that's going to happen more and more frequently," Carter Brown comments, adding that an important show scheduled for the National Gallery next year is in grave danger of being canceled. Declining to name the show, Brown says, "We need to find a lot of scratch."

It won't be easy. At least one major corporation has decided to move away from blockbuster exhibitions, and the heads of the museum programs at both National Endowments disapprove of them. Cheryl McClenny, head of the Museums Program at the National Endowment for the Humanities, reports, "We are placing much more emphasis on the permanent collections." By the same token, her counterpart at the National Endowment for the Arts views big shows skeptically. "If people go to the King Tut show, for instance, I don't *know* there are more people looking at Egyptian art," says the official, Thomas Freudenheim, a former director of the Baltimore Museum of Art.

Since the Tut show swept ashore, the debate has turned on the issue of populism vs. elitism. Defenders of populism include directors like Brown and Hoving, who helped legitimize the big shows. Hoving derides the objections as "good cocktail chatter that gets into the elitest art press," and Brown contends that "if you can lure people into the museums, they may get into the habit of coming back."

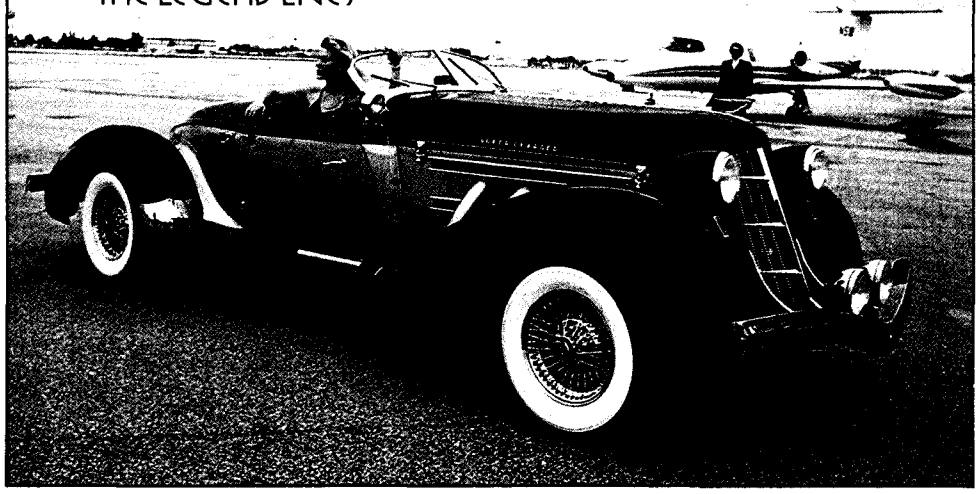
But the fact remains that the solution has become a stubborn problem of its own. Too often special exhibitions become an end in themselves, a symbol of prestige not unlike a publishing house's best-seller or movie hit. Certainly it's a good thing to have people lining up to look at art, but is it good to have museum curators devoted only to servicing special exhibitions? Surely, it's beneficial to museums to underwrite the cost of their staffs, in effect, by charging operating expenses to the budgets of the incessant big shows. But is it efficient for these staff members to forsake scholarship for grantsmanship? And, in the end, is it good for members of the public to expect a three-ring spectacular whenever they venture into a museum? When their expectations can't help but run higher and higher, neither the public nor the art is well served. Big shows are not bad per se—far from it. It's having too many of them that could prove harmful. As Cleveland's Sherman Lee says, "The special exhibition program at most museums has gotten out of hand. It's gotten out of hand here, and we're going to do something about it." ■

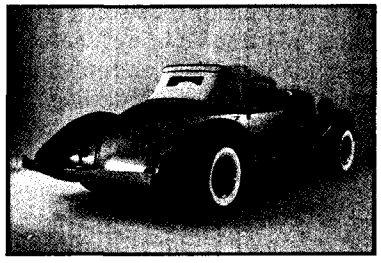
Malcolm N. Carter is a New York-based national reporter who writes frequently about the art world.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUBURN

THE LEGEND LIVES





The quality of hand craftsmanship and the technological expertise of modern engineering have joined to re-create a masterpiece of automotive excellence; The Auburn W.L., the most sought after motor car of the '30s. The classic flowing lines, the proud nose and elongated boattail, the graceful flying lady adorning its long, low hood, the mirror finish of its hand rubbed burled walnut dashboard, the lustrous glow of its custom two-tone exterior bespeak the striking elegance and style of the Auburn W.L. It stands alone, an unparalleled achievement in motordom. While faithfully reproducing the classic lines and flawless design of the 1935 original, Vintage Autoworks further enhances the perfection of this strikingly attractive motor car by utilizing state-of-the-art mechanical, electronic, and structural systems in both the two passenger Speedster and four passenger Phaeton. Over 1000 man hours are required to produce each custom vehicle by hand, using only premium materials. The elegant interior is handsewn in Bridge of Wier hides, the most costly of vat dyed glove leathers. Every fitting is solid brass or stainless steel, chrome plated four times for enduring protection against pitting or peeling. The convertible top of handsewn canvas is precision fitted to laminated oak bows to prevent flapping or excessive sound vibrations. Each Auburn W.L. is equipped with a new General Motors V-8 engine, and a turbo supercharger, designed for total performance and handling, while delivering 24 miles per gallon. Combining unchallenged power with effortless driving, the Auburn W.L. offers long term reliability and ease of maintenance, serviceable at any G.M. dealership, with a 36 month, 36,000 mile extended warranty. All federal safety standards are observed, all emission controls met. After one hundred and fifty different systems checks, the Auburn W.L. is driven by an engineer for a minimum of 25 miles before it is deemed road worthy. Production of the Auburn W.L. is limited to two hundred vehicles of the marque per year, assuring the consummate quality and attention to detail that is expected of such luxurious transport. Each Auburn W.L. will bear its owner's name on a gold plaque affixed to the dashboard. The plaque will also include the limited edition number and its marque assuring exclusivity and quality of investment. Awaken the spirit of the past when the automobile was not merely a mode of conveyance, but a state of mind. Complete the coupon below to receive a detailed brochure and information package describing the concept of the Auburn W.L. Or join us for a glass of champagne at our factory showroom where the Auburn W.L. proudly awaits your personal inspection. Upon purchase your air fare will be fully refunded. The Auburn W.L. isn't built for everyone. It is not intended to be. The legend lives.

Vintage
AUTOWORKS
INCORPORATED

6615 Norton Avenue ■ West Palm Beach, Florida 33405 ■ (305) 585-6037 ■ Miami (305) 932-0515

Enclosed is $10.00 for the complete Auburn W.L. information package. 35

Vintage AUTOWORKS INCORPORATED
6615 Norton Avenue ■ West Palm Beach, Florida 33405 ■ (305) 585-6037 ■ Miami (305) 932-0515

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Home Phone _____ (area code) Office Phone _____ (area code)

PRODUCED 2000 BY THE CORE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CREATORS ON CREATING

Louise Nevelson

by Vicki Goldberg

Walking into Louise Nevelson's house is like entering into one of her sculptures. Inside all is bold, simple, pared down, serene. Coming up the stairs one is greeted at two landings by black wooden sculpture against a black wall. Throughout the house, the floors are stained very dark, the ceilings and one or two of the walls in each room are black and the rest white. Black sculpture hugs the walls. We sit at a black table, while her Persian cat, Mr. Nevelson, in his halo of black fur, paces across it, leaving his matte footprints on the polished plastic surface.

Nevelson, the sculptor who calls herself an architect of shadows, was born in Russia in 1899 and her family emigrated to Rockland, Maine, in 1905. She says she knew she would be an artist from earliest childhood. In 1920 she married Charles Nevelson and two years later had a son. After studying at the Art Students League in New York for three years, she separated from her husband and in 1931 went to Munich for a short time to study with Hans Hofmann. In 1941, she had her first one-person show, but her apprenticeship lasted decades before she won fame and success. She has spoken of a loneliness so great she'd have welcomed a rat if one walked in. And of the fact that she never stopped working, whatever her circumstances.

In May and June the Pace Gallery and Wildenstein Gallery in New York had shows of her work. The Whitney Museum, also in New York, has reassembled seven major environments (through September 14), entire rooms of sculptures that are thematically and aesthetically related. These environments were first exhibited between 1955 and 1961, and have been dispersed until now. Shortly after the opening of this show, I spoke to the artist at her home in New York City.

Q *Many of your works contain newel posts, hat forms, bits and pieces you picked up off the streets. Can you explain your special feeling for discarded objects?*

A Long before I used such pieces in sculpture, I'd walk on the street, and I'd see something, and I'd bring it home. I used to put it on the shelf, and put things around like I do. Look, darling, I'll show you.

She leads me into the part of the house that was once a private sanitarium. We enter a long, narrow room where the light is filtering through wooden shutters. The combination of light and proportion, the sculpture on the long wall and in the middle of the room, produce an instant sense of peace: a pure Nevelson environment. A low table stands near the door, its top covered by a collection of balls of twine, a plate full of blackened globes (grapefruit halves charred on the stove), an arrangement of small tools, a bowl with shards of a terra-cotta pot. Nevelson opens the shutters, revealing on the windowsills an array of corkscrews, hinges, screwdrivers, reclaimed finery from the sidewalk.

Q *When did you become involved in the idea of environments?*

A I started from the beginning, with my one-man shows, with titles, way back in the early Forties. I had a show called *The Circus, the Clown Is the Center of His World* (1943). I always had a title. Some of the figures moved—and, well, I don't think there was too much like it around. Fresh, let's put it that way.

Q *Is it true that you burned all the pieces from that first show?*

A Yes.

Q *Why?*

A I couldn't afford to keep it. I wish I had it now, but it was enormous. You had to have space. I had too much energy to start and stop. I had a building on East 10th Street—for $15 a month, at first. I was filling it, filling it right and left. It is very difficult if you're a soloist, like I was. Some people live a life and everything is rosy. I just can't say that.

Q *To whom do you feel you owe your success?*

A I don't give credit for my success to too many people, or to anyone. I really feel I did it, and if someone carried a package for me, so what? Which they didn't because I could carry two while they were thinking about it. I take full credit for my life. But I must say that now it's become...pretty remarkable. On every count, yes.

I had a blueprint, and I wanted what I've now got. I have pretty much lived up to my preconceived idea of what I thought my life should be.

Oh, I knew I'd have to pay a price. It seemed to me I'd rather pay the price and have it my way. Of course, I didn't understand when anyone said life had not been right for him, because I thought our lives were *ours*. I didn't know that the outside played that strong a part. Nevertheless I had to dig, quite a bit, so I went through almost every *ism* in New York, and dug, and searched. It was frustrating at times, but I never stopped working, that was the funny thing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q *What led to your strong involvement with the grid in your work?*

A We humans have a vertical and a horizontal, the day and the night. You stand up in the light, and you lie down in the dark. Those are the principles for the grid, almost for the cube.

Q *You said that light and shadow were your primary preoccupations.*

A They are every artist's. But I give as much weight to shadow as to the object that the shadow comes from. In other words, I'm aware of the shadow as the substance of the piece. Don't forget that my basic interest and my project of life, or what I've tried to do, is to get harmony. Harmony. In dawns and dusks, there's a circle. I think the thing, for me, was getting to a place—I don't really like the word peace, but it's peace, probably on a spiritual level.

Every day it's a battle, on so many levels, that it's a miracle we humans are on two feet. If I have a little peace I might say that I look back, over my 80 years, and I feel that there has been a unity in spite of everything. And what was the unity? It was art.

Seeking direction through photographs.

BROWNIE HARRIS/PHOTOREPORTERS

You notice I talk like a collage, and I like that. I don't like to finish sentences.

Q *What about your love of black?*

A See, there again it's harmony. In China, I think, they use white for mourning. It used to be that they didn't consider black a color, or white a color. Black is very aristocratic. It's not a negation. If you use black, you give an object, you stamp it with the word aristocrat. It enriches everything.

Try something. Go to Woolworth's, buy something for 10 cents, and paint it black, and you'll see what happens to it.

Q *What about the emphasis on royalty in your work, the queens and kings,* The Royal Tides*?*

A I'm not talking about royalty, because I don't believe in that. But there is such a thing as royalty of mind. Royalty is dressing beautifully and having comfort and great houses and great art. Who wouldn't want it? Who wants to live in a hut?

Q *When I go into* Moon Garden And One, *or* Dawn's Wedding Chapel, *is there some particular message or meaning that you want me to get from those installations?*

A No, I only wanted myself to get something out of it. I don't try to communicate. Now let me tell you why. I'm not a student. I don't want to be. But I had to be something, so I took a few notes that were important, they made sense to me. In my studies I went to the Oriental philosophy, and liked it very much. I touched on a lot of things. But I always found something that meant I couldn't accept all of it. There was always a flaw, but Krishnamurti really taught you to think for yourself.

Here's what Krishnamurti taught us. You are the center of the world. Not stupid ego. Now since you are the center of the world, and everyone is a reflection of your awareness, you must treat everybody with great care. If I'm the center of the world, do I have to show off for anybody, or do I have to recognize anyone as being a critic of my life? Certainly not. I wouldn't give a person that much credit. Since I have accepted that, it gives me a total independence, but also a total responsibility over my life.

I will not accept even a supreme power. Because I think we are the

DONNA SVENNEVIK

Frozen Laces I, rising in Central Park.

DONNA SVENNEVIK

Frozen Laces I: completed, May 28, 1980.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supreme powers. We pay for living, in our own ways.

Q *What moved you to work on such a large scale?*

A Energy. Vision. A lot of physical energy. If I didn't like this room, I'd take a hammer and knock it down. That's what an artist is.

I just was terribly physically strong too. And I like physical labor. I still feel that physical labor is intelligent. To move—I've studied modern dance, and I can tell you that—that to move right is really a high development.

Q *What stands out in your mind about your youth?*

A If I liked my teachers, I was brilliant. If I didn't like them, I wasn't so good. Now, I've always been cold—I wear a fur coat in summer—and I always loved my drawing teachers. There was a small room at the school for drawing, and the teacher came once a week. I loved that room, it was so *warm*. It wasn't till years later that I realized that I generated my own heat because I loved that teacher.

I was very self-conscious. I blushed. If anyone said, you're good looking, I'd stumble and stutter and flutter. And I was a yes woman, I couldn't say no. I can't even now. But slowly—I have never resolved whether it was the outside that forced me or whether I projected it, or both—I have taught myself to speak in public. I was at the White House—I can't stand them, I can't stand her, she's kissing babies now—and when I got through with my talk, they were so happy. I studied voice with Estelle Liebling, she was the greatest; I studied dance with modern dancers; and my best friends are the tops in the creative fields. So I'm surrounded with creative people, which of course I adore.

I studied because I was so shy and I had this blueprint, I didn't want crutches, I wanted to be *free* to get up and speak if I wanted. I'm limber even now, and it's so useful. I hated to not have the use of my being.

Q *Where did you study art?*

A I studied art in New York. Then I went to Hofmann in Germany, and of course he was already breaking things. So we broke them, but now we can come back. You go in and out of green pastures. There is no ultimate. People, particularly in art, say, "I want perfection." Well, there isn't such a thing. It moves, it moves, it moves. What a primitive thought of as perfection, we might not. You see, it shifts.

Whatever I touched in art gave me confidence. There hasn't been a day in my life when I doubted whether I was an artist of the kind I am or not. People say to me, oh my, you're getting better and you have more energy and you're producing more. That isn't true. At first I had to do everything—find the wood, carry the stuff, make it—and today I have help. It appears that I'm doing more, but it's about the same.

"I've had a good press from the first time I ever showed. Sometimes I think—oh, put it down—I own the New York Times."

Q *Has it been gratifying to be a star?*

A Yes. Fame arrived at a time when I felt it was right. It's like an apple tree, and the time comes when the apples must fall.

Q *Do you feel bitter about all the years when you were not famous?*

A I never felt bitter, because it was my life. When I say it was tough, it was tough for *me*, but whom am I going to feel bitter about? Why? If people are ignorant, is that my fault? I can't be bitter about the outside. If I were bitter, I wouldn't look like this and do what I do. You know I'm 80, and I have admirers, and some of my admirers today are of a quality I have never met in my lifetime until now. So I'm sitting in the rider's seat. And I love it. And I love going out.

I'm probably having as good a time now as I've ever had. I'm free, economically and in every possible way. The only other thing, the hitch in nature, is nature itself. After a certain time it's maintenance all the way. But as far as my own human feeling, I feel fine about it.

I've had a good press from the first time I ever showed. Sometimes I think—oh, put it down—sometimes I think I *own* the *New York Times*. They've been so magnificent to me from the beginning, probably in 1932.

Q *Hilton Kramer, the* Times *art critic, certainly was good to you in his last review, wasn't he?*

A Yes, but I think he's a little bit wrong. I mean he's wonderful to me, but the critics always have to give you a dig. So who cares....

You know, I am like an elephant. I have a very long memory. And of course, if some people were ignorant, I can't forgive their ignorance. Or I can't be happy that they were so ignorant.

Q *With three shows at one time, you've had an extraordinary celebration of your 80th birthday—*

A Yes, and when you're 80 you're also free. The way I lived, I never thought I'd be 80. Drink, freelance, whoever wanted to *be* 80? I didn't. I never wanted an old age. Why? I still reserve things. I don't want life at all costs.

I think what I had to say on earth, for one person, I've said it and said it well. So when the maintenance gets too heavy. *(Laughs)*

I'm only happy when I'm talking about art or doing it. Suppose someone wanted to usurp my time, and they'd give me the world—I don't want it. That's why I stay single. I don't have any particularly great morals about whether you go to bed with someone or not. I think it's more important that you're centered in your own being.

I'll tell you a story. A professor's wife said to me, Mrs. Nevelson, you have fulfilled so much of your creative life, have you fulfilled being a woman? And I looked in her eyes and said, *Have you?*

I feel now that I didn't ask for things that some people ask for. I have made many lives and got as close to what life is as is possible for a human being. Of course, we know there are mystics and people who can foresee things, but I don't want that either. I just probably want more or less what I have done. The garment fits me. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$4,799.*
TRACTION FOR A FRACTION.

Subaru announces the way to get up those steep hills and around those steep prices: The new Subaru 4 Wheel Drive Hatchback.

Our 4 Wheel Drive Hatchback has the lowest price of any 4 wheel drive vehicle in America. Complete with power assist front disc brakes, fold down rear seat, electronic ignition, side window defrosters and adjustable front and rear suspension.

Our 4 Wheel Drive Hatchback delivers the best gas mileage of any 4 wheel drive sedan:

23 EPA EST. MPG (CITY)** 33 EPA EST. HWY...

What's more, our 4 Wheel Drive Hatchback is beautiful enough to take anywhere. And, at the flick of a lever, shifts from full time front wheel to 4 wheel drive. So you get a lot of action for your fraction.

SUBARU®
4 WHEEL DRIVE HATCHBACK.
INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT TO STAY THAT WAY.

**USE ESTIMATED MPG FOR COMPARISONS. YOUR MILEAGE MAY DIFFER DEPENDING ON DRIVING SPEED, WEATHER CONDITIONS AND TRIP LENGTH. ACTUAL HIGHWAY MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS THAN HIGHWAY ESTIMATE. ACTUAL CITY MILEAGE WILL BE LESS IN HEAVY TRAFFIC. CALIFORNIA ESTIMATES LOWER. ©SUBARU OF AMERICA, INC. 1980.

*TOTAL POE—NOT INCLUDING DEALER PREP., INLAND TRANSPORTATION, TAXES, LICENSE AND TITLE FEES. CERTAIN ITEMS PICTURED OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST. CALIFORNIA PRICE IS HIGHER.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Hollywood Manipulates Film Ratings

by Ben Yagoda

The scene is a darkened movie house. A sneak preview is about to begin. The lights dim, and the full house hushes. The first image to flash on the screen is "G: General Audiences, All Ages Admitted." The audience groans.

While this vignette speaks volumes about why no one is happy with the motion-picture rating system, and about the motivation filmmakers have for trying to get around it, the event is not particularly common—for one simple reason: very few movies are rated G anymore. In 1968, the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) began classifying films as G, M, R, or X. (M, later changed to GP and then to PG, advised "parental guidance"; R requires everyone under 17 to be accompanied by a parent; and X doesn't let youngsters in at all.) That year, 41 percent of all films submitted were rated G; in 1969, the first full year of classification, the figure dropped to 25 percent. For the first six months of 1980, it was 3 percent.

Like Jimmy Carter, who last year told a conference of mayors that the only movies he lets Amy see were made in the Fifties, many parents are upset with this trend. Usually they vent their rage at the Classification and Rating Administration (CARA), the seven-member arm of the MPAA that does the rating. But according to Richard D. Heffner, chairman of CARA since 1974, the discontented are merely blaming the messenger. He would place the responsibility for the decline in G films on public demand, and on the filmmakers themselves: "The skill involved in making a film that doesn't have excessive violence, sex, and bad language is a lost art," he says.

There *has* been a diminution of these skills, as well as a dramatic shift in what is considered desirable or even acceptable entertainment. But in this case, the messenger is also partly at fault. By the very act of classification, CARA has unintentionally placed a stigma on G films and discouraged filmmakers from producing them. As proof, simply look at the drop in G's in 1969, when for the first time films were made with the rating system in mind.

No matter that *Casablanca*, or *Gone With the Wind*, or even *A Midsummer Night's Dream* would in all probability be rated G, and no matter that Jack Valenti, head of the MPAA since 1966, has written, "Some profoundly significant films are rated G.... The G rating... does [not] signify a children's film." In fact, the few G films still made are almost exclusively kid stuff. The five G's released so far this year have been *The Last Flight of Noah's Ark*; *The Legend of Black Thunder Mountain*; *Bon Voyage*, *Charlie Brown*; *Herbie Goes Bananas*; and *My Brilliant Career*. Of these, only *Charlie Brown* is being distributed by a major studio. The G has become almost exclusively the province of Walt Disney and small outfits like Sunn International that specialize in quasi-religious epics like *In Search of Noah's Ark*.

"If this is an R, then the only X left is actual hard core."

The irony in all this is that those under 20 make up the largest single portion of the motion-picture audience —about 57 percent according to estimates by the MPAA and others. Yet children and their elders balk at the G rating. Consequently, when faced with a script that augurs a G, studios commonly insert some violence or perhaps just one expletive in hopes of a PG. The oft-repeated story that 20th Century-Fox, upon receiving a G for an early print of *Star Wars*, inserted more violence, may be apocryphal. But it should be noted that the film did go out with a PG—and the studio was glad of it. Spokesmen for the Disney Studios openly admit that a character in *The Black Hole* said "damn" to ensure a PG.

Robert Kaplan of Analysis Films, the American distributor of the critically acclaimed Australian movie *My Brilliant Career*, was disappointed with the G it received. "I would have preferred a PG," he says, "but I couldn't ask the director to re-edit it. In Australia they don't understand that." And so Analysis did the next best thing. In violation of strict MPAA policy, it did not display the G in newspaper ads for *My Brilliant Career*. The film has been modestly successful—and not with "family" audiences.

So much for G. Something comparable has happened to the X rating. Valenti has written, "Serious films by lauded and skilled filmmakers may be rated X"; and in the first few years of the system, a number of "significant" films did receive X's: *Midnight Cowboy*, *Medium Cool*, *A Clockwork Orange*. But since the early Seventies, there have been only two X's released by major studios: Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* and the forgettable *Inserts*. The 12 films rated X (7 percent of the total) in the first six months of 1980 were distributed by the likes of Bunnco Inc., Ace Booking Inc., and Mature Pictures Corp. They sport such titles as *Pussycat Ranch*, *Sensational Janine*, and *Talk Dirty to Me*.

Even more than the G, an X rating hurts at the box office. Certain theaters will not exhibit X-rated films, certain newspapers will not accept their advertisements, and a key sector of the moviegoing public—those under 18—is theoretically excluded from seeing them. Even *Last Tango* did not do as well as expected. "People didn't go," says film journalist Stuart Byron, "because they figured X meant dirty,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even if it had Marlon Brando in it."

Not surprisingly, some observers have charged that CARA won't give an X to a movie produced by an MPAA-member studio, leaving it to the Ace Booking Inc.'s of the world. In reply, Heffner states, "I have never budged an inch to pressure." It's not hard to believe.

The real problem is built into the system. CARA often rates studio films X on first viewing—whereupon the studio will almost always re-edit and resubmit as many times as is necessary to get an R. The process has unfortunate corollaries that run counter to the MPAA's presumed aim of encouraging significant motion pictures. The original versions are calculatedly made as harsh as possible so as to put the producer in a favorable bargaining position. For example, in filming his new version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (from a David Mamet script and starring Jack Nicholson), director Bob Rafelson is planning to "shoot to an X and cut to an R," according to an insider close to the production. The system, in other words, resembles the weight divisions in boxing: Those in every category try to get as close to the limit as they can without going over. Like a heavyweight, the X film is tacitly encouraged to go as far as possible. Conveniently for the MPAA, whose job is specifically to worry about Hollywood's image, the X therefore becomes a ghetto for exploitation films—those made by independent producers and small distributors—that do not need a large audience to make a profit, and a scapegoat if government censorship ever becomes a threat.

One recent Hollywood film that many people insist deserved an X was United Artists' *Cruising*. When the film opened in February, audiences were as shocked by its graphic depiction of sadomasochism in New York's homosexual underworld as by its R rating. *Variety*'s reviewer expressed a common complaint when he wrote, "If this is an

The film-rating board gave *Cruising* an R—provided the filmmakers first made certain specified cuts. Somehow, when the film was released, the cuts hadn't been made.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

R, then the only X left is actual hard core." At least two theater chains took it upon themselves to restrict admission to persons over 18; another actually broke its contract to exhibit the film, declaring "General Cinema Corporation policy is to refuse to play X-rated pictures or pictures which in our judgment should be X-rated."

It turns out their judgment was right. When CARA first viewed *Cruising*, it was given an X; producer Jerry Weintraub then resubmitted the film in a half-dozen toned-down versions. The last time around, with the premiere not far away, CARA agreed that if a few additional scenes—involving sodomy, fellation, and an especially brutal stabbing—were excised, the X would not be necessary. Weintraub agreed, and *Cruising* went out with an R, to moderate financial success.

The catch, as the *Los Angeles Times* revealed in May, was that apparently the cuts were *not* made: the print shown around the country in the first three months of *Cruising*'s run was a version CARA had rated X. Weintraub and director William Friedkin deny any deception, claiming that CARA did not make its wishes clear. Jack Valenti, who has to answer to the studios, backs them up, describing the case as "an honest disagreement dealing with minute scenes." CARA panelists are still fuming, but Valenti's version won out: Weintraub's only punishment was finally being forced—in June—to make the cuts. (The true story may eventually come out. A San Diego movie theater has sued UA, CARA, and the moviemakers in federal court, charging them with misrepresenting *Cruising* as an R.

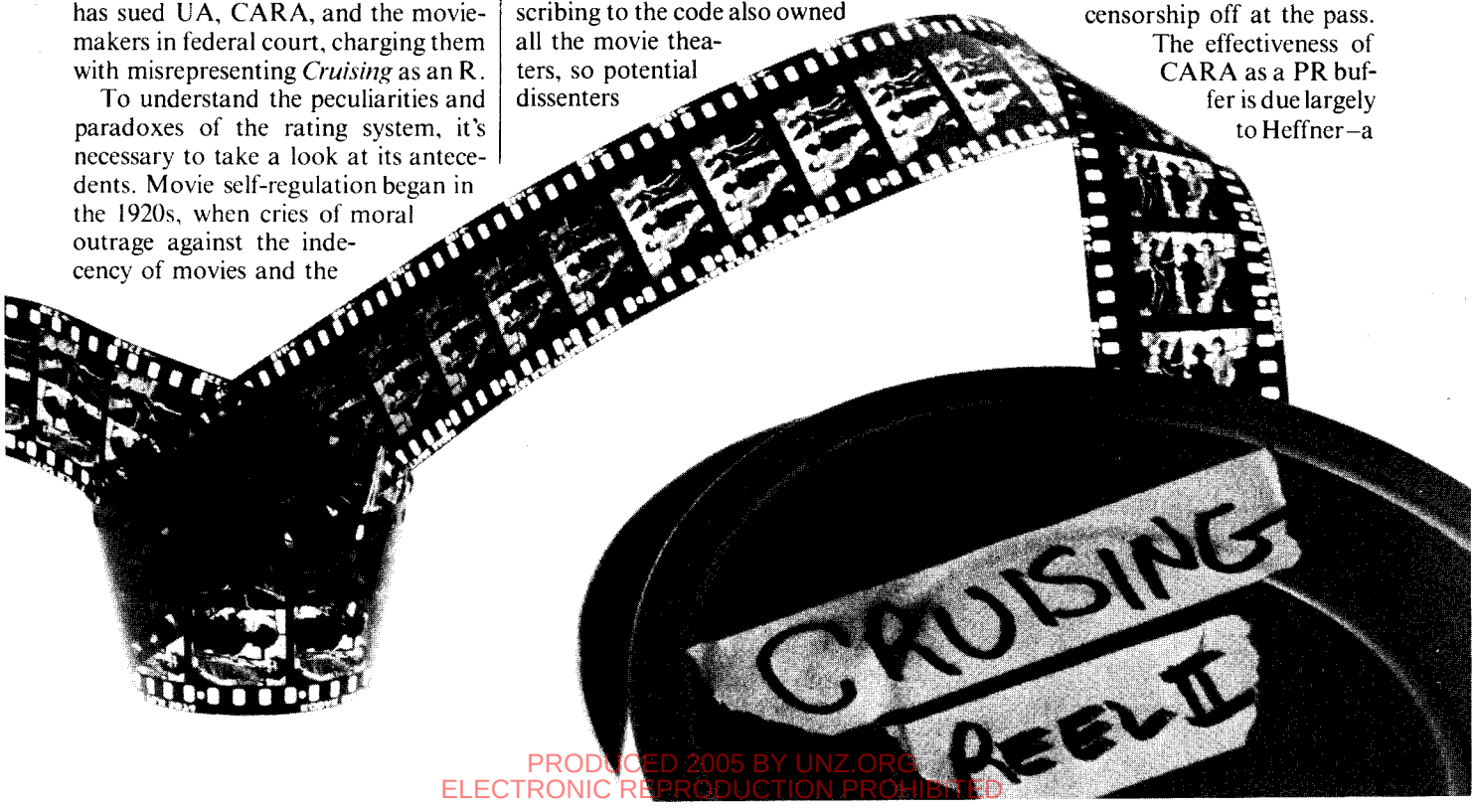
To understand the peculiarities and paradoxes of the rating system, it's necessary to take a look at its antecedents. Movie self-regulation began in the 1920s, when cries of moral outrage against the indecency of movies and the well-publicized off-screen excesses of Hollywood stars threatened to turn into actual government censorship. The "moguls" who owned Hollywood—men like Mayer, Goldwyn, and the Warners—formed a trade association (the MPAA's predecessor) and invited Will H. Hays, President Harding's postmaster general, to be its head. A nonsmoker, a teetotaler, an elder of the Presbyterian Church, and a former Republican national chairman, Hays was the right man to deflect censorship advocacy. He was able to subvert it primarily through a document known as the Motion Picture Production Code, which was written in 1930 and enforced for the first time in 1934. It mandated in black and white exactly what Hollywood could and couldn't show on screen.

Running some 4,000 words, the code was exhaustive in its prohibitions. It forbade the use of no fewer than 43 words and phrases (including "cripes," "nerts," and "in your hat"), as well as "excessive and lustful kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive postures and gestures." What is more, the code relentlessly ventured into moral ground, demanding, for instance, that evildoers always be punished.

The amazing thing is that these directives were slavishly followed, and that the Production Code Administration—the "Hays Office"—became one of the most powerful forces in Hollywood. If its recommendations weren't followed, a film simply couldn't be released. (In those days, studios subscribing to the code also owned all the movie theaters, so potential dissenters had no outlets.) When MGM wanted to film *Anna Karénina* with Garbo in the late Thirties, the board reluctantly agreed—providing that Vronsky be portrayed as continually miserable, that the character of the illegitimate son be excised, and that no scenes be played in Anna's bedroom.

The code lasted, remarkably, until the mid-Sixties, by which time it had become simply too much of an anachronism. When presidential aide Jack Valenti—chosen, like Hays, from the party in power—took over the helm of the MPAA in 1966, he was faced with a revolutionary new permissiveness in films. Shortly after his appointment, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* was released. "For the first time," Valenti has written, "the word 'screw' and the phrase 'hump the hostess' were heard." (Now, of course, characters commonly say much worse in PG movies.) Then, in 1968, the Supreme Court upheld the constitutional power of states and cities to prevent the exposure of minors to certain films: Suddenly, as 40 years before, government censorship loomed as a real possibility.

Within months of the Court decision, the code was scrapped and the rating system took its place. The eight studios belonging to the MPAA agreed to submit all films for classification, and the National Association of Theater Owners (NATO) agreed to abide by the system. (Trust-busting had taken theaters out of studio control.) Like the Hays Office, it has certainly done a bang-up job of heading local censorship off at the pass. The effectiveness of CARA as a PR buffer is due largely to Heffner–a



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
58 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL'S
BELLE OF LINCOLN CAP

Back around the turn of the century, Mr. Jack Daniels created a special "Belle of Lincoln Whiskey" for his lady friends. Following his example, the folks at the Distillery and I came up with this special cap for ladies everywhere.

The patch is a colorful red, gold and silver. The cap itself has a black twill cotton front and a white nylon mesh back. It's adjustable, so one size fits all. My **$6.50** price includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to above address.

World Discoverer
Cruising Expeditions

For travelers with inquisitive minds who have been to all the usual places in all the usual ways.

☐ **ANTARCTICA** Penguin Colonies, Whales, Research Stations, Straits of Magellan, Falkland Islands.

☐ **AMAZON RIVER** In-depth Expedition of the "Mightiest Of Rivers"

☐ **NEW GUINEA & MELANESIA** Stone Age Ceremonies, Rituals of New Hebrides, New Guinea's Sepik River.

☐ **NEW GUINEA & INDONESIA** Sepik River, West Irian (Asmat). Native customs of the Secret Islands East of Bali.

☐ **SINGAPORE TO SEYCHELLES** Sumatra, Burma, Andaman Islands, Sri Lanka, Maldive and Seychelles.

☐ **SEYCHELLES & RED SEA** Seychelles Wildlife and the Archeology of Sudan, Egypt and Petra.

☐ **ICELAND & GREENLAND** Polar Bears, Walrus, Exceptional Birdlife, Spitzbergen, Fjords, Farŏe, Scottish Isles.

☐ **NORTH & WEST AFRICA** Morocco, Mauritania, Cape Verde, Canaries, Senegal to the Amazon Delta.

☐ **I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE**
... about Society Expeditions' unusual travel programs to the remote corners of the world,
... about the M/S World Discoverer — its comforts and exploration technology,
... about the naturalists, anthropologists and historians that accompany each expedition.

Society Expeditions Cruises Inc.
Dept. SR-8
723 Broadway East,
Seattle, WA 98102

Name
Street
City / State / Zip M/S World Discoverer Registered in Singapore

historian/broadcaster who was once general manager of New York's educational TV station, Channel 13, and who still holds a chair in communications and public policy at Rutgers University. In particular, he has emphasized the importance of violence in awarding strong ratings; in 1977, CARA gave *The Street Fighter* the first X simply for violence. (Ads for the film noted that fact explicitly.)

Heffner says that when Valenti offered him the job, his first reaction was, "My mother didn't raise me to be a nipple-counter." But that was what CARA needed and, to his credit, that is exactly what Heffner has been—examining not the expertise or even the implicit theme of the films he rates, but only the explicit content. Heffner insists there is only one hard-and-fast rule about ratings. What he calls "the harsher, sexually derived word" earns a film an automatic R. But even here, there are exceptions. "Significant" films such as *All the President's Men* and *The Front* have had their R ratings revised to PG on appeal. The big F, in other words, contrary to Heffner's claim, doesn't always win a big R.

In fact, in many ways, Hollywood has adopted the rating system to its own devices. It has effectively reduced the four ratings to two—R and PG. Occasionally, it is true, filmmakers will gripe over an R, but that is mainly because of prestige. Directors Herbert Ross, of *Nijinsky*, and Randal Kleiser, of the soft-core kiddy-porn epic *The Blue Lagoon*, have both recently complained that their films didn't belong in the same category as *Cruising*. "But," admits Kleiser, "the film's doing very well." Indeed, at one New York City theater where *The Blue Lagoon* was playing this summer, a line often snaked around the block—and at least a quarter of the standees appeared to be unaccompanied youngsters under 17. In fact, the R rating may well have played a part in *Lagoon's* success. Paramount marketing vice president Eddie Kalish finds that for certain kinds of pictures — horror films, for instance—an R is now an essential marketing tool. "The public," he reports, "thinks a PG film can't deliver."

Still, the MPAA insists the rating system's only purpose is to counsel parents. Families don't go to the movies *en masse* any more as they did before the Sixties and Seventies (perhaps because television provides group-gaping more cheaply and easily—so that now parents and children often go to the movies to escape from one another). Parents who care about the influences reaching their children want to know in advance about any potentially disturbing images a film is going to present.

Yet today, when children make up the majority of movie audiences, most films have turned self-consciously "adult." The reasons for the change are many: a backlash against the false purifications of the Hays office; television's tendency to monopolize all the comforting images and messages, leaving riper, more disturbing themes for films; the adolescent desire of most filmgoers to be titillated by "mature" licentiousness and violence; and the rating system itself, which by the very act of classification may well have done more harm than good.

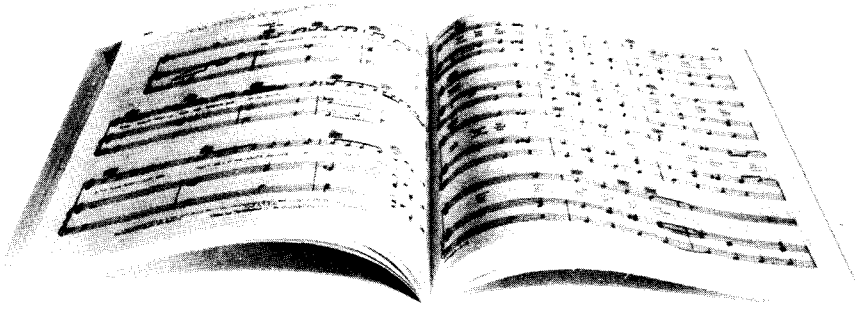
No one who cares about culture—or liberty—wants censorship, and any system that helps prevent such interference is desirable, even the MPAA's. But concerned parents often want reliable information, and clearly the current system isn't helping much. Probably, more detailed descriptions of film content would improve matters (indeed, in many newspapers, film reviewers now try to guess the rationale behind ratings, film by film, specifically for parents)—and almost certainly, the ratings would be given more trust if they were made by an organization not directly sponsored by the motion picture producers themselves.

But it is also a fact that more detailed descriptions ("nudity," "violence," "street language") seem wide open to deplorable marketing exploitation. And it is just as likely that we'll never get truly "adult" movies until filmmakers stop planning scenes whose only purpose is to win marketable classifications. Adults probably need adult movies—and children do need to be steered away from them occasionally. In the best of all possible worlds, conscientiously written reviews of films would alert parents to potential problems, if only by implication, and the rating system could be eliminated. But this would require parents to work at keeping themselves informed through reviews, and few have the energy or desire to do so. It is because parents long to rear children by simple ABC's—or G's, PG's, R's and X's—that the rating system and the damage it is doing seems here to stay. ■

Ben Yagoda is a freelance writer who lives in New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If You Read Music... You'll Love Our Magazine



The Only Magazine You Can Play!

We call it SHEET MUSIC MAGAZINE. And that's exactly what it is! Each and every issue is filled with the most popular sheet music ever published, including *Pop, Great Standards, Jazz, Show Tunes, Folk, Country, Tin Pan Alley, Movie Songs, Classics, Ragtime, Blues,* and more.

When you sit down at your piano, organ, guitar, or any musicial instrument, *we want to be your music book!* And when you want to improve your own musical ability, we want our staff of writers to *show you how.* And in every issue they do just that! There are Keyboard Clinics, Guitar Workshops, Composers' Workshops, Sight-reading, Playing By Ear, Theory And Harmony, Rhythm Workshops, and so much, much more.

A single year's subscription brings you more than 100 great songs. And when you consider the price of sheet music these days, about $1.75 per song, and realize that Sheet Music Magazine provides the exact same thing for less than *15¢ a song,* you can understand why it has more subscribers than any other music magazine in the world today. A one-year subscription for $13.97 brings you over $175 worth of music!

And now you can choose between a *Piano Edition* and an *Organ Edition.* Each edition is specifically arranged for *your* instrument, and includes feature articles of special interest to *you.* Also, you can choose an *easy-to-play* version of the piano edition as well as the organ edition. The *easy-to-play* editions are especially good for you beginners and new students, young or adult, who don't think you are quite ready for the standard and special arrangements found in our standard editions. (If you are undecided as to which version would be right for you, we suggest you try the *Easy Edition.* You can change at any time, at no cost whatsoever.) Check your preference on the subscription application.

Let us send you your first issue with these wonderful songs... *All The Things You Are ... Canadian Sunset ... Hurting Each Other ... I Will Wait For You ... Make Believe ... Smoke Gets In Your Eyes ... They Didn't Believe Me ... Watch What Happens ... Why Do I Love You ... Yesterdays*

SHEET MUSIC MAGAZINE Dept. L1-03-80 352 Evelyn Street, Paramus, N.J. 07652

Please enter my subscription to Sheet Music Magazine and rush me my first issue with all the songs listed above. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a complete refund on all unmailed issues. No questions asked.

( ) check one

Piano
☐ Easy
☐ Standard

Organ
☐ Easy
☐ Standard

( ) check one

☐ One Year (9 issues) $13.97
☐ Two Years (18 issues) $25.00

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State _____ Zip_____

☐ I enclose full payment of $ _____ (Make check payable to Sheet Music Magazine)

Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa

Account No._____ Exp. Date_____

Canadian residents please add $2.00 per year extra for postage.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forbes's Fabulous Fabergés

by Alice Hess

Malcolm Forbes, editor-in-chief and sole stockholder of *Forbes*, the magazine that refers to itself as a "capitalist tool," works at a desk covered with the gem-studded knickknacks of Russian Czars. He slips his pencils into a vase ornamented with the imperial eagle; he keeps his papers in a folder with the crowned cyphers of Nicholas and Alexandra outlined in rose diamonds; he drinks from a nephrite cup the Czar gave to one of his regimental officers, and glances over at the young Czarevitch in a Fabergé frame. Forbes says these objects were meant to be used and he loves using them. Collectors do not often give themselves the daily satisfaction of dropping their paper clips and their cigarette ashes into their treasures.

The Fabergé objects that Forbes does not use are displayed in the lobby of the Forbes building, where the public can view them during business hours. This collection includes the imperial eggs, those ravishing, intricate, sumptuous, preposterous Easter presents that Fabergé designed for the royal family from 1886 to 1916. The famous jeweler made 53 eggs during that time; the whereabouts of only 43 are known. Forbes owns 10, the Kremlin Armory another 10. Eggs, which symbolize new life, are appropriate gifts at the time of the Resurrection, and they are so inexpensive that everyone can give them.

But only the Czar of all the Russias could give the Orange Tree Egg, with its nephrite leaves, its fruit and flowers of amethysts, rubies, and champagne diamonds, and the singing bird that flaps up from inside the tree at the touch of a hidden mechanism. Or the Coronation Egg, which hides within its enameled and gold-trellised shell, an exact replica of the coronation coach, a toy that took one goldsmith 15 months to produce, down to its platinum wheel rims. The eggs always held surprises. One opens on a yolk, which conceals a chicken, that in turn conceals a tiny gold-and-diamond easel and a portrait—like those Russian dolls that nest smaller and smaller, inside one another.

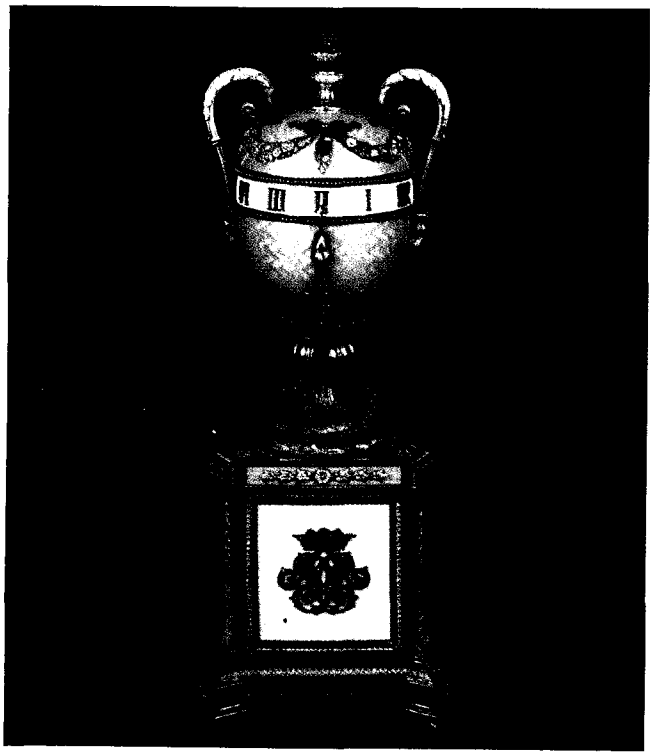
Peter Carl Fabergé did not himself make the extraordinary nephrite serving tray or the two-and-a-half-foot-long silver paddle steamer that plays *Sailing Down the Volga.* He merely demanded perfection from the best craftsmen of his day. A finished piece would be presented for his inspection; if he wasn't satisfied with the workmanship, he smashed it with a hammer. His designs were not often original; from the eggs to the snuff boxes, he tended to copy or adapt the designs of earlier times. His firm produced, at a stunning level of craftsmanship, such items as chalcedony and ruby knitting needles, rampant luxuries certain to delight the connoisseur's eye and shrivel the hearts of the proletariat.

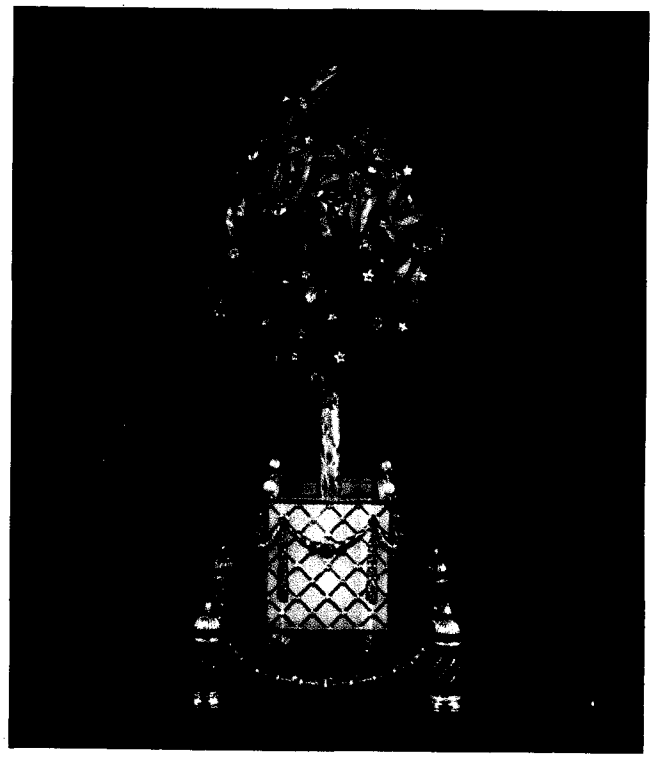
Malcom Forbes first heard of Fabergé in a book about World War I that he read as a child. Years later, he liked a Fabergé cigarette case so much he bought it for his wife, and in 1964 found himself at an auction bidding almost four times the estimate for an egg with a revolving clock set into its shell, the hours told by the tongue of a diamond serpent. And so it began. . . . Asked if he lusted after other Imperial eggs today, Forbes replied, "There are three or four you could fairly say we lust after. Most things we go after, we don't lust after." Readers of *Forbes* will recognize the tone, if not the smile, from his outspoken down-home editorials and his book, *The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm.*

He says he never set out to be a collector, though as a boy he did collect autographs and still does—his collection of documents relating to the American presidency amounts to a capsule history of the country. The man who did not intend to be a collector has amassed objects in astonishing numbers. Sixty to eighty thousand toy soldiers, the largest collection of military miniatures in the world, form a museum in Tangiers. The only ballooning museum in the world is housed in a chateau in France. (As a balloonist, Forbes has set six world records and made the first hot-air balloon trip across the United States.) Over 300 toy boats have traveled to museums; the Forbes ranch in Colorado is full of shipbuilders' models; a collection of French military paintings has been exhibited in New York. What is said to be the most well-rounded collection of Victorian paintings outside the Tate resides in a Christopher Wren house Forbes restored in London. While still at college, Kip, one of his sons, told Forbes that the Monet he owned was a third-rate example, and if Forbes would sell it, Kip would use the money to set up an important collection that would also serve as his college thesis.

"I'm still not enamored of much of it," says Forbes. But in general, he buys just what he likes, coming up with what he accurately terms a *potpourri:* In his office hang, side, by side, Rubens, Remington, Gainsborough, Howard Pyle, Van Gogh, and George Bellows. A collector, he says, has no business being an investor, but he notes with a grin that "most of the things we've

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

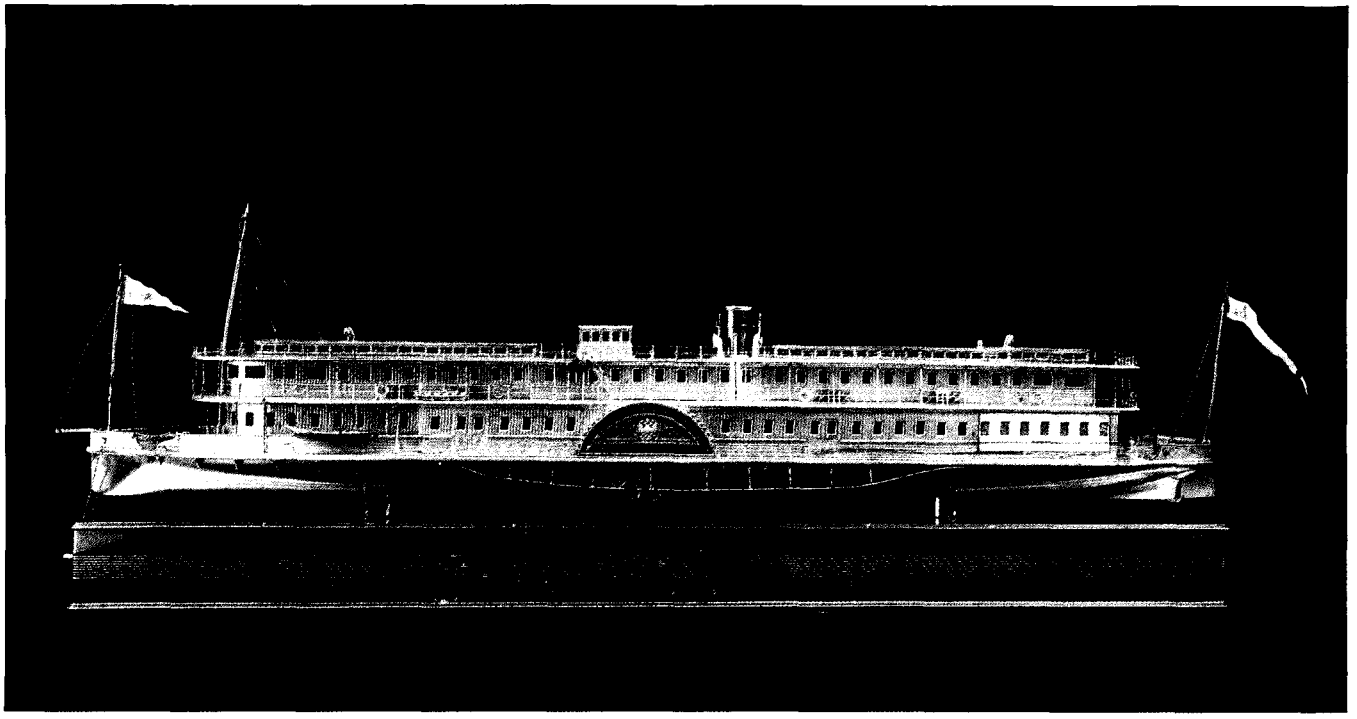


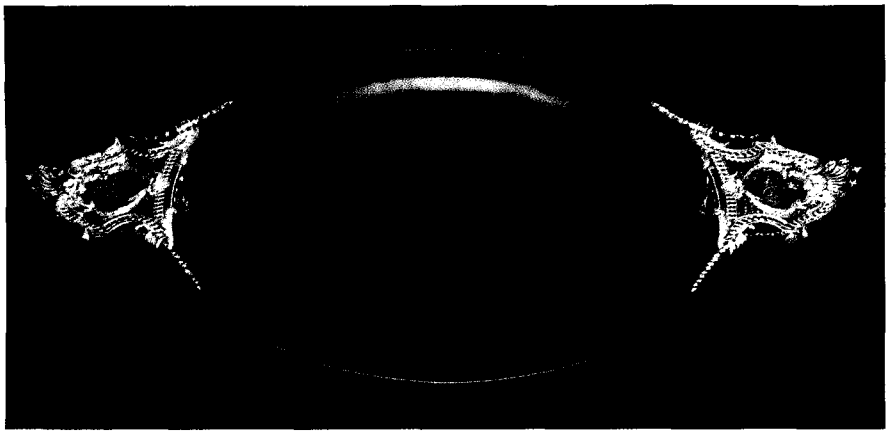


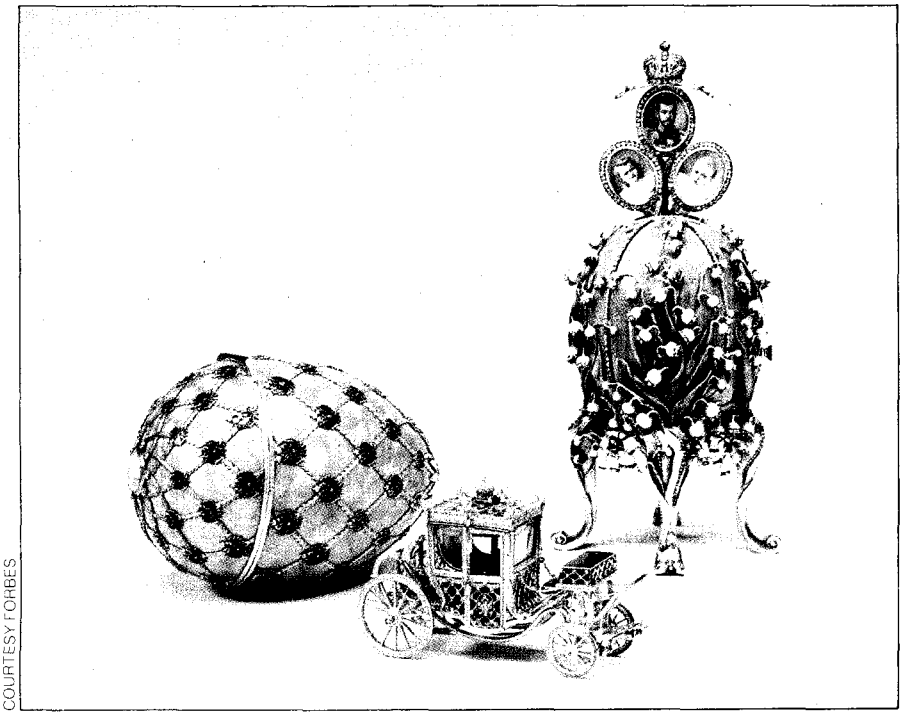
COURTESY FORBES

Top: Malcolm Forbes's office at *Forbes* magazine. Bottom left: The Duchess of Marlborough Egg—a clock commissioned by Consuela Vanderbilt on a visit to Russia in 1902. Her crest is on the base and a serpent's tongue marks the hours. Bottom right: The Orange Tree Egg—an Imperial Egg given by Czar Nicholas II to his mother on Easter, 1911. A bird rises from within.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







COURTESY FORBES

Top: A silver boat with a music box inside once owned by Czarevitch Alexei.

Middle: A presentation plate carved from nephrite.

Bottom: A coronation egg, holding a tiny coronation coach; and The Lilies of the Valley Egg, given by the Czar to his mother.

bought have gone up much more than the things we pore over for investment, like the pension fund."

Still, Forbes won't be harnessed to anyone else's idea of a proper collection. He doesn't like Fabergé's flowers, so only owns one. "That's considered a flaw in our collection. It's not a flaw in my mind because I'm not into impressing an expert." Kip has more of a scholar's sense of filling in the gaps. "He's adding the dimension," says Chairman Malcolm with his usual good humor, "and I'm providing the wherewithal." Is he obsessed by the objects he collects? He shrugs. "There's no way to be obsessed with so many things. It's fun. It's thrilling."

The top of his desk bears witness to his claim. A Fabergé perpetual calendar still metes out the days as once it must have for nobility, and when Forbes presses the jade bell push that formerly summoned liveried servants, a thoroughly modern secretary comes in through the office door. Collecting has its ironies, as well as its rewards. ■

Alice Hess writes frequently about art.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are many reasons for insuring with The Travelers.
But none more important than our agents.

When you do business with The Travelers, you're really doing business with one of our independent Travelers agents who is close to you and your situation.

It's the best of both worlds.

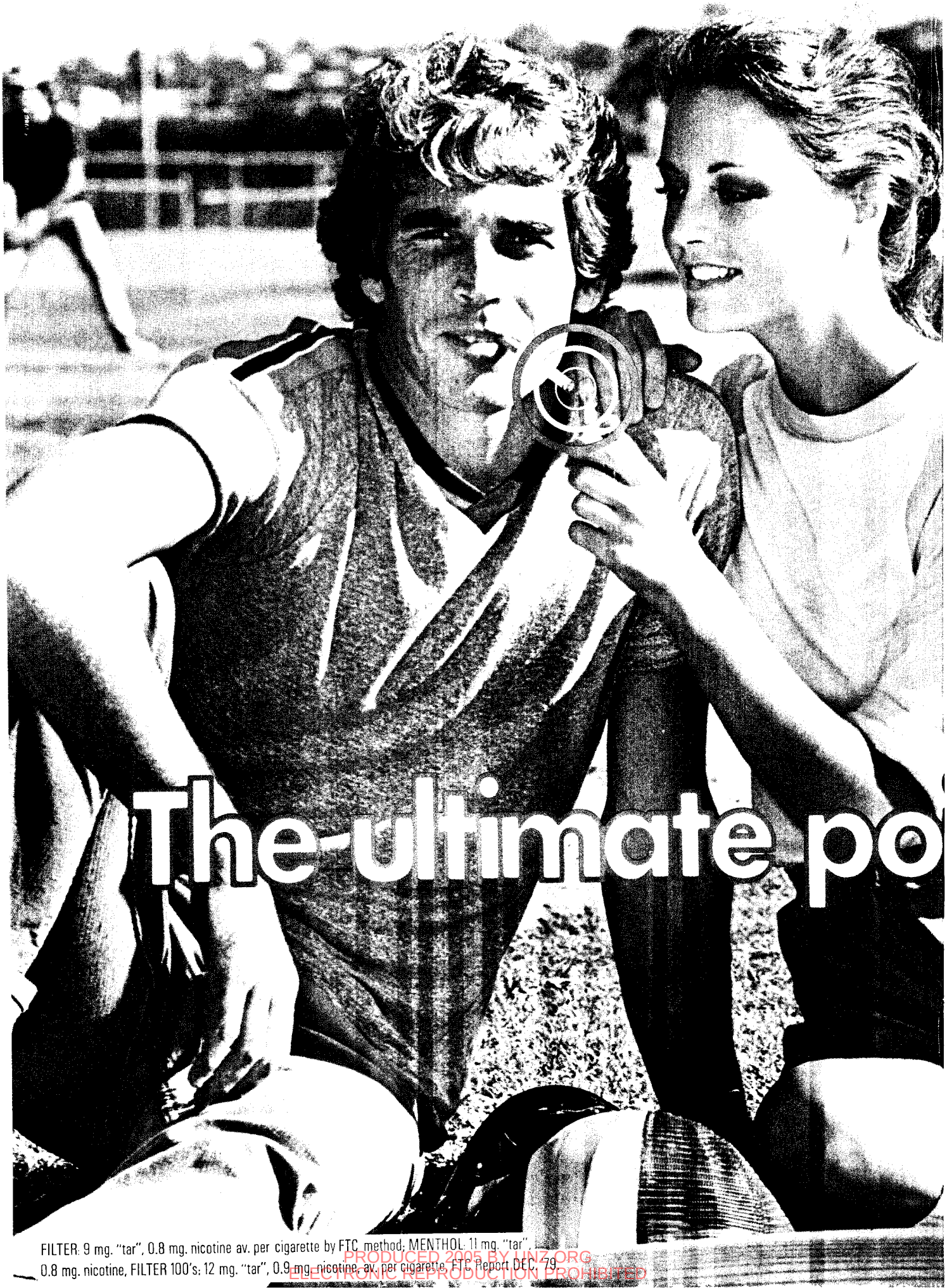
The strength and professionalism of The Travelers. And the personal attention of someone as near as your telephone. Check the Yellow Pages for the number of your local independent Travelers agent.

The Travelers is one of the world's largest insurance companies. But thanks, in part, to our independent agents, it's a size that doesn't diminish our big concern for the individual.

THE TRAVELERS

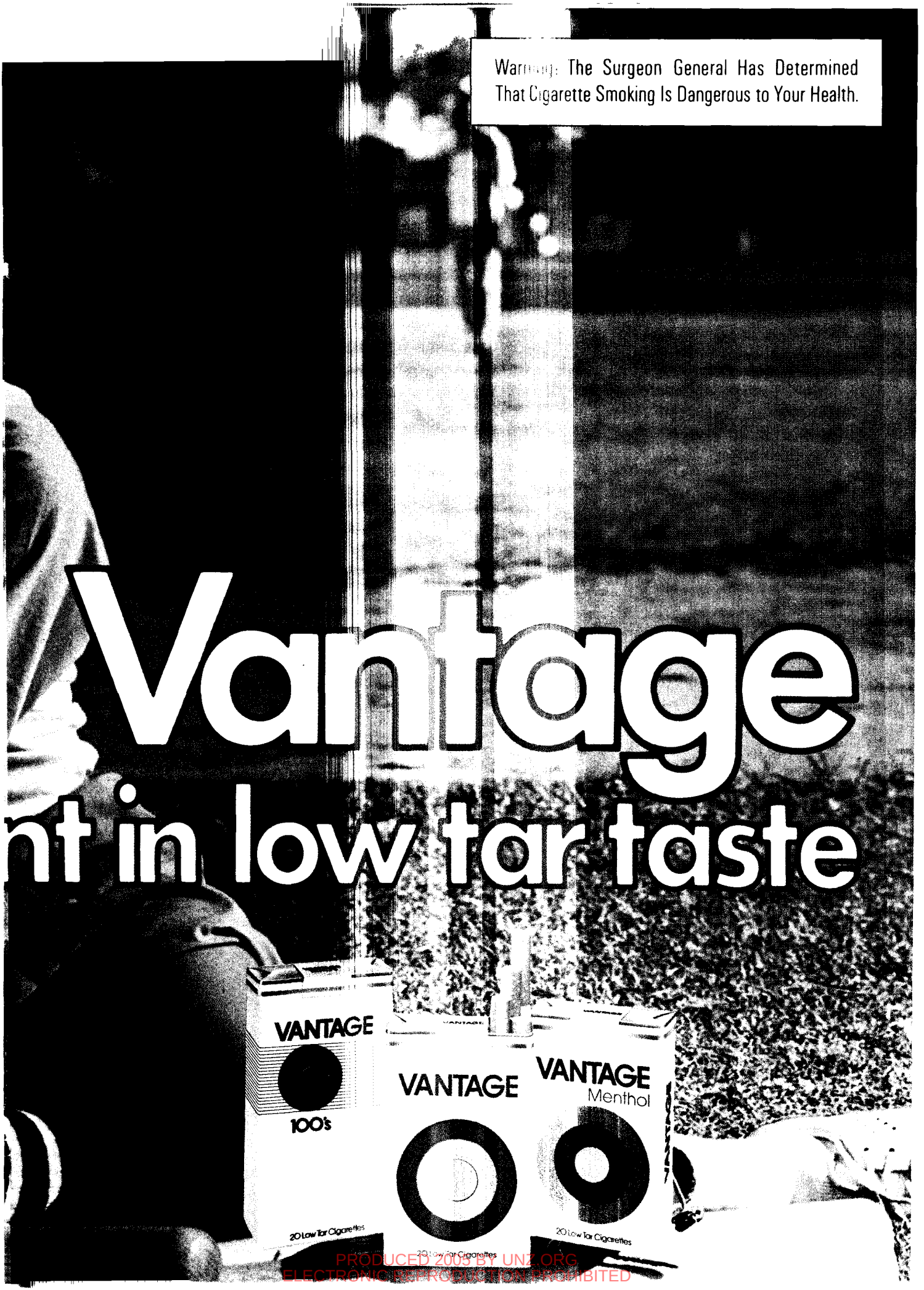
We offer life, health, auto, and homeowners insurance, and mutual funds and variable annuities for individuals, and virtually all forms of insurance for businesses. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, Travelers Equities Sales Inc., and other Affiliated Companies of The Travelers Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

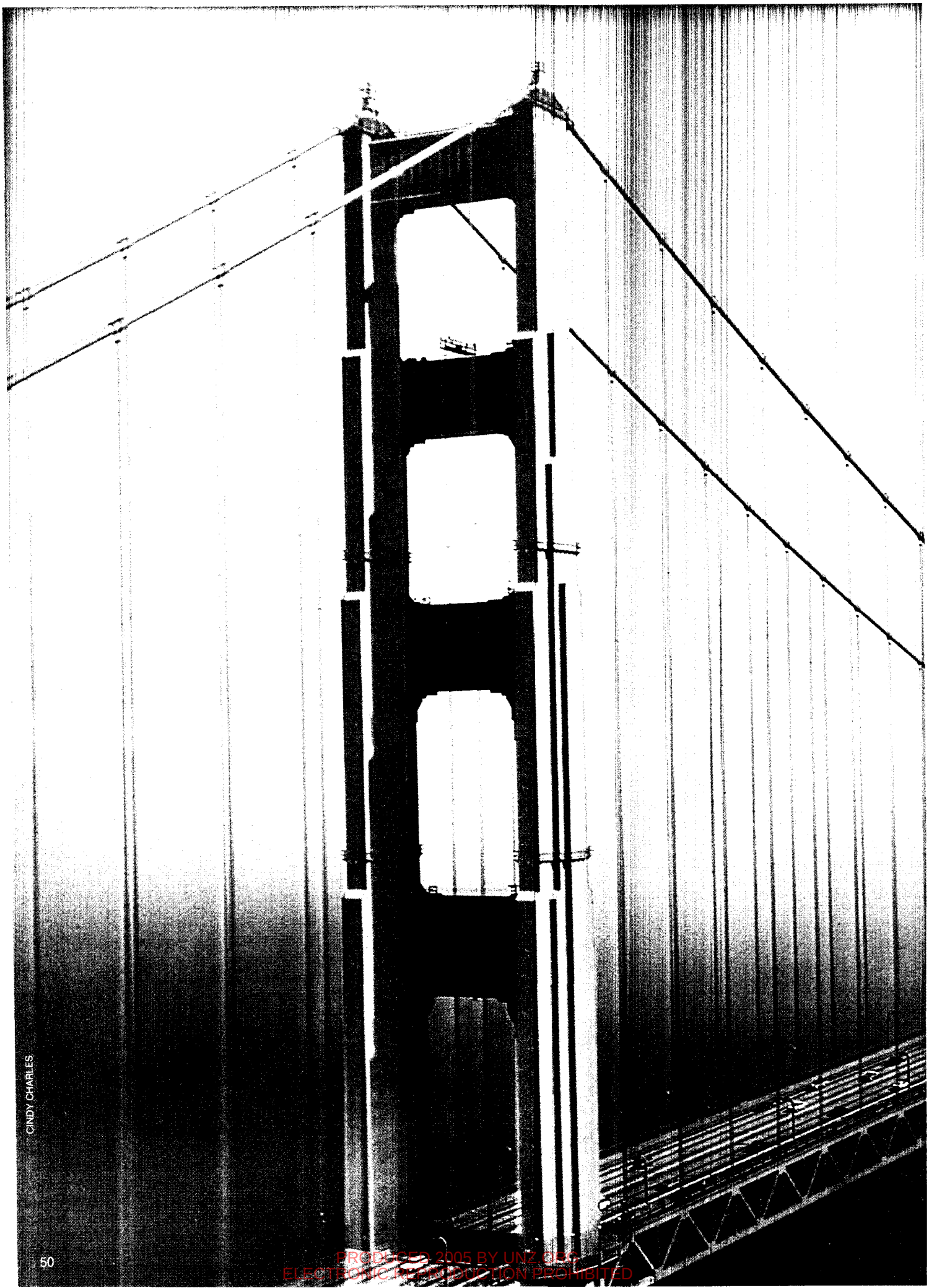


FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER 100's: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CINDY CHARLES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ne

THE HALL

by Horace Sutton

THE HALL

Not since the quake of 1906, when Enrico Caruso of the touring Metropolitan Opera Company rushed into Union Square clasping his most treasured possession—an autographed photo of President Theodore Roosevelt—has there been so earthshaking a musical happening in San Francisco as the approaching dedication of the new Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall on September 13. Even the beginning of the opera season, 10 days before, will be but a passing event. The opening in 1932 of the War Memorial Opera House, which flanks the new building across Grove Street in the celebrated Civic Center, was, of course, momentous: The twin arts of opera and symphony finally had a performance center worthy of them.

But the creation of the new 3,000-seat double-tiered sound-space permits San Franciscans to rejoice for the first time in the delightful dilemma of saying, "Shall we spend tonight at the opera *or* the symphony?" Opera and symphony no longer have to share the same quarters, clearing the way for both arts to develop their fullest potential, with neither having to defer to the needs of the other. In short, San Francisco has broken its sound barrier.

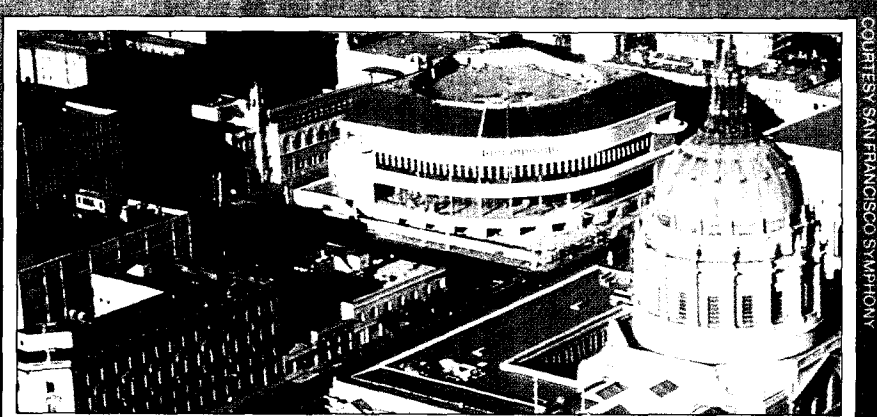
The exterior evidence of great things to come has been accumulating for years (construction began in 1978) along Van Ness Avenue, a broad, six-lane thoroughfare, with a landscaped traffic divider. For traffic approaching from the ocean, the facade of Davies Symphony Hall pokes itself into view blocks before it is reached.

That is all in its favor, because Skidmore-Owings-Merrill of San Francisco and Pietro Belluschi of Portland, Oregon, have created a noble, domed structure rare among concert halls in America.

However, as the world is all too keenly aware—from rueful experiences with London's Royal Festival Hall, the original Philharmonic Hall in New York's Lincoln Center, and the imposing opera house in Sydney, Australia—external appearances do not ensure a great hall.

Promisingly, the architects of Davies Symphony Hall didn't simply say to their acoustician, Theodor M. Schultz of Bolt, Beranek and Newman, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, "Here's a tough problem. Do the best you can with it." Unlike some other designs of recent years, here and abroad, the auditorium strikes the eye as a logically formed space: a horseshoe, with the stage right where it belongs. Moreover, the core is isolated from street noises by surrounding corridors.

Horseshoes are an international symbol for good luck, and perhaps the new hall will profit from it. Schultz says the inner shape is modeled after Massey

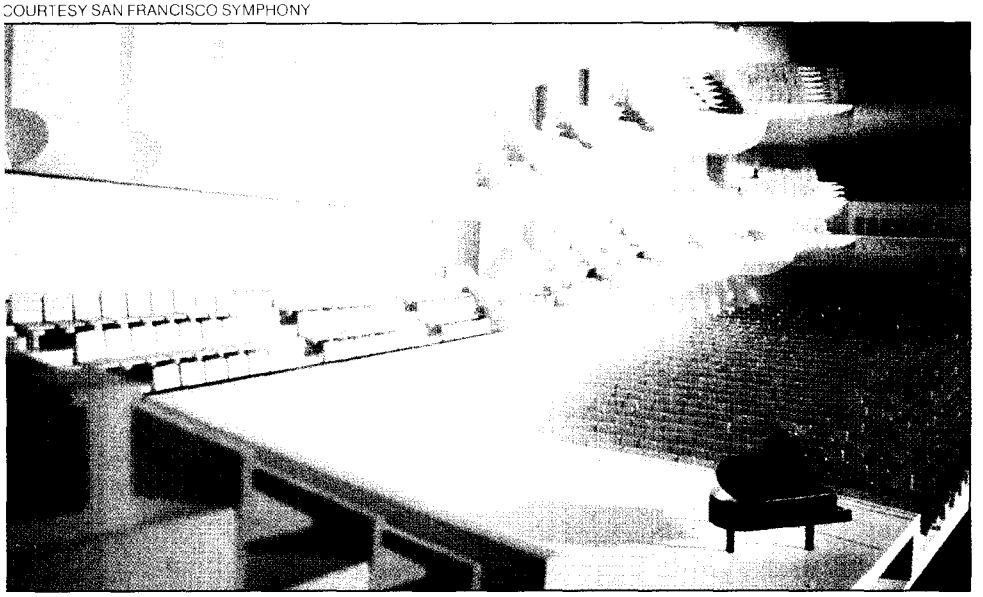


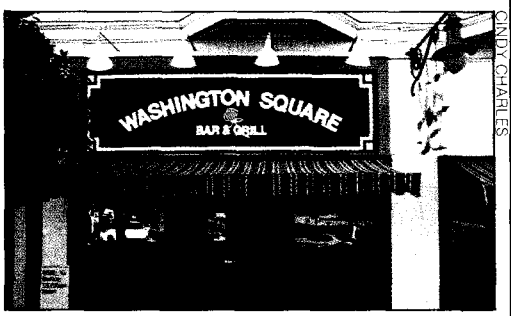
COURTESY SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY

The arc of Davies Symphony Hall pokes into view blocks before it is reached.

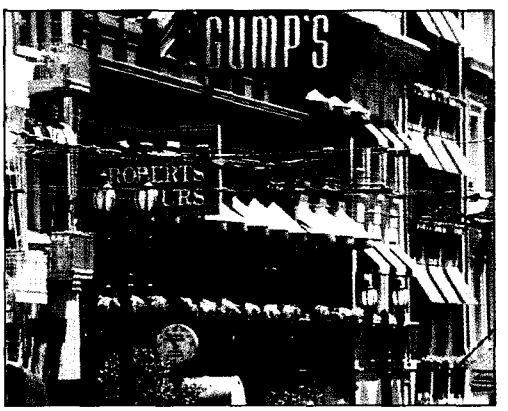
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

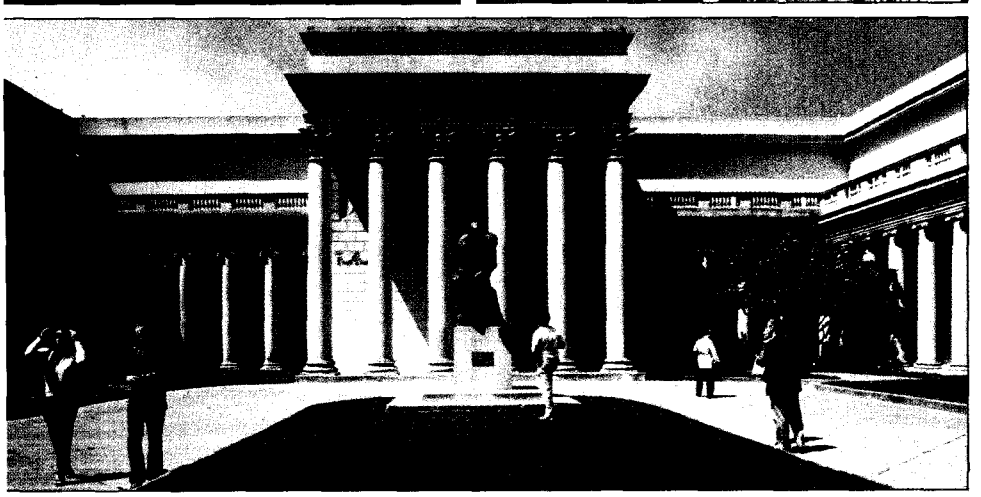
COURTESY SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY





CINDY CHARLES





Clockwise from the top: A model of the interior of San Francisco's new Davies Hall. The Washington Square Bar and Grill, a popular place of pilgrimage for press and TV people. Gump's, repository of Oriental art and antiques. The Palace of the Legion of Honor, a museum whose front-lawn centerpiece is Rodin's "Thinker." Grace Cathedral, high atop Nob Hill, renowned for its Ghiberti doors, copied from those in Florence.

Hall in Toronto—more comfortable than the classic rectangular halls, of which Symphony Hall in Boston is the best American example.

Where the acoustical design digresses from familiar prototypes and seeks to break ground of its own, is in the use of hanging banners (velour in rose and cream), which can be lowered from slots in the ceiling. Together with the circular, adjustable panels over the stage, they can alter the amount of reverberation in the hall.

Given a conductor with an inquisitive turn of mind, the adjustable, sound-changing effects afforded by the banners and panels could permit one arrangement for a lightly scored Haydn-Mozart first-half of a program, and another for a Prokofiev-Shostakovitch second-half.

The question, of course, is the sound: How clear? How true? How live?

On the occasion, in 1938, when Serge Koussevitzky inspected the just-completed shed in Tanglewood, Massachusetts, for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I saw him walk across the stage, pick up two small blocks of wood, and knock them together. Then he smiled. That was his acoustical test. I did the same thing the day I was in Davies Symphony Hall. But when I tried it, nothing happened. Perhaps the wood was synthetic.

One thing is certain about musical interest in San Francisco and the surrounding Bay area: It is not synthetic. When the gold dust ($27.5 million was lavished on the new complex) settles after the ceremonial opening week, the way will be open for a deluge of music few other cities in the country can match.

The inaugural week's programs offer Rudolf Serkin as piano soloist on two occasions, and Mahler's Eighth Symphony (with chorus and soloists) on another. During one week in November, music lovers will have a choice between Isaac Stern playing violin concertos of Mozart and Brahms in four concerts, and operas by Wagner and Leoncavallo and Mascagni.

Through next May, the symphony will perform under such guest conductors as Erich Leinsdorf (January) and Eugene Ormandy (March), and with soloists ranging from pianists Vladimir Ashkenazy (February) and André Watts (March) to vocalists Leontyne Price and Marilyn Horne (April). ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CITY

With the opening of the mammoth glass and granite Symphony Hall in its Civic Center, San Francisco, which has more *quartiers* than Paris, is growing yet another neighborhood, next to the Center. Already dignified with the label of Hayes Valley, this new area is a remake of a raffish tenderloin. As Allan Temko, the architecture critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle,* has written, Hayes Valley was only recently populated by "a demoralized, drifting, partly criminal subclass: junkies, whores, pimps, who shot with both needles and revolvers."

Now Hayes Valley, adjoining a complex that embraces the Herbst Theater, the Museum of Modern Art, and the War Memorial Opera House, where symphony, opera, and ballet have been living together like three welfare families in a one-room pad, has become a civic makeover. In the argot of city planners, the valley is a prime example of gentrification—the rehabilitation of a locality and the consequent supplanting of its poor inhabitants by the more well-to-do. It is done in singular San Francisco style—lavender, burgundy, and blue-hued Victorian houses, Bohemian chic restaurants, and even a lodging house.

A sparsely decorated nest of nourishment called the Hayes Street Grill, already requires reservations a week in advance. Bare floors, bentwood chairs, and potted palms provide the unfettered decor in which to serve such recherché numbers as thresher (shark), whiskey and fennel sausages, and calamari *Grenobloise*, all washed down with Dr. Brown's sodas, herb tea, or unfiltered apple juice.

If one doesn't get a table here, there is City Picnic, a gray-blue victual station, appended to a large garden. The Picnic people will get you through a preperformance collation of cold strawberry soup and sandwiches of jack cheese and green chilis, served on focaccia bread imported from a North Beach bakery, redolent with olive oil and green onions.

San Francisco currently has a penchant for country inns, or at least, country-style inns within the city. The most elegant of these is the Bed and Breakfast Inn, a self-effacing name for a rambling, flower-filled sanctuary at 4 Charlton Court, a mews in the attractive Union Street section. Sleeping quarters range from pension rooms with shared baths ($38 to $62), to a private flat with its own kitchen, and beds in a loft upstairs. Suites can go as high as $128.

Were one to prefer a more lusty neighborhood, the place might be the Washington Square Inn in North Beach, which is rather like taking comfortable quarters in Trastevere. Italian pasta palazzos, bake shops, and submarine-serving delis are within arm's reach, and the Big Breakfast person can cross the street to the original Mama's (there's a fancy one on Nob Hill), for Swedish cinnamon french toast or blueberry pancakes.

The bells of Sts. Peter and Paul's on the square may summon the pious, but the Washington Square Bar and Grill, the town's current rage, has become its own place of pilgrimage. The Bay's press sachems, TV types, and other doers come to stand at the lively bar and to sit down to pasta and petrale, a flat white fish, which is local sole food found only in local Pacific waters.

Although the overtones, especially on North Beach, are as Neapolitan as *O Sole Mio*, San Francisco has by no means left all its heart in Italy. Its latest crush is Le Central, about as close as one can come to a French bistro in an *arrondissement* so near the Golden Gate—Gitane signs, chalk-board menus, etched glass panels, and the traditional offerings of *cassoulet*, *choucroute*, and coarse, garlicky *pâté de campagne*. On the other hand, it is not so fickle a town that it has abandoned such traditional haunts as Jack's, with its gilded bas-relief grapes on tired beige walls, which has been around since 1864. The sandabs and Rex sole are coastal poems, and the price for a full dinner remains a modest $12.

It is a local aberration that the "21" of the Bay is Trader Vic's—still the establishment's clubhouse and never mind all those gloppy drinks and Polynesian panoply. Ernie's, that *fin-de siècle* Victorian vale of cut velvet, which has been the centerpiece of culinary controversy, lived up to every pleasant memory on a recent stop.

Whatever its lapses in other times, Ernie's on Montgomery Street can rank with the best of Nob Hill, that lofty preserve of bonanza kings who ruled the west in the 1870s. In one way or another, their names are engraved on the hill: The Mark Hopkins Hotel, now part of the Inter-Continental chain, rises on the site of the mansion of the famed California railroader. Collis Huntington has lent his name to the Huntington Hotel, a low-key favorite of the divas. L'Etoile, in the Huntington, is an elegant, classical restaurant.

Just off the side of the hill, below the Hopkins, the memory of onetime governor, onetime railroader (and onetime grocer) Leland Stanford survives most handsomely in the Stanford Court, which may well be the best hotel in the nation. Refashioned out of a residential club, it is the epitome of good taste and supreme comfort. The doorman and concierge remember a guest's name after an absence of two years. Favored guests may find a golden box of Godiva chocolates on the table. Bath towels are heated on a chrome rack, a minuscule television set is planted alongside the washbasin for the benefit of shavers.

Its worth a walk across the summit of Nob Hill to Grace Cathedral, especially renowned for its Ghiberti doors, a copy of those in Florence. The town's most awesome ecclesiastical marvel, however, is the new St. Mary's Cathedral on Geary and Gough. Molded travertine, like hands folded in prayer, forms an enormous column-free tent that appears to be held together by seams of stained glass ribbons.

Of the assorted shops on Union Square, Gump's, which opened in 1861 selling mirrors to saloons, is a museum in its own right. It maintains separate rooms for Baccarat crystal and for Steuben glass, but the Oriental antiques are its pride.

Aside from Gump's and the Museum of Modern Art in the Civic Center, the city's museums are spread all over the fringes of the Bay. The M.H. de Young Museum and the Asian Art Museum, in the same complex at Golden Gate Park, contain major collections, as does the California Palace of the Legion of Honor.

Altogether, there are some 2,600 restaurants in San Francisco, and now, with the addition of Davies Symphony Hall there is no earthly reason why anybody within the precincts of the Golden Gate ought to go hungry in mind, body, psyche, or spirit. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jong in Triumph

by Anthony Burgess

Fanny: Being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones
by Erica Jong
The New American Library, 512 pp., $12.95

The war between men and women, prefigured in the apocalyptical sketches of James Thurber, has, in addition to such dispatches as the painful *Hite Report*, its literary and critical fronts. One thing I was told rather dogmatically is that women's fiction is for women, and men better get away, man. Flaubert's Emma and Tolstoy's Anna are regarded by the Femfic extremists as pitiful abortions. Men like myself, who want love, not war, are briefly listened to when they praise Charlotte Bronte's Mr. Rochester and Jane Austen's Mr. Woodhouse as exemplary creations. But to suggest that novelists are really hermaphrodites, that the whole of human life is their province, is to court howls and hits. And to say, as I frequently do, that I admire Erica Jong, both as a poet and a novelist, is taken as an arrogant claim to an impossible empathy. It is like saying that I know the joys and agonies of the American female from the inside.

Erica Jong is too fine a writer to care much about the accidental categories of the activists, categories that are a product of crippled imaginations. If Ms. Jong wrote a novel with a male protagonist-narrator, I would pick it up with respect and in the expectation of entertainment and even of enlightenment. If she said, in effect, "Men are like this," I would know her to be right: I trust her insight and her imagination. So far, in *Fear of Flying* and *How to Save Your Own Life*, to say nothing of her poems, she has presented the pains and occasional elations of the Modern American Female. With the confidence in the exterior validity of introspection that marks the true poet (Keats for instance), she has extrapolated from her own life and her own fear an archetype that has had immense appeal, not only with the MAF, but also with the Modern European Woman.

In her new novel, Erica Jong has refused to capitalize on an outlook and an ambience that a less scrupulous writer could have exploited forever. She has gone to the British 18th century and contrived an authentic picaresque novel with a female protagonist. Her title *Fanny*, as well as the afterword, acknowledges a measure of indebtedness to John Cleland's erotic masterpiece, *Fanny Hill*, but the book is neither a pastiche nor a parody. It is, despite its allegiance to an antique genre, a genuinely original creation.

This brings me to an aspect of Ms. Jong's work rarely considered by her admirers or her detracters—its stylistic distinction. Style, indeed, must be regarded not as an aspect of a book but its totality: The intention, or pretension, to produce literature—as opposed to the book of a possible film—depends on verbal competence more than knowledge of "life," whatever that is. Ms. Jong's first two books are highly literate: They show mastery, or mistressy, of language; they depend for their effects on verbal exactitude and the disposition of rhythm. Subject matter apart, they are models of what orthodox, as opposed to experimental, fiction ought to be in this final phase of the century.

Ms. Jong's concern with language has led her to a genuine experiment—the composition of a full-length novel in a mode of English no longer in use, though still capable of expressing a modern sensibility. She has gone further than Joyce, who merely, in the "Oxen of the Sun" chapter of *Ulysses*, played brief passages in ancient styles. Her 18th-century English is not a matter of restoring the second person singular, using tags like *prithee*, or slavishly following old orthography (*musick, logick,* capital initials for nouns). It is a matter of vocabulary, and also of rhythm:

> If these Pages oft' tell of Debauchery and Vice, 'tis not in any Wise because their Author wishes to condone Wickedness, but rather because Truth, Stark Naked Truth, demands that she write with all possible Candour, so that the Inheritor of this Testament shall learn how to avoid Wickedness or indeed transform it into Goodness.
>
> All possible Care hath been taken to give no deliberate Offence to Modesty or Chastity; yet the Author avows that Truth is a sterner Goddess than Modesty, and where there hath been made necessary a Choyce betwixt the Former and the Latter, Truth hath, quite rightly, triumph'd.

So Fanny Hackabout-Jones begins the history of her adventures as a Testament for her only Daughter, Belinda. The disingenuous tone has the right period ring. We know we are in for hair-raising sexual revelations, all in the service of an alleg'd Verity. The pitch is that of *Moll Flanders*, a prototype somewhat too early, and the revelations, when they come, go beyond anything the stationery licensors of Queen Anne or the Georges would have permitted. There is, of course, seduction, but there is also rape, maritime sodomy, obstetrical revelations, and well-researched attacks on such barbarities as swaddling-bands and filthy midwifery. There is, however, no whiff of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affronted historical hindsight: Fanny is not a woman of our age riding a time-machine; the impersonation is pretty exact. It is so exact, indeed, that, in the manner of the age of the Enlightenment, acerbities take on a curious sweetness:

> Was not my *authentic* History as stirring as Fanny Hill's, or Pamela's, or e'en that of Tom Jones? Orphan, Whore, Adventuress, Kept Woman, Slaver, Amanuensis, Witch, e'en a pardon'd Pyrate! By the Goddess, 'twas my *own* Life History that made a better History than any *fancied* History. And by the Goddess, 'twas the time to tell it all!

The reader will know what to expect from the narrative without my further detailing it. There is no joy in summary when there is so much joy in the language through which the events are presented. Take it that this is the situation of woman in a male-dominated society even more piggish than our own. Woman is a lust-object, even to rarefied poets like Alexander Pope (whose thalamic performance is as inept as one would expect). Her virginity once lost, she must take her shame to a brothel and become a professional lust-object. She may find sodality among witches, who are inevitably caught, ravished, and killed by gross males, or among rogues who, turning against society, turn also against its sexual ethics and see woman as a wrong'd Creature. She has no trade except prostitution; she can be fulfilled, as Fanny is, through motherhood if she survives the obstetrics of the time. With luck, as here, she can end as the matriarch of a great estate. She can also become the writer of her own wrongs, and then she is committed, by the nature of the narrative idiom that is the air she breathes, to a glorification of life rather than a self-pitying jeremiad.

Hence this account of the trials of a high-spirited woman, who in our age would be running an advertising agency or sitting on the High Court bench and taking pills and analysis in her spare time, is heartening and always enjoyable even when the crimson glans or the bloody axe is ready to strike. And the imaginative, and always convincing, reconstruction of 18th-century England shows, through that same positive prose, the lineaments of a civilization better than ours. It was not an age for a women's liberation movement, with all its philosophical distortions, but one in which able women could prevail if they tried hard enough. Ms. Jong's Fanny may suffer, but she is at home in the age.

JILL KREMENTZ

Erica Jong—Linguistically, her new novel, *Fanny*, is a tower of strength.

The female liberationists are going to be angry with Ms. Jong because she has not repeated what she has already done so well. Instead, Ms. Jong, who is a literary scholar and a specialist in the 18th century, has transmuted her learning into literature, a very laudable thing to do.

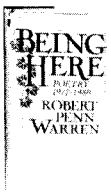
A few critics will condemn what she has done because the writing of 18th-century literature is the task of 18th-century men and possibly women, and there is nothing to add to what, by its nature, has already been completed. There are answers to that. The romantic movement began with a pastiche of the past—the Rowley and Macpherson fabrications—but also with *The Ancient Mariner*, which used the vocabulary and metric of the old ballads. Most of our best-selling novelists write, because they know no better, in a calcified Victorian style. But Bernard Malamud, with *The Fixer*, wrote a 19th-century Russian novel that literature needed, and Ms. Jong may be said to have filled a gap in the great tradition of the picaresque novel. *Fanny: Being The True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones* had to be written, and Erica Jong was the right hermaphrodite to write or endite it. I am delighted to belong to her sex. ■

Anthony Burgess, author of A Clockwork Orange, *has just completed* Earthly Powers, *which will be published by Simon and Schuster this fall.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Penn Warren's Courage

by James Dickey



Being Here: Poetry 1977—1980
by Robert Penn Warren
Random House, 128 pp., $8.95

In the excitement of young men coming together to form a new group of poets—later to be known as the Nashville Fugitives—Allen Tate wrote to Donald Davidson in 1924 of the latest and youngest Fugitive, Robert Penn Warren, "That boy's a wonder—has more sheer genius than any of us; watch him: His work from now on will have what none of us can achieve—power." That estimate was accurate then, and it has, as they say in the South, "proved out" several hundred times over in poetry as well as in remarkable fiction.

The source of Warren's stunning power is *angst*, a kind of radiant metaphysical terror, projected outward into the natural world, particularly into its waiting waste expanses: open field, ocean, desert, mountain range, or the constellations as they feed into the eye a misshapen, baffling, and yearning mythology bred on nothingness. He is direct, scathingly honest, and totally serious about what he feels, and in approach is as far as can be imagined from, say, Mallarmé, who urged poets to "give the initiative to *words*." Warren gives the initiative to the experience, and renders himself wide open to it. He is not someone who "puts a pineapple together," as Wallace Stevens does, constructing its existence by multiple perceptions, by possibility and caprice rather than by felt necessity; he is not interested in the "ephemeras of the tangent," but in the unanswered sound of his heart, under the awesome winter presence of the hunter Orion.

He plunges as though compulsively into the largest of subjects: those that seem to cry out for capitalization and afflatus and, more often than not in the work of many poets, achieve only the former. To state things in this fashion may make it seem almost necessary to charge Warren with being rhetorical in some kind of wrong way, and indeed in his on-going intensity he does not escape some of the implications of the charge. Balzac said to a friend bent on Art that the truth is emphatically *not* in the nuance, but what matters in a piece of writing is that it "possess a force that carries everything before it." This Warren certainly has. He is a poet of enormous courage, with a highly individual intelligence; he is fully aware of the Longinian pit that yawns for those who strive for Sublimity and fail to attain it. Precariously in balance, he walks straight out over the sink-hole of Bombast; his native element is risk, and his chief attribute, daring.

The odd tone—utterly Warren's—is compounded of southern dialect, Elizabethanisms overstaying into country speech ("set foot") and always present in rural areas where mountains have gathered and preserved them, and a sometimes rather quaintly old-fangled scholastic vocabulary. The life-beat of the lines is predominantly Anglo-Saxon, as one can see—no; hear—as soon as the first hard stresses fall into place beside each other, and continue, as in "Recollection in Upper Ontario, From Long Before":

Zack's up, foot's out! Or is it? A second she's standing,
Then down—now over both rails—
Down for good, and the last
Thing I see is his hands out. To grab her, I reckoned.
Time stops like no-Time....

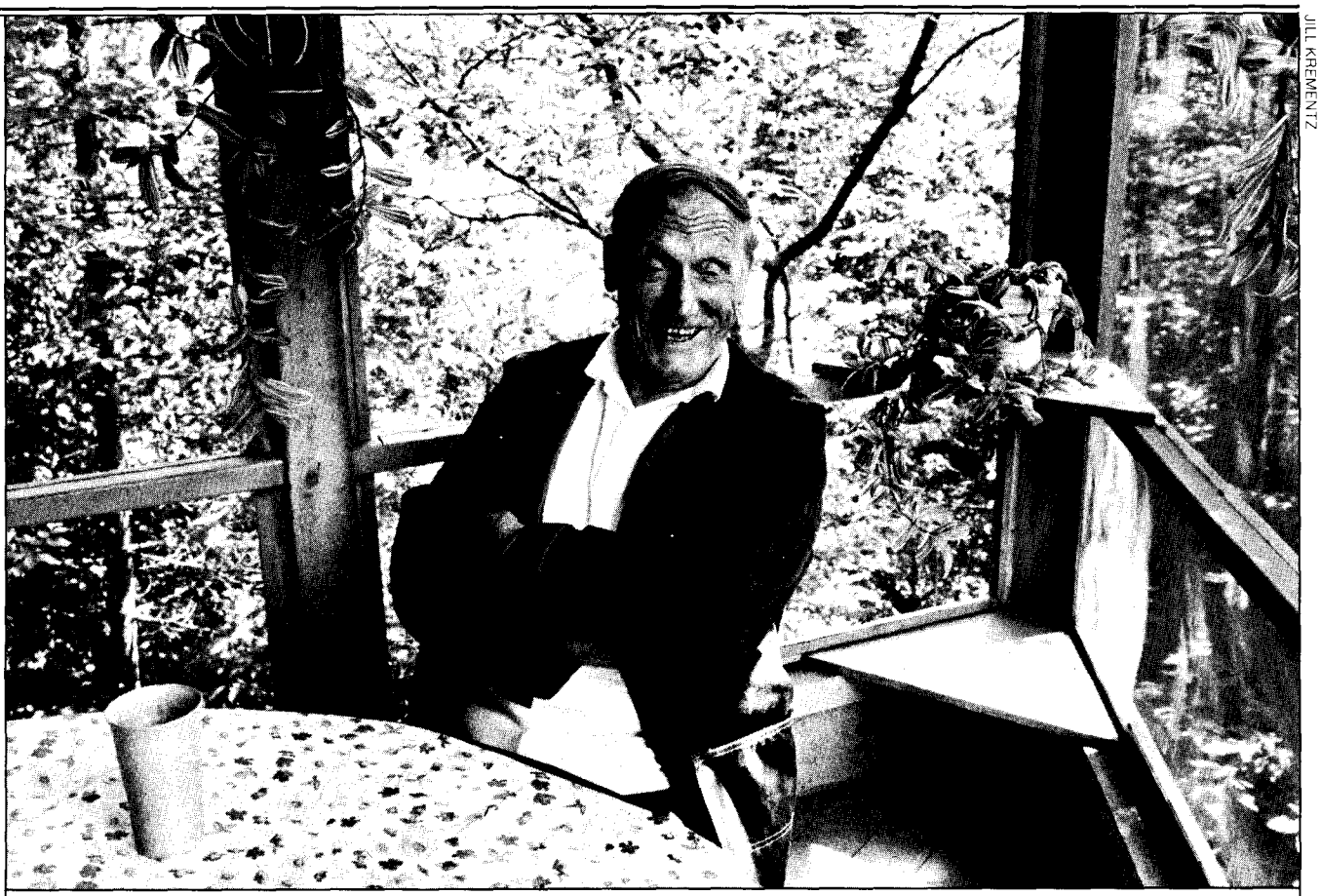
I like to imagine Warren's reading, and approving, Phelps Putnam's request that the god Chance "make us tough and mystical." Warren is very tough, with the farmer's hard, work-cramped hand everywhere over the field of the page, and he is also very mystical, particularly when he turns toward the great, contemplative expanses: broad fields, the sea hazing with curvature, deserts that do the same, or rise and dissolve into mountains, themselves half-in half-out of reality, stars—spread patterns of total emptiness—blinding vistas of snow and ice, as Warren is "Snowshoeing Back to Camp in Gloaming":

So I stood on that knife-edge frontier
Of Timelessness, knowing that yonder
Ahead was the life I might live
Could I but move
Into the terror of unmarred white-ness under
The be-nimbed and frozen sun.

Warren is a speaker who "alone has returned": a voice out of primitive starkness, with his only defenses—and these only occasionally usable—a gallows wit, scatological irony. He is above all a man who looks, and refuses to look away.

The best time to read Warren is at night. That is when the heart's sheer physicality is most deeply felt, most inescapable, most inexplicable. Night is the time when great distances can live for the beholder, and be lived by him; when the blood and the stars have relevance to each other. Despite three hundred-odd years of "progress," things may yet turn out to be as the physician William Harvey had them, when he said: "There is a spirit, a certain

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JILL KREMENTZ

Robert Penn Warren—"He gives the initiative to the experience, and renders himself open to it."

force, inherent in the blood, acting superiorly to the powers of the elements... and the nature, yea, the soul in this spirit and blood is identical with the nature of the stars." The Warren of this book is starry-blooded, a night-walker, a night-watcher, a searcher lying motionless. And perhaps this is the best Warren of all, remembering other nights, darknesses, a cave from his childhood, in his "Speleology":

Years later, past dreams I have lain
In darkness and heard the depth of
interminable song.
And hand laid to heart, have once again
thought: *This is me.*
And thought: *Who am I?* And hand on
heart, wondered
What it would be like to be, in the end, part
of all.

And in the darkness have even asked: *Is this all? What is all?*

It is his ability to state psychic dilemmas of this kind, and in this way—the grim, exalting light of self-education shining through the thick, correct, and sanctioned Other books onto the actual world—in a home-crafted idiom as sinewy as it is unforeseeable, that makes Warren the passionate and memorable artist that he is, and the greatest of our "impure" poets. If Wallace Stevens—to take Warren's most notable and obvious opposite—is "pure," Warren is impure; if Stevens changes reality by changing the angle of his eye, Warren fixes himself into it in wonder, horror, loathing, joy, but above all with unflinching involvement; if Stevens plays with it, tames it, and "understands" it, Warren encounters it nakedly, and without pretense, dallying, or skillful frivolity.

Once, in connection with a movie I was engaged in making, I met with the film director Sam Peckinpah in London to talk over possibilities. Although, as it turned out, he did not direct my story, I remember that as we parted he said to me, "Don't worry; everything'll be all right. No matter what happens, we're both trying to do the same thing. I do it with the pictures I put up on the screen, you do it with your words, but it's all the same: We're trying to give them images they can't forget." I have come to think of this, now, not in relation to movies, but as a characteristic of Robert Penn Warren's poems; they have given many such images to me. John Berryman asks of Stevens, "Why does he not wound?" No one would ever pose such a question in Warren's case. He wounds deeply, and he connects deeply; he strikes in at blood-level and gut-level, with all the force and authority of time, darkness, and distance themselves, and of the Nothingness beyond nothingness, which may even be God: Pascal's "infinite spaces" laid—or laid open—on the farmer's page. ■

James Dickey, the author of Deliverance, *is poet-in-residence at the University of South Carolina and a consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress. He has written several volumes of poetry, including* Buckdancer's Choice, *for which he won the National Book Award, and, most recently,* The Strength of Fields.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edmund Wilson's Marginalia

by Harry Levin

The Thirties: From Notebooks and Diaries of the Period
by Edmund Wilson
edited with an introduction by Leon Edel
Farrar, Strauss & Giroux
753 pp., $17.50

The realization that Edmund Wilson had been keeping personal journals for more than 50 years stimulated hopes that we might find in them an American counterpart to the rich chronicles of French cultural life provided by the brothers Goncourt and by Andre Gide. *A Prelude,* published in 1967, presented an archive of Wilson's educational background and literary apprenticeship. *Upstate*, published shortly before his death in 1972, included *inter alia* excerpts from later diaries, one of which led to a final rupture with Vladimir Nabokov. Wilson was preparing *The Twenties* when he died, and the editing was completed by Leon Edel, who brought it out in 1975. Many readers were somewhat disappointed to discover that it dealt less with ideas and literature than with personalities and sex—notably Wilson's affair with Anna, the Polish-American dance-hall girl, which had fictionally surfaced in *Memoirs of Hecate County* (1946). That reaction was counterbalanced by a comprehensive and impressive testimonial to his critical development and his intellectual relations, when Elena Wilson edited and published his *Letters on Literature and Politics* in 1977.

Now we have *The Thirties*, the longest and most discursive installment from the notebooks thus far. Although the editorial hand of the author is still present here and there, the editor has taken over firmly, and has done his able best to fill in the transitions. This cannot have been an easy task, because of the discontinuities; the material tends to taper off in places, insofar as two-thirds of it is concentrated into the first lustrum of the decade. Wilson's aesthetic concerns of the Twenties culminated in *Axel's Castle* (1931), which voiced a kind of elegiac farewell to Proust and the other mandarins of high modernism. His developing social consciousness would arm him for his major book of the Thirties, *To the Finland Station* (1940). Meanwhile, ever the curious reporter and percipient travel writer, he journeyed back and forth across the states, taking in the Depression first hand from Provincetown to Santa Barbara: unemployed workers and tenant farmers, the Ford plant at Detroit, Hull House in Chicago, the New Deal in Washington, the coal-miners' strike in Kentucky.

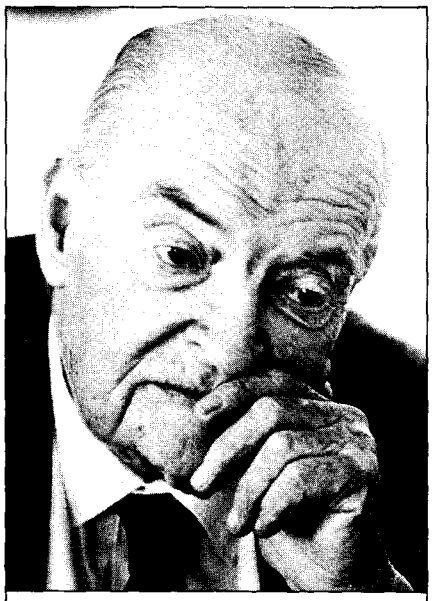
Many of these documentary sketches were gathered together in *The American Jitters* (1932), to be revised and republished under an even more convulsive title, *The American Earthquake* (1958). Others would be put into ironic juxtaposition with his reportage on his tour of Soviet Russia in *Travels in Two Democracies* (1936). Professor Edel makes it amply clear that Wilson was never doctrinaire or partisan in his politics. He was the survivor of an older America who consistently exercised a crusty independence. Like other intellectuals of his generation, for a while he was attracted to a Marxist ideology, and he put more endeavor than most into understanding what Marx had really thought. Like his experience with socialized medicine and Russian bedbugs, his attitude was mixed, but not unsympathetic until the American Communists began to jump on him. Gradually, the Utopian Socialism he shared with Lewis Mumford, John Dos Passos, and others would give way to a Social Darwinism, which he would grimly expound in prefacing his third major work, *Patriotic Gore* (1962).

To some extent, it was a "rather sordid period" not only for the country but for Wilson himself. Innately shy and still fairly slight in physique, he was drinking heavily and prowling toward sexual adventure. He kept in occasional touch with Anna, who seems to have gone increasingly under the weather. Though he had been divorced from the actress Mary Blair, he would visit her when she was dying of tuberculosis; he describes the trip but not the actual reunion. His stormy though not unhappy marriage to Margaret Canby ended tragically, after two years, with her death in a California accident. He describes his airplane flight across the continent to her funeral in moving detail, ending with reminiscences both remorseful and passionate. Edel refers to Molly Bloom's soliloquy in *Ulysses*, yet this mood is far from affirmation; and, though Margaret returns to haunt Wilson's dreams, we are left with a more explicit picture of her person than of her personality. To his third and best-known wife, Mary McCarthy, whom he met in 1937, Wilson alludes only incidentally.

Wilson, though he wrote admiringly of Casanova, does not strike one as an accomplished philanderer. One surmises that for every conquest there must have been a fair number of rejected propositions. Understandably, these latter go unmentioned; yet he focuses on the consummated encounters with a light that seems more clinical than erotic. Apropos of the change in style in underclothing, when women gave up corsets and shortly thereafter shifted to girdles, his repeated comment is more suggestive than sensitive: "Getting a woman out of one reminds me of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eating shellfish." What it suggests, among other things, is an irredeemable male chauvinism. He has plenty to say about food as well as drink, and he already exhibits that interest in bathrooms that would inspire his eulogy upon them in *A Piece of My Mind* (1956). Numerous descriptions of fauna and flora, landscapes and cityscapes, are sharply observed by his



JILL KREMENTZ

Edmund Wilson—These notebooks add nothing to his stature as a writer.

reportorial eye. Other passages seem to have been blurred by alcohol, sometimes to the point where they could not be recovered through rewriting. Some are mere listings that are likely to be lost on the reader.

What we have here then are raw materials, *memoires pour servir*, memoranda that largely have been worked up into more effective articles and essays. The single effort of imagination that these jottings prefigure is the pseudo-Shavian play, *Beppo and Beth*, which—like most of Wilson's creative writing—does not measure up to his high standards as a critic. The sporadic notations are seldom aphoristic or original. Wilson discusses other writers, such as Fitzgerald, Hemingway, the Tates, and the Algonquin circle, primarily in anecdotal gossip; indeed it was a source of strength to Wilson that he maintained a certain distance from New York, even while he was reviewing for the *New Yorker*. There is not very much in these pages about literature *per se*. A section on Concord turns out to be merely the setting for an amorous rendezvous. A concluding series of recommendations on "Beauties of Poets" is tantalizingly terse. There is also a brief appreciation of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, and another of the American novel that most fully expressed the spirit of the Thirties, Dos Passos's *U.S.A.* trilogy.

Wilson's notebooks seem to have more in common with the flickering "Newsreels" of *U.S.A.* than with its more meditative "Camera's Eyes." Edel compares Wilson's mind to a camera in the more impersonal sense, though—as an experienced critical psychologist—he can well diagnose this "dissociation of emotion." Margaret Wilson may have exaggerated when she told her husband, "You don't like people." He could be sociable enough when he chose to be, but it was always a deliberate and self-limiting choice, and those for whom he made it were fortunate. Usually his accounts of dutiful meetings with old schoolmates or members of his family sound as if he were bored or tired. "Decay of my generation," he wrote at the age of 40, when he had 36 more full and active years ahead of him. Already he had the feeling—perhaps because the Twenties by then belonged to the past—"that I grew up in one world and am living now in another." Beneath his immense vitality, which sparked and drove his intellectual curiosity, lay a deep melancholia.

During one of his "neurotic spells," he speaks of viewing a musical comedy where the audience fails to understand the lines. This, I fear, is a genuine hazard for readers of *The Thirties* who are not thoroughly familiar with Wilson's other writings and his period. He, who was never so happy as when he was baiting the academic establishment, conducted a polemic against the Modern Language Association for over-editing the texts it sponsored. Edel, in spite of his valuable introduction and headnotes, has under-edited the present text. Many of Wilson's reportorial notes, addressed originally to himself, are elliptical and telegraphic, sometimes little more than the stream of his consciousness. Moreover, his *dramatis personae* quite literally encompass hundreds of names. Some of these are recognizable at sight; yet innumerable others may need a word or two of identification; and the apparatus of footnotes is minimal and capricious. Within a single paragraph, parenthetically, Wilson reminds himself twice to look up some forgotten fact. Edel does so in the first case, but not in the second.

Frances Perkins, for instance, is identified, while a less-remembered figure in labor circles, Leo Wolman, is not. Andrew Lytle writes prose fiction, and is not even mentioned in the cited article on the Fugitive poets. Donald Ogden Stewart is not very aptly designated a novelist. Should not a list have been connected with fuller references to Wilson's recent and forthcoming pieces? And, since it is editorial policy to correct slight and obvious slips, why not Merchandise Mart for "Merchant's Building," Horace for "Howard Kallen," Bones men for "Bows men," and Winter for "Ella Winters"?

That Wilson wanted this book to be printed, possibly as a posthumous compensation for the censorship of *Memoirs of Hecate County*, must remain its *raison d'etre*. It adds a little—not very much—to the record, and nothing at all to his stature as man and writer. The entry that does most to illuminate both, in their complicated interrelationship, comes at a rare moment of introspection:

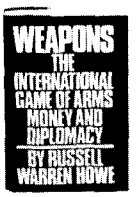
> *My hand on a book*—At Stamford one day, when I had long been absorbed in reading and writing, I looked at my hand on the page of the book I was reading and suddenly saw it as an animal's paw with fingers lengthened to claws and become prehensile for climbing around, in strange, in incredible contrast to the detached and limitless life of the mind: that was what we were, we still carried with us those animal paws, those were what we had to work with: stubby fingers with nails at the service of the dreaming horizonless mind: a shock to me then in my detached and dreaming literary life. ■

Harry Levin is Irving Babbitt Professor of Comparative Literature at Harvard University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Weapons Game

by Thomas Powers



Weapons: The International Game of Arms, Money and Diplomacy
by Russell Warren Howe
Doubleday, 563 pp., $19.95

A wiser rule would be to make up your mind what you want, peace or war, and then to get ready for what you want; for what we prepare for is what we shall get.

William Graham Sumner
War *(1903)*

War is the great fact of our age, the most intractable of the threats to our civilization, and the only one that might destroy it. Far from having learned how to avoid war from the failures of 1914 and 1939, we have succeeded only in laying the groundwork for a still greater war, a more truly "world" war, beyond which it is impossible to see. The prospect of war preoccupies men in power; the weapons for war absorb the lion's share of our resources; the scale of war numbs the waking mind and poisons the unconscious. For 35 years we have kept our footing on the slippery edge of war, and the only thing we can say with confidence of the danger facing us now is that it will have increased in 10 year's time.

Everyone is aware of this, and everyone forgets it. The weapons we have built to defend ourselves have a capacity for destruction too great to be seen whole. But from time to time one gets a glimpse into the abyss, when one "sees," for a moment, what the numbers add up to. A Poseidon submarine, for example, carries 16 missiles with a 2,800-mile range. The third stage of each missile contains 10 independently targetable reentry vehicles, called MIRVs. Each MIRV has an explosive power equivalent to 50,000 tons of TNT. The bomb dropped on Hiroshima was the equivalent of something less than 20,000 tons of TNT.

A single Poseidon submarine, then, has the capacity to do worse than Hiroshima to more than 200 cities. Somewhere in the back of every modern mind is a memory of the image of Hiroshima, not the black-and-white sunlit mushroom cloud, but the flat bleak scrap of the leveled city. One Poseidon submarine, a hundred miles out in the Atlantic due east of the Chesapeake Bay, could destroy just about every major American city, and many of the minor ones, east of the Mississippi. The United States has 31 Poseidon submarines. They are considered obsolete.

If you work at it you can begin to comprehend the magnitude of the danger. The United States and the Soviet Union are understandably terrified by the prospect of the all-out "spasm" war, in which both sides fire off everything they've got. Some American analysts are convinced the Russians, despite their fears, think it will happen. But my own guess is that the Soviets suffer from the same paralysis common to Americans: an inability to "see" the war after its opening salvo, and a conviction, based on familiarity with the numbers, that it "can't" happen.

It would not be unfair to describe this nuclear syndrome as schizophrenia, since its chief characteristic is an inability to join two halves of the mind—the half that knows the statistics, and the half that rejects them. One symptom of the nuclear syndrome is that it is enhanced by familiarity with the hard facts; those who know most about the weapons of modern war are also those least capable of imagining a decision to fire. The syndrome can be seen in an advanced, but entirely typical, state in Russell Warren Howe's huge compendium of facts, entitled *Weapons: The International Game of Arms, Money and Diplomacy*. Do not be deceived; Howe intends no irony by his use of the word *game*.

It is hard to do justice to the sheer range of detail that Howe has gathered between covers. He describes every strategic-weapons system in the world, explains where they came from, and suggests what is coming next. The heart of the arsenal is the standard American triad of land-based ICBMs, bombers, and missile-launching submarines, and the variants deployed by other countries, but Howe does not neglect a number of new weapons, some still little more than a gleam in the military eye, which might suddenly turn the tables and give one side a dramatic temporary advantage. Without offering his own opinion, he reports that some experts think Russia is five years ahead of the United States in research on laser and charged particle beam weapons; some say seven years; some suggest we're neck and neck.

Howe also describes the nonstrategic military capacity of most countries and all regions of the world; sketches in the major arms limitation and related arguments intended to lessen the danger of war (which he correctly reports to be pitifully few and weak); charts the flow of weapons traffic; outlines the world's regional conflicts and guesses at the odds that they might trigger a great power confrontation; and even includes a quick history of weaponry and a catalog of pocket-sized assassination devices, along with a great deal more. *Weapons* is not a book in the usual sense, but a kind of encyclopedia, a compilation of virtually everything everybody has done

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about, thought about, and said about the world's tools of destruction for the last 35 years. It is to be mined, not read, and the ore is pure. Howe has written an indispensable reference volume, and it ought to be on the desk of everyone who deals with, or is simply interested in, the problems of war. If you need to be convinced that the universe is large, look into an atlas of galaxies. If you doubt that war is the principal product of our civilization, read Howe.

But Howe's long immersion in the subject of arms has given him a case of nuclear syndrome: He knows the details and has ceased to worry about them. He has begun to see the bombs and missiles as only "rattling sabers," the muscle behind diplomacy, the source of jobs and influence, the foundation of a stable balance of power—anything but weapons whose logical destiny is to be used in war. "There seems a reasonable chance that the days of 'real' war may be over," Howe writes, meaning a big war, a decisive war, a strategic war ending in the devastation of societies on a scale comparable to the wreckage of Germany in 1945. Howe returns to the point again and again: It's all a charade, the arms aren't quite real, we have inadvertently abolished big war. "Could it happen? The chances are more than 99.9 percent against." That sounds like 100 percent to me. This is the nuclear syndrome in its purest state. Where does this statistic come from? On what is it based? We have not had a nuclear war, but what prevents it?

If I were to write that the chances of nuclear war are more than 99.9 percent *for*, citing only the precedents of history and the brutal fact that the deterrent must deter forever, what might Howe point to as evidence to the contrary? The fact that no one wants such a war? To say it "can't" happen—which is what Howe and just about everyone else professionally involved in the matter *does* say—is really nothing more than an expression of preference.

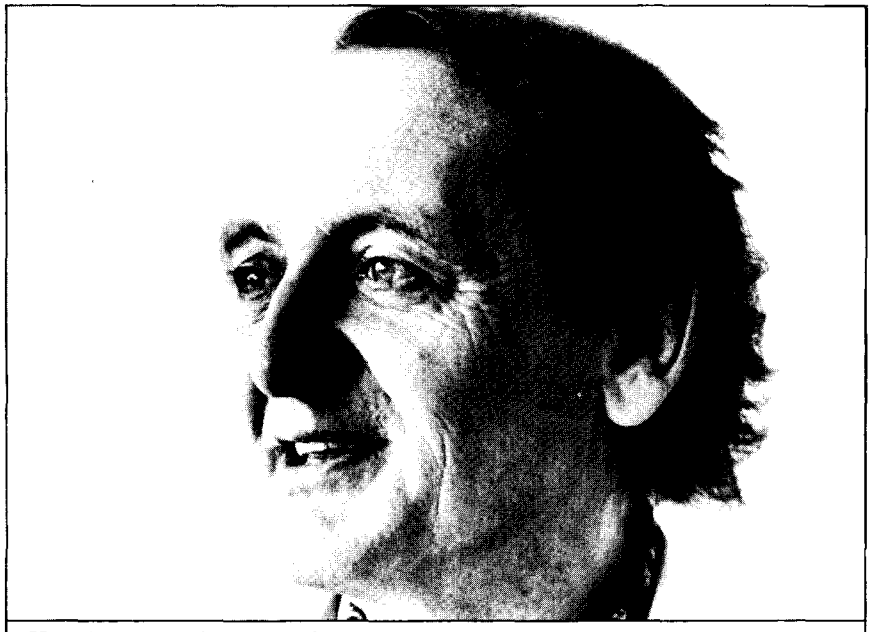
Most of the professional thinking about the war, like the nuclear hardware itself, is directed to the problem of deliberate attack. What the deterrent deters is a first strike—a sudden assault, initiating a full-scale war, of the sort Japan made upon Pearl Harbor. Nuclear weapons, then, are deployed by both sides as a rational means of preventing a rational war. Howe and the others who share his position are quite right in concluding that nuclear weapons constitute a very good reason for not deliberately initiating a big war, but their logic is faulty.

What one needs to ask is whether big wars are primarily the result of calculated decisions to go all the way. The history of the last century does not indicate anything of the kind. Even World War II, traditionally blamed on a "mad" Hitler, was blundered into when Germany invaded Poland, expecting nothing more from France and England than a souring of diplomatic air. In a sense, all big wars are irrational. Emotion can lag behind or race ahead of facts.

The primacy of mood in war—in causing it and in pressing it on to previously "unthinkable" ends—was clearly at work in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. One can see a similar volatility in the present crisis over Iran. After six months of mostly patient diplomacy, Carter determined to force the release of the American hostages in Iran. Reasons abounded for leaving the hostages right where they were, but that sensible policy neglected an inevitable price in prestige. If Carter resorts to blockade, and the Russians go to the aid of Iran, what will Carter's mood suggest to him then?

The United States and the Soviet Union are both armed for ultimate war. Perhaps our missiles are terrible enough to prevent a war begun in the grand way, but what protects us from war begun in a small way, through failure of judgment, a refusal to admit local defeat, hasty threats that cannot be withdrawn?

One must ask, finally, why Russell Howe and other students of modern war depend on fear, caution, and the numbers—in short, on common sense—to prevent a disaster? Because there is nothing else. The truth of the matter is that the strategists cannot imagine a world without the bomb. And they know too much about the weapons themselves to live with the logic of the hair triggers they have devised. The result is the nuclear syndrome—a knowledge of the facts on one side of the mind, and a conviction on the other that the power of common sense alone is sufficient guarantee it "can't" happen. But common sense is only a mood, and moods change. The weapons abide, and of course they will be used. ■



GWENDOLYN STEWART

Howe's survey of the world's arsenal has convinced him all-out war is impossible.

Thomas Powers, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, is the author of Diana: The Making of a Terrorist, The War at Home, *and* The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK BRIEFS

Fiction

Aberration of Starlight
by Gilbert Sorrentino
Random House, 240 pp., $9.95

MULLIGAN STEW, Gilbert Sorrentino's last novel, was an overstuffed, aggressively avant-garde portmanteau bulging with allusions to James Joyce and Flann O'Brien; it enjoyed not only critical success but some popularity as well. Barely a year after publishing that behemoth, the prolific Sorrentino has produced a different kind of triumph—a tightly focused novel that is by turns funny, sexy, and sad.

Aberration centers around four views of a single evening in the summer of 1939. Tom Thebus, a sporty meat-cutting-machine salesman, takes Marie Recco, a young Catholic mother abandoned by her husband, to the WigWam restaurant near Hackettstown, New Jersey, for dining and dancing—and then drives her in his shiny green Plymouth "perambulator" for some heavy petting amid the pines. We live this night—and its painful aftermath—as it appears to Thebus, to Marie, to her son Billy, and to her father, John McGrath.

The verbal extravagance and formal pyrotechnics of *Mulligan Stew* are here; so is Sorrentino's enthusiastic but unsentimental view of the human sexual urge and his hilarious compassion for the self-deceptive daydreams of ordinary Americans. *Aberration of Starlight* begins with laughter, but ends in tears. Its haunting theme is the spiritual devastation wrought by life's compromises and disappointments.

—GARRETT EPPS

Hand-Me-Downs
by Rhea Kohan
Random House, 384 pp., $10.95

THE JOURNEY of American Jewish immigrants from superstition in the ghettos of Europe to shaky beliefs in psychiatry and est in America never seems to exhaust its humorous potential. This novel begins in Europe with the tribulations of Malka, who pins her hopes on her children. Her first six offspring disappoint her; the seventh child, a Mongoloid, is not even worth nagging. Malka lets him die of starvation. Her descendents try to subdue the memory of Malka, as succeeding generations grow up in America.

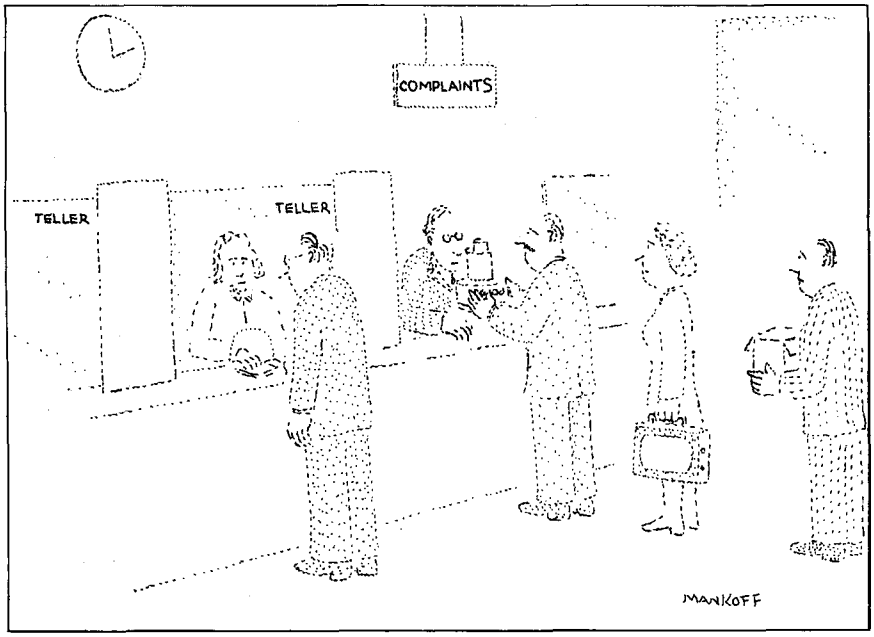
There is much comedy in this novel, which satirically examines such standbys of California moderns as natural food, singles bars, and group therapy. Kohan is particulary good at tense family gatherings where personal advice is freely, passionately distributed, and more vociferously unheeded. But when the novel tries to make sense of the inanities of California and marriage and parents, serious flaws appear. In trying to establish psychological connections between the blighted Malka and her granddaughters, Kohan resorts to tired platitudes, and too often there is the sense of having heard all this many times before. —PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM

A Model Childhood
by Christa Wolf
Translated by Ursule Molinaro and Hedwig Rappolt
Farrar, Straus & Giroux 407 pp., $17.50

AS A CHILD growing up in prewar Germany, Nelly, the narrator of Christa Wolf's fictional memoir, cannot remember a time when Adolf Hitler was not the *Führer*. An exemplary student, leader of her *Jüngmadelbund*, she writes idealistic poems about the Fatherland; she does volunteer work among the slave laborers and wounded soldiers that have replaced the euthanized patients at a mental hospital. Months after her family is forced to flee from the advancing Soviet army, Nelly encounters a concentration camp escapee. His experiences puzzle her. "Where," asks the incredulous man, "have you all been living?"

This book is an inquiry into that question. By probing into the exact nature of what she herself remembers, Christa Wolf tries to explain the so-called hypnosis and subsequent amnesia of the Germans. Wolf's moving story of her 40 years as a model German conveys a palpable sense of history as it is made and lived by those who believe themselves to be "normal."

—CAROLE COOK



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Here's what happened, Janet. Last spring I started a garden. But it was late. I could only find this flat of twelve spindly little tomato plants. I thought they'd die. By last week they were six-foot bushes, with giant tomatoes turning ripe so fast there was only one thing to do. So, since I know you love spaghetti, I thought I'd give you a call." Friends or family may be far away. But with a call you can reach out. And add a little sauce to your life.
Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jameson Irish

"~~Scotch~~ and water."

If you like fine Scotch, you'll love light, imported Jameson Irish.

Try a glass of Jameson Irish the way you would your favorite Scotch. With water. Soda. On the rocks.

You'll notice how much it tastes like fine Scotch—only lighter and more delicate.

The dedicated Scotch drinker will instantly appreciate this flavor difference.

Though it may take a little time getting used to saying, "Jameson Irish and water, please."

Jameson. World's largest-selling Irish Whiskey.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

80 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

Puffball
by Fay Weldon
Summit Books, 256 pp., $10.95

FAY WELDON is wily and provocative once again in *Puffball*, her seventh novel, simultaneously a debonair sexual comedy and an unsettling fairy tale of innocence confronting the malevolence of the universe. Richard and Liffey, his bouncy, infantile wife, move to the country. Soon Richard is spending adulterous week nights in London, leaving Liffey prey to the malice of her earthy neighbor Mabs, brewer of home remedies and controller of weather—in short, a witch. Unsuccessfully, Mabs uses every herb she knows to abort Liffey's baby, whom she incorrectly suspects has been planted by her grimy-fingered farmer husband, Tucker. Richard, meanwhile, finds absence makes the heart grow skeptical.

The real hero of the ensuing complications is Liffey's unborn son, who sends reassuring vibes to his mother, nudges her into adulthood, and bestows benign powers to counteract Mabs's diabolic ones. The tensions between Weldon's deliciously caustic commentary and her genuine sympathy for the errant characters animate this cunning but occasionally glib novel. —LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

The Great Los Angeles Fire
by Edward Stewart
A Casablanca Bookworks/ David Obst Book
Simon and Schuster, 256 pp., $9.95

JUST WHERE, media-wise, is a Casablanca Bookworks/ David Obst Book published by Simon and Schuster? Since Casablanca is a record company, Obst a Los Angeles-based agent turned editor, and S&S a publishing house that, along with Paramount Pictures, is part of the Leisure Time Group of Gulf & Western, it clearly belongs to the world of the tie-in and the spin-off. Equally hybrid is *The Great Los Angeles Fire*'s author, identified in pre-publication publicity as "Jackson Rice," on the book jacket as "Edward Stewart," and on the copyright page as Gordon Lish.

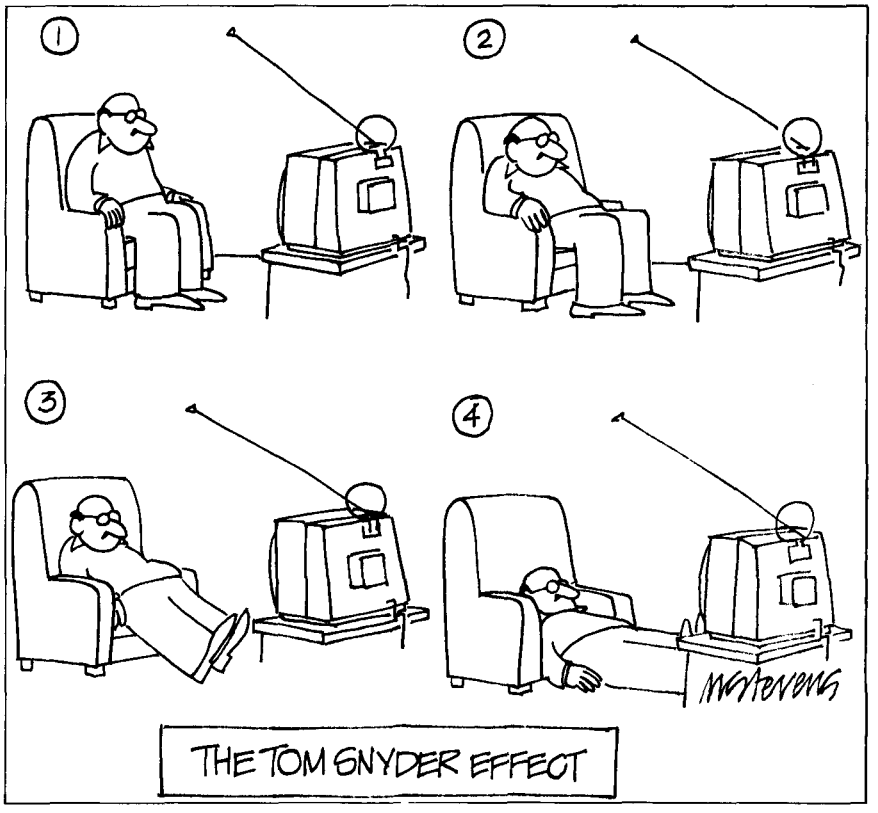
Any suspicion that maybe, just maybe, this novel was envisioned as a movie from the start, with publication merely a help in getting financing, is confirmed by the plot, which is tailor-made for a screenplay. Horribly disfigured and crazed by a fire accident during the Vietnam War, Frank Venice (Bruce Dern, perhaps) decides to burn down Los Angeles. Drawn into his fiendish scheme are: L.A. fire chief Eddy Caldwell (Roy Scheider), the best in the business but wracked by guilt over the death of his wife and son a few years back; Cas Lovenko (Richard Dreyfus), the Colorado University pyro-expert brought in to help fight the blaze; TV journalist VV Cameron (Jane Fonda), who sets out to expose Eddy but comes to love him.

Rice/Stewart/Lish handles it all reasonably well—moving things along briskly. But it seems silly to fork over $9.95 for this forgettable tale when you can wait for the movie, and save five bucks. —BEN YAGODA

The Fat Man in History
by Peter Carey
Random House, 192 pp., $8.95

PETER CAREY'S Australia is a land of nightmare, not a good place for the faint-hearted to wander through after dark. However, devotees of the contemporary short story should take a few deep breaths and forge ahead. The stories in this collection are as brilliant as they are bizarre.

Carey writes in a genre somewhere between science fiction and surrealism. Although the stories are not connected, the tonality is similar, the style terse throughout. The time is the near future, and life is less than pleasant. In the title story, unwanted fat men, waddling through the thin streets of post-revolutionary society, plot to "eat



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just think: Yoga with no mystery - no gurus - no mountain retreats - no classes to attend - no expense! Just some good plain common sense in this new Quest book that tells you "How to Compose Your Own Yoga Course".

Yoga For a Better Life

(151 pictures - Many drawings)

By David Schonfeld

Yoga instructor at Herbert H. Lehman College of CUNY who took his instruction from an Indian yogi and "westernized" it for all of us.

Full of explicit instructions on how you can measure your own physical capabilities, then prepare a yogic course custom made for *your* body. David describes the positions; tells you how long to hold each one; how long to practice. How you will know when you are ready to move on to more difficult positions. It's a yoga for the young--the old-the healthy-the infirm. You will *feel better-look better-act better-be better.* Plus: A complete yogic philosophy that will enrich your inner life. The whole thing is a happy, rewarding experience. $6.50

A Quest Book—at bookstores, or from Quest Books, Dept. SR, 306 W. Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM,** The Language Quarterly, dealing with all aspects of language. Send $7.50 (U.S.) or $8.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668KM ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A.

Don't make your mail come looking for you.

Notify everyone a month before you move.

© USPS 1980

BOOK BRIEFS

everything." Executives in "War Crimes" see themselves as "the Andy Warhols of business" and eliminate unemployment by eliminating the unemployed. Peter Carey combines the familiar and the fantastic, the humorous and the horrible in this collection of stories that are always uncomfortably real. —SANDRA KATZ

The Origin: A Biographical Novel of Charles Darwin
by Irving Stone
Doubleday, 744 pp., $14.95

READING THROUGH *The Origin* is like eating Cracker Jacks and finding an IOU note at the bottom of the box. Even Jacqueline Susann and Harold Robbins, whatever their flaws, give their readers the sleaze and glitter that the dust jacket promises. But what explains the success of Irving Stone, master of the soporific epic, those big "biographical novels" that over the years have dulled the lives of Freud and Michelangelo?

Stone's drowsy account of Charles Darwin's legendary voyage to the tropical marvels of South America and the dream islands of the Pacific makes you think of Joseph Conrad and wish for James Michener. Nor was Darwin the faceless bore that Stone imagines, speaking in starched sentences that seem lifted from science textbooks.

The Origin is neither reliable biography nor decent fiction. The mysteries we glimpse are the mysteries of nature, of diaphanous sea creatures and age-old giant tortoises. But on the mysteries of the human mind and heart, the author is mute. —JOHN FLUDAS

A Political Fable
by Robert Coover
The Viking Press, 88 pp., $5.95

THIS IS NOT exactly a new book. In fact, it is stretching things to resurrect in hardcover a short story that, when published in *New American Review No. 4* in 1968, ran to 39 pages. The original title, "The Cat in the Hat for President," was also less inflated. It's not that the fable, in which the renowned Dr. Seuss character gets the presidential nomination because of his charismatic magic tricks, doesn't hold up. But for anyone who was there 12 years ago, shortly after the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy, in the election year that brought us Richard Nixon, *A Political Fable* seems more a trip down memory lane than a universal satire. The increasingly demonic nature of the Cat in the Hat, the stoned-out double talk and sloganeering, the haywire absurdity embraced by officials and public alike recall those days of Turn On-Tune In-Drop Out and Hell-No We-Won't-Go. It's still a dandy short story but, to cite another 1970s chestnut, it isn't Relevant. —CAROLE COOK

The Girl Green as Elderflower
by Randolph Stow
The Viking Press, 156 pp., $9.95

CRISPIN CLARE is a young Englishman recuperating in the Suffolk countryside from a nervous collapse he suffered in the colonies. The world in which Clare convalesces is a beautifully observed one of hedge-garlic, campion, hawthorn, nettle-choked sluices, and conker-colored earth. But novelist Randolph Stow does more than evoke the beauty of the English countryside in *The Girl Green as Elderflower.*

Clare is haunted by both his past insanity and by the spirits of the place. Simple events like the visit of friends and the sight of unknown people send him on anguished excursions into the magical world of ancient Suffolk. Characters in Clare's present are reincarnations of the mythical folk of ancient Britain—the Wild Man of Orford, the Green Children of Woolpit, and the Sprite of Dagworth. As the book progresses, the distinction between past and present becomes increasingly blurred. Clare slowly comes to grips with these spirits and reestablishes the boundaries of what is real in his return to sanity.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This novel is a turbulent and sometimes confusing one. But these shortcomings are more than compensated for by Randolph Stow's unusual imagination, his good humor, and by the intensity and lyrical beauty of his writing. —PETER CANBY

Nonfiction

Paradigms Lost: Reflections on Literacy and Its Decline
by John Simon
Clarkson N. Potter, 224 pp., $12.95

THE WISE CATALOGUERS at the Library of Congress have classified John Simon's new book under the apt heading of "English language—anecdotes, facetiae, satire." Truly this is a book for lovers of facetiae. It is a collection of 36 essays on language written by the ubiquitous critic at the behest of the editors of *Esquire* and the now defunct *More* magazine. Addicts of the more elegant Messrs. Fowler and Follett may be slightly disappointed by Simon's tendency to ride his hobby-horses too hard. He is also suffering from word-limititis. No sooner does his spleen warm to a subject—gender speak, black English, U or non-U words—than he's reached the end of his column; and for a writer of Simon's abilities, this amounts to a sort of literary coitus interruptus. Erica Jong and Rex Reed get it between the eyes, the copy editors of the *New York Times* and the *New York Review of Books* take some lumps, etc., but it's all in good fun. John Simon is a great stylist.
—CAROLE COOK

The Question of Separatism: Quebec and the Struggle Over Sovereignity
by Jane Jacobs
Random House, 144 pp., $8.95

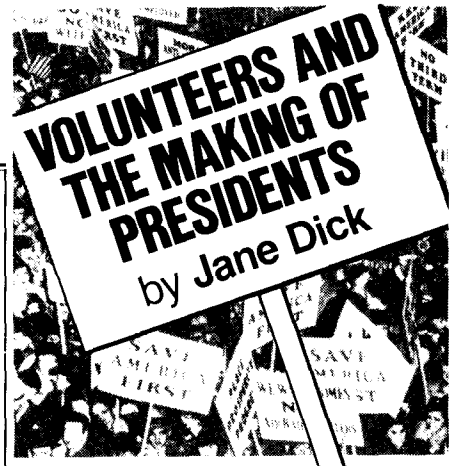
JANE JACOBS is a philosopher of scale. She says that small, while not perfect, is often preferable to big, which seldom works well for either animals or architecture. She enshrined her argument in her classic *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, and has now extended this theory to include nations. As she says, uncontrollable bureaucracies and frequent oppression have often been the mark of large nations, but not of small ones.

The Question of Separatism, her first book in 11 years, is in keeping with her theme—it is small, only 144 pages, and it is packed with more ideas than many a 10-ton tome. Mrs. Jacobs sees no reason why Quebec ought not to secede from Canada. She argues cogently that her new Canadian homeland might have to break up in order to survive. Nor does she see a need for an American-style civil war if such an event should occur. She reminds us that Norway left Sweden peacefully and quietly in what to the outside world is a now forgotten event.

Some parts of her discussion are precisely the ones she used in her earlier writings on the failures of modern urban planning. But they are good points and well worth reading. No one handles a discussion on the corruption of size as well or as precisely as she does.
—ARTHUR SPIEGELMAN

Lyndon: An Oral Biography
by Merle Miller
G.P. Putnam's Sons, 645 pp., $17.95

DESPITE ITS formidable size, a quality in keeping with its subject, there is simply no way that *Lyndon*, Merle Miller's newest "oral biography," could be a dull book. John Kenneth Galbraith, Lady Bird, and the hundreds of others interviewed for this compendium of LBJ anecdotes have obviously been infected by Johnson's tangy vulgarity and storytelling prowess. Hubert Humphrey in particular emerges as a colloquial poet: "When you listen to Nixon's tapes, you see that he was uncomfortable with profanity; it was his way of trying to show he was a tough guy. But with Johnson it was part of him, part of the language, part of the music. Those were the black keys of the piano he played."



Active herself as a volunteer supporting presidential hopefuls, Jane Dick explores the profound influence of the "political amateur" in presidential elections. Her book "provides insights into an important element of American political participation,"* and is of vital interest and inspiration to anyone concerned with the welfare of the country, particularly in a presidential election year.
$10.95 hardcover,
$6.95 paperback
*Library Journal
DODD MEAD

You can learn to concentrate for $1.50
(Another inflation resistant Quest book)
Concentration
A six month course which is also an approach to mind control and proper meditation.
By ERNEST WOOD
Author of *Mind and Memory Training* & *Study of Pleasure and Pain*
A thoroughly practical book. Has helped hundreds of thousands to take full charge of their mind. Immediately useful to anyone who wants to *achieve* or who is searching for tranquility. Clear fast reading. No pro jargon. Incl. 36 physical and mental exercises. 154 pgs. $1.50
At many bookstores or from Quest Books
Dept. SR,
306 W. Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187
Please add .60 for postage and handling

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE'S A CHALLENGE TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD!
If within ten days you're not a profoundly happier person,
return ROAD TO PEACE AND HAPPINESS (by Dan Low/Miki Laudii)
and you'll be fully refunded.
SEND $12.00 (PLUS $3.00 FOR AIR POSTAGE AND HANDLING) BY CHECK OR INTL. MONEY ORDER, TO: PATRICIA SOMMIER (SR), 92, RUE SAINT-LAZARE, 75009 PARIS, FRANCE.

BOOK BRIEFS

Johnson's gaucheries are recounted at delightful length: He belches at state dinners, eats bacon off a dignitary's plate, and complains, when Secret Service men admonish him for urinating under the stars, that the presidency destroys "the small pleasures of life." But the emphasis is on Johnson's feeling for the poor and his remarkable civil rights record, a legacy sadly eclipsed by the Vietnam debacle. This is a vivid, stirring, expertly organized book that captures not only Lyndon Johnson but also America in the Sixties. —JACK SULLIVAN

American Aristocracy: The Lives and Times of James Russell, Amy, and Robert Lowell
by C. David Heymann
Dodd, Mead, 561 pp., $17.95

THE LOWELLS landed near Boston in 1639 and have been one of its leading families ever since. Heymann sketches a brief history of the main branches of the family, their wealth, intellectual powers, and devotion to the cultural life of their city, then turns to the Lowells that interest him, the three American poets.

James Russell Lowell, presented here as having manic-depressive tendencies, did most of his memorable work—including *A Fable for Critics* and *The Biglow Papers*—in a single year, 1848, at the age of 30; he then survived a series of numbing personal tragedies to become restrained, bookish, and respectable. Two generations later, dumpy Amy Lowell emerged as an outspoken, cigar-smoking poet of the Imagist school whose life of Keats, according to Heymann, was her only significant accomplishment.

Nearly half of this book is devoted to the recently deceased Robert Lowell. Heymann's suggestion of anti-Semitism in Lowell's work may prove controversial, but his argument that the poet continued the family's conservative politics of privilege is convincing. Rebellious and unstable, Robert wandered through three marriages, religious crises, and alcoholism, spending much of his life in mental institutions. Surely one of the best poets of his generation, he changed the direction of American poetry when he abandoned impersonal craftsmanship for the colloquial, confessional statements of *Life Studies*.

A valuable, impressive study of a great family at the heights of American poetry. —CHARLES NICOL

The Stranger Beside Me
by Ann Rule
W. W. Norton & Co., 328 pp., $14.95

WHEN FLORIDA judge Edward Cowart sentenced mass murderer Theodore Robert Bundy to die in the electric chair last year, he said, "Take care of yourself, young man. I mean that sincerely."

After reading Ann Rule's serious, balanced, and absorbing account of Bundy's life, the judge's sentiment comes as no surprise. Everyone but his victims liked Ted Bundy. To hear Mrs. Rule, Bundy's close friend for a decade, tell it, he was kind, courteous, and caring to his friends. But among strangers, a glazed look would go over his eyes, and he would turn deadly.

Authorities think Bundy brutally murdered between 21 and 36 young women in four states. Why Bundy went on his killing spree is a question that Mrs. Rule grapples with, but without success. He was insane, he resented women with long brown hair parted in the middle, and late in life he learned he was an illegitimate child. The last two reasons may have given his madness its murderous direction, but Mrs. Rule is no Dostoyevsky, no Camus, and no Norman Mailer in the "Why did he kill?" game. She is simply a professional crime writer who met Bundy a decade ago when they both worked the switchboard of a crisis intervention center, convincing anguished telephone callers not to commit suicide. She wrote his story as best she could. It makes for a gripping tale.

—ARTHUR SPIEGELMAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Listen, America!
by Jerry Falwell
Doubleday-Galilee, 269 pp., $9.95

AMERICA HAS LOST her economic and military prominence and is on the way to self-destruction, says video-pastor Jerry Falwell, thanks to our national sins of abortion, pornography, homosexuality, and humanism. "No nation has ever been stronger than the families within her," yet our families are being undermined by the *Playboy* philosophy, by feminism, and by the federal government, which actually provides its families far less protection from nuclear attack than does the government of the Soviet Union.

Falwell is host of *The Old Time Gospel Hour*, one of the most-watched religious programs in history; mass revivalism is his modus operandi to recapture the glory that was America. Evidently we have the capability to get back on track—to put the kibosh on Khomeini, to trample communism, to lower oil prices—if we stop sinning and keep praying. Sad to say, this kind of message gets across much better from the pulpit. —MELANIE PULIK

The New Celibacy
by Gabrielle Brown, Ph.D.
McGraw-Hill, 200 pp., $10.95

JAMES THURBER and E.B White were only joking when they wrote *Is Sex Necessary?* some 51 years ago. Alas, times have changed and what was once whimsical has turned, in the hands of Gabrielle Brown, deadly serious.

Dr. Brown answers Thurber and White's question in the negative. Not only is sex not necessary, she says, but more and more men and women are getting their kicks these days from abstaining. In fact, they are staggering out of the sexual revolution like a drunk in the throes of a hangover vowing "Never again."

The New Celibacy makes chastity sound like the 1980 equivalent of snake oil. It seems to cure almost everything except dandruff. For example, male abstainers quoted by Brown boast that they really feel great because they are no longer wasting precious bodily fluids. And a few claim that laying off sex leads to better sex, even though the idea of celibacy's improving one's sex life contradicts the popular notion that practice makes perfect. Oxymoronic arguments pepper this odd "Joy of No Sex" that gives chastity, logic, and popular psychology bad names.

—ARTHUR SPIEGELMAN

Unfinished Business: Pressure Points in the Lives of Women
by Maggie Scarf
Doubleday, 581 pp., $14.95

MAGGIE SCARF, author of the well-regarded collection *Body, Mind, Behavior*, has interviewed women patients at Yale's Dana Psychiatric Clinic and elsewhere in an attempt to identify what she calls "pressure points"—critical stages in the female life cycle that can lead to the onset of depression. The over-long recounting of these interviews drifts along in a sea of sisterly sympathy and irrelevant detail. (Need we be informed every time a distraught subject reaches for a cigarette or shreds a Kleenex?) By the time we reach the case of fiftyish Doris, we are being told that there is no such thing as "menopausal depression" and that regardless of age, all the women Scarf talked to are wrestling with the same dilemma—the fact that society's idea of what constitutes healthy, self-fulfilling adult behavior often contradicts its definition of femininity.

If previous books have gone too far in ignoring the biological and genetic components of depression, Scarf leans too far the other way in suggesting that readers who suffer from the "common cold of psychiatric disorders" should identify themselves as ill and seek high-level (and expensive) treatment.

Unfinished Business is a disappointing discussion of depression, with much to say about the symptoms but no clarification of the disease.

—JOYCE MILTON

FREE DOVER CATALOG
2500 attractive paperbacks from $1.00 to $5.00, formerly $10.00 to $500.00. Art, music, philosophy, anthropology, architecture, chess, juveniles, design, photography. By Einstein, H. G. Wells, Spinoza, Bolvinnik, Braque, Shaw. 64 page catalogue absolutely FREE! Write Dover Pubns., Dept. 25, 180 Varick St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014. "America's most imaginative reprint publisher."—Time Magazine.

Fine Hardwood Music Stands . . .
Early Music Stands offers the finest in hardwood music stands, upholstered performers benches, instrument stands, and much more. Write for your copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog of *chamber music furniture* today. Please include $1 to cover the cost of postage and handling.
Early Music Stands
Drawer 815, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

THE HALF MOON CLUB
HOTEL, COTTAGES, APARTMENTS AND GOLF VILLAS
Heinz E.W. Simonitsch – Managing Director
Rose Hall, Jamaica, W.I.
GOLF · TENNIS · SQUASH · WATERSPORTS
SAUNA · MASSAGE · PRIVATE BEACH
See Your Travel Agent or Call
TCI 800-423-2922 • JRS 800-327-5767

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR
While Striding for Exercise
200 Language Club, Box 1727
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213

The Dramatic Story of Cardiac Surgery and Its Pioneers
TO MEND THE HEART
by Lael Wertenbaker
"Magically illuminates ... an astonishing leap in medical knowledge and surgical technique." —ANTHONY LEWIS
"One of the great medical stories of the age."
—JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
$14.95
VIKING

$5.95: every word you'll ever need
THE DOUBLEDAY ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM
* Up to date
* 250,000 Synonyms and Antonyms
* Large, clear type
Why pay more? All-new, hardcover, and only $5.95 ($7.95 thumb-indexed).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

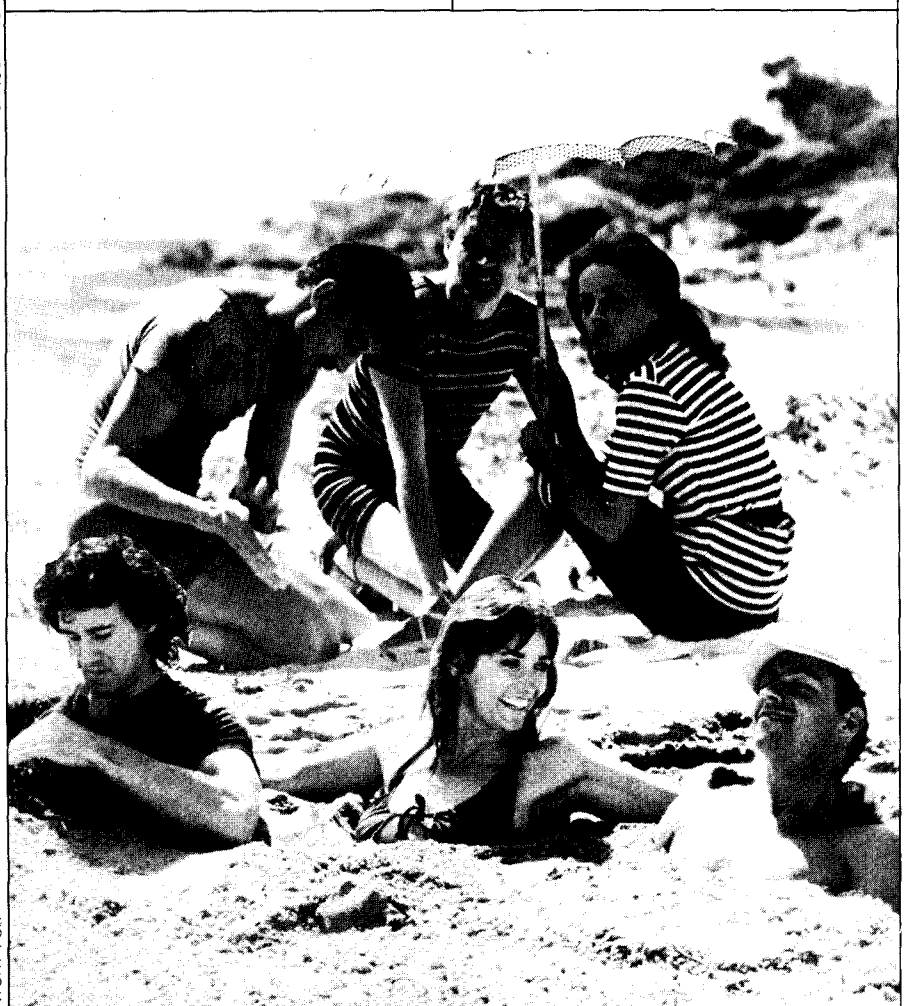
FILM

Judith Crist

Mazursky's Clear-Eyed Vision

Few of us who were moviegoers in the Sixties—or revival-house patrons thereafter—can forget the impact of Francois Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*. In 1962 it was unconventional in both form and content: The exuberant free-form artistry of this purely cinematic work changed the look of movies to follow, and the equally exuberant free-form behavior of its characters was... well, the Legion of Decency (now defunct) condemned the film on the ground that its morality was too "obscure" for the masses.

Many a fantasist, let alone filmmaker, I suspect, has been tempted to update Truffaut's tale of a trio attempting to achieve the life of "free spirits." Now writer-director Paul Mazursky, a consistently compassionate observer and semi-satirist of America's middle-class, has succumbed to that temptation. Truffaut's Montparnasse of 1907 is Mazursky's Greenwich Village circa 1970, and his heroes are *Willie and Phil*.



JANUS FILMS

20TH CENTURY-FOX

Top: Henri Serre, Oskar Werner, Jeanne Moreau in Truffaut's exuberant *Jules and Jim*. Bottom: Ontkean, Kidder, Sharkey in Mazursky's equally exuberant Seventies update.

Willie is a high-school English teacher with dreams of being a professional jazz pianist; Phil is a photographer with dreams of being a Jewish intellectual. The two meet at the movies—a Truffaut double-feature, no less—and become fast friends. Into Washington Square and their lives one day comes Jeannette, who has traveled from Kentucky with less-focused dreams of "being somebody" in New York. Much in the Truffaut manner, both men love the lady. She marries Willie, resorts to Phil—and then Truffaut's plot and Mazursky's plot part company for the sake of contemporary truth and an appreciation of how we really live out our lives.

Similarity of plots is, in any case, bare-bone. From the start Mazursky makes his fable of the 1970s very much his own. He's used his clear eye for the fashions and foibles and identity crises of the middle class before—as co-author of *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*, co-author and director of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Alex in Wonderland*, and *Harry and Tonto*, writer-director of *Blume in Love*, *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, and, most recently, *An Unmarried Woman*.

In *Willie and Phil* he again tells us that men and women, despite their flings at freedom, remain rooted in the family. Over the years Willie, Phil, and Jeannette succumb to all the chic shticks of their time—the acid trip, the yoga bit, the back-to-the-soil syndrome, and, in Phil's case, gold and girls. Willie spends the decade in search of himself; Phil follows success—and Jeannette finds it. Unlike Truffaut's trio, they face no life-and-death melodramas—that's not in the American way, after all, where a major crisis is

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mother's reaction to a *ménage à trois* or a guilt trip after a roll in the sheets with your best friend's girl.

Ingmar Bergman's cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, helps Mazursky show the lush living of those with a zest for it—in the Village itself, in a sparse countryside, in sun-soaked California. With affection and wit he observes the ego rampant as three persons—who claim, in Jeannette's eloquent terms, that "our destinies are interlocked forever"—separately search for self-satisfaction, which they insist on calling a "lifestyle."

Mazursky tends to over-detail his characters and over-stuff his canvas; but his observations are so sharp, and his personalities so appealing, that the details and stuffing are amusing. Michael Ontkean as a fuzz-headed, agreeable Willie and Ray Sharkey as an earnest, guilt-ridden Phil are beguiling; Margot Kidder gives Jeannette a fascinating quality as the woman whose aspirations are "peace of mind and instant gratification"—and who knows how to achieve them. On the fringes are nice bits by Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Julie Bovasso as Phil's, and Helen Hantt as a "used-car salesperson." The *epoque* may not have been as *belle* as the one Truffaut astutely limned, but Mazursky has managed to sum up a segment of the American Seventies in humanistic and humorous terms.

UNIFILM

Alina Sanchez and Daisy Granados in Pastor Vega's *Portrait of Teresa*, the year's most controversial Cuban film. Vega suggests that Castro's "liberation" only frees women to become as enslaved to work as they have always been to family.

Another film, *Portrait of Teresa* sums up the situation of working women in Cuba and, to a large extent, our country. The film, made a year ago by Pastor Vega, hitherto a documentarian, has been the year's most successful and controversial film in its country, and has made quite a stir in showings at various American film festivals before its commercial release here this month. Its examination of sexual politics is the controversial part, but no less valuable is a fascinating contemporary view of the Cuban working class. Most important, however, it is an engrossing study of an intelligent young woman who is convinced, against all opposition from her family and an archaic social system, that she is entitled to a life as a human being"

Teresa works in a textile factory and, as her union's chairperson, directs an after-work dance group that is preparing for a national competition. She's up before dawn doing household tasks and getting her husband and three children set for the day; she's home bone-weary in time for bed. Her husband, Ramon, a television repairman who at one time encouraged her independence, now accuses her of neglecting her "sacred duties" as a wife and mother, while the Communist Party functionary at the factory insists that "We can all do a little bit more for the revolution."

Teresa faces the universal dilemma of the working wife and mother, along with the particular cultural pressures of the Cuban woman. In fact, Vega's inspiration for the movie came from a Cuban Academy of Sciences study that concluded the fundamental problems born of the revolution were "the tensions created between married people." The 1959 Castro takeover was certainly beneficial to Cuban women in many ways; divorce is easier, contraception is readily available, child-care centers are numerous. But as Teresa's mother remarks, attempting to discourage her daughter's rebellion, "Men are men and women are women—and not even Fidel can change that."

Their 10-year marriage in deep crisis, Teresa and her husband separate. He's off to an affair with an available and casual younger woman; Teresa becomes more involved with the dance company and its choreographer. Then Ramon seeks a reconciliation, blithely assuming forgiveness for his infidelity. What if Teresa had done the same? "I'm a man and it's different." The conclusion of *Portrait of Teresa* is itself different, a far cry from the romanticism that America's liberated women demand on screen for Ellen Burstyn or Jill Clayburgh, who always manage to have Kris Kristofferson or Alan Bates in the offing.

Daisy Granados, whom you may remember as the seductress in *Memoirs of Underdevelopment*, is, at 37, a dark beauty, full-figured, with huge-eyed intelligence. Her Teresa is memorable. The virile, attractive Adolfo Llaurado as Ramon helps complete a portrait of the world that exists for the women among us who find that they have only 24 hours each day to be worker, wife, mother, and human being. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPHY

Owen Edwards

An Arch Fantasy

On the banks of the Mississippi River in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, stands a monumental arch, designed by architect Eero Saarinan and erected in 1965. More than 600 feet high, sheathed in gleaming, inviolate plates of stainless steel, tapering with delicate power toward its apogee, the structure is called the Gateway Arch.

The Gateway Arch must be the most photographed object in St. Louis. I can easily imagine a fairy tale a century or so hence in which the city disappears in a puff of Anheuser-Busch hops when at last a visitor fails to aim his Instamatic at the arch. However, given its too obvious beauty and inevitable presence, the Gateway Arch might not seem to offer a particularly promising subject for a serious photographer; nor, for that matter, would the city of St. Louis, compared to the lavishly photogenic possibilities of New York, or Los Angeles, or San Francisco. But nothing seems impossible for Joel Meyerowitz, the masterful colorist whose exhibition, *Cape Light* (at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston last year), established him as one of the best color photographers of the many-hued new wave. In an exhibition at the St. Louis Art Museum, and in a handsome, beguiling book titled *St. Louis and the Arch* (New York Graphic Society), Meyerowitz has used the arch as a touchstone around which to fashion an extraordinary photographic essay, a chromatic fantasy and fugue, that investigates the seemingly infinite possibilities of artistic viewpoint.

The somewhat odd project—a photo essay on the potentially limited theme of the Gateway Arch—was inspired by a visit Meyerowitz made to St. Louis in 1977. James N. Wood, director of the St. Louis Art Museum, happened to see some of the *Cape Light* photographs and suggested that the photographer cast a similarly contemplative gaze at the very different terrain of St. Louis. According to Wood, the pivotal role played by the arch evolved later, as Meyerowitz found himself moved by the monument in near mystical ways.

> I came to be in awe of it. Once, while passing through its center, I stood at the place where the sound would emerge if it were a tuning fork. I felt the vibration in the air. . . .With all of its sameness, I would stalk around it and it was never the same. It was a sundial. Light and color made their way over its surface. I have seen the arch change from a white you could not look at to black, in broad daylight. I've seen it disappear, reflect like a mirror, and turn pink, sometimes all in one day. I remembered mountains doing that.

This is a powerful reaction to what is generally perceived as a tourist attraction (albeit one of remarkable aesthetic beauty), and one could suspect Meyerowitz of grant-induced hyperbole, were it not for the bravura style in which his awe and fascination are displayed. In fact, his *sense* of the arch is so strong and abiding that even when he photographs other areas of St. Louis, and other structures, the arch seems to inhabit the pictures.

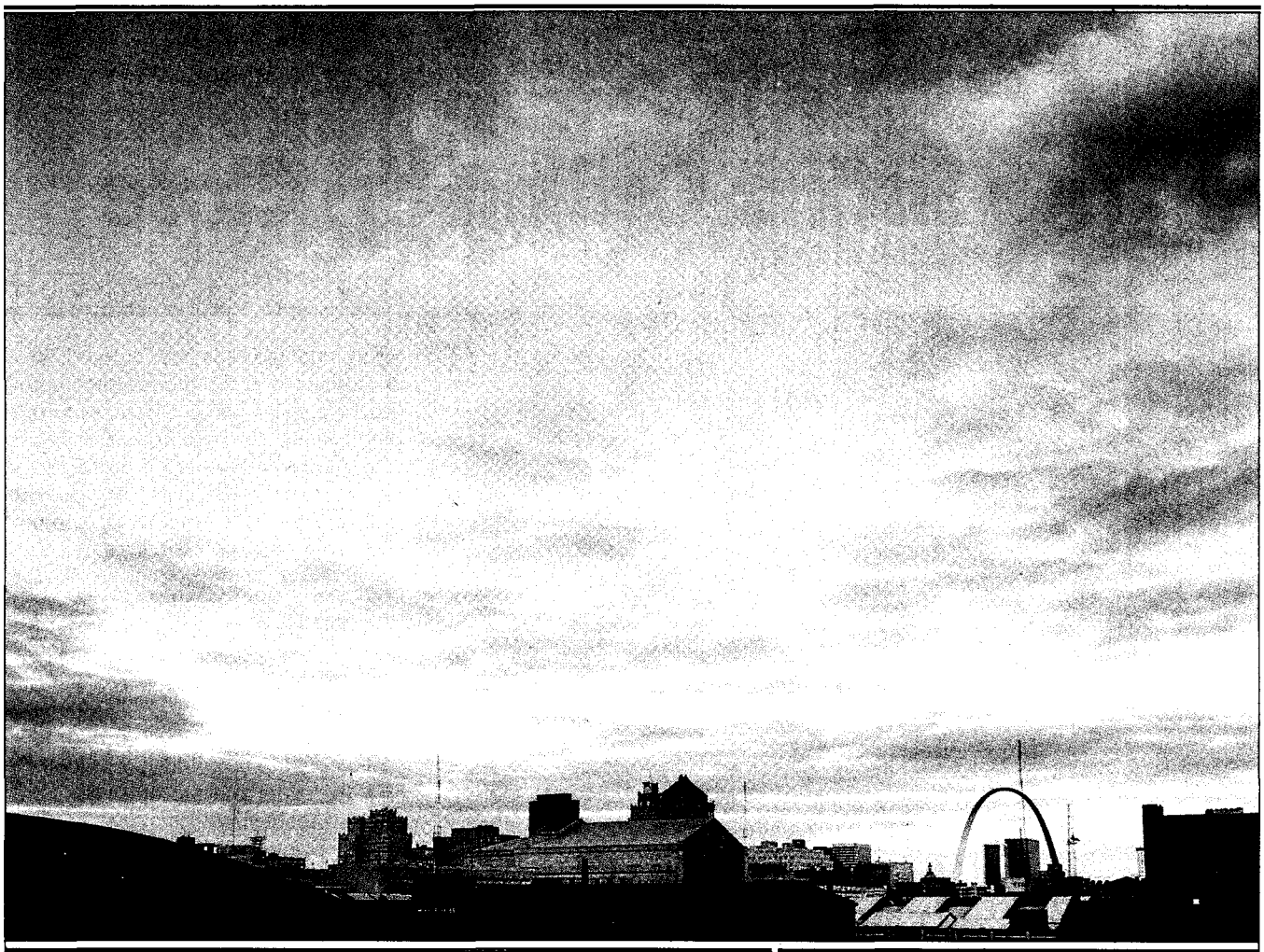
At one time or another, most artists develop an *idée fixe* and gallop after it with varying measures of relentlessness. What keeps Meyerowitz's infatuation with the Gateway Arch from becoming tedious or merely conceptual is the photographer's disciplined realization that his allegiance is to pictures, not to St. Louis or to the seductive nuances of color or (if you will allow me) to arch for arch sake. What keeps the pictures almost consistently interesting is his ability to express a rich range of emotions through them, from sheer nostalgia (not only for his photograph's subject matter, but for photography itself) to a delighted and delightful humor.

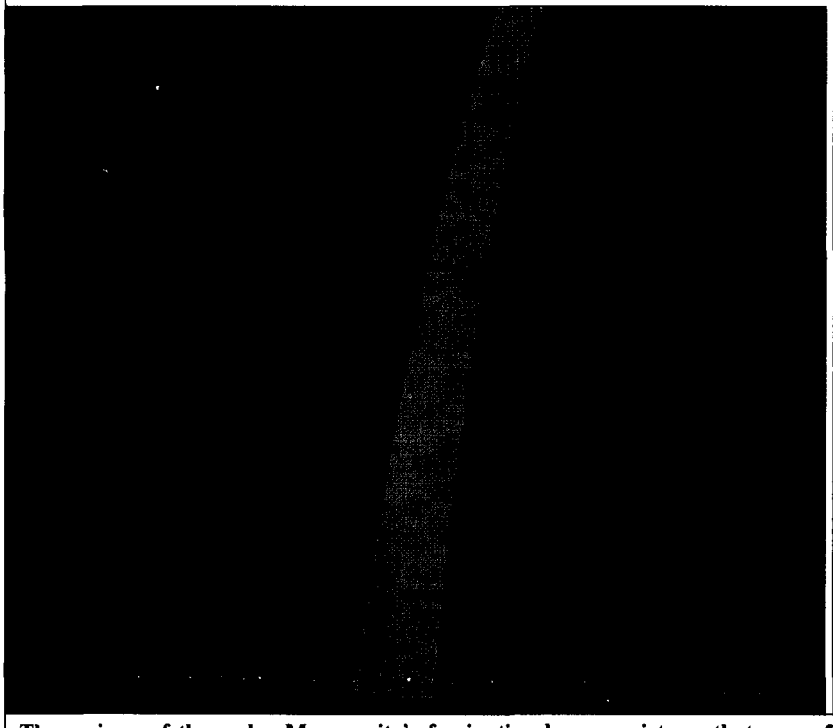
Joel Meyerowitz did not, of course, invent color photography, nor has his work so far been revolutionary. What Meyerowitz is doing is refining the elements of color that appeal to him and melding large camera formalism with the agile eye of a 35-millimeter street photographer (which he once was). Judging from the St. Louis pictures, Meyerowitz is intelligent and accessible, yet retains an invigorating unpredictability, varying his approach from harsh, biting colors to lavish romanticism, from austere formality to almost candid offhandedness, from literal symbolism to pure studies in color.

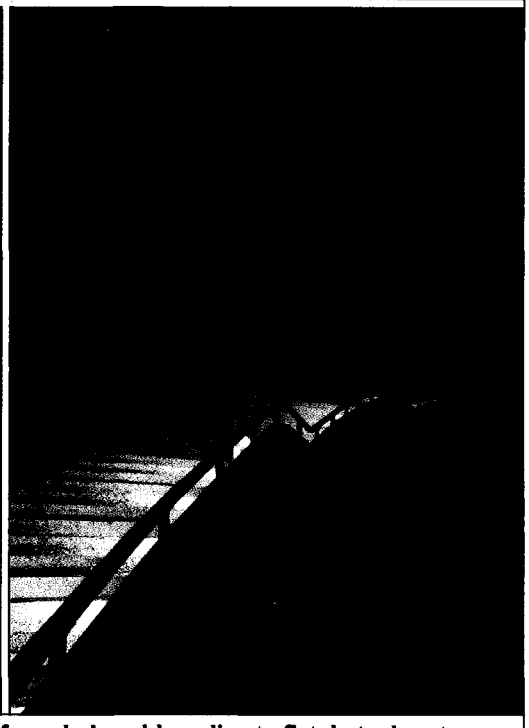
Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of Meyerowitz's color is the way it seems to change as he discovers what he can do with modern materials and printing techniques. The *Cape Light* pictures, and many in the St. Louis series, are lush to the point of being Turneresque. Some of the new work is dark, brooding, and almost without color, while some is flat, hot, almost crass, like colors rolled on a wall to test house paints. Seen in a photograph, the blunt colors are decidedly unpretty, often shocking. Critic Jane Malcolm recently claimed that photographers who use these colors are really imitating photo-realist painting (itself an unabashed imitation of bad photographs).

But in the hands of someone as deft as Joel Meyerowitz, the photographs are far more delectable than the paintings they seem to resemble. It's as if Meyerowitz is twitting the painters, showing them, with brio, that they could have saved themselves considerable effort—and gullible art collectors large sums of money—if they had only learned to do it right with a camera in the first place. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







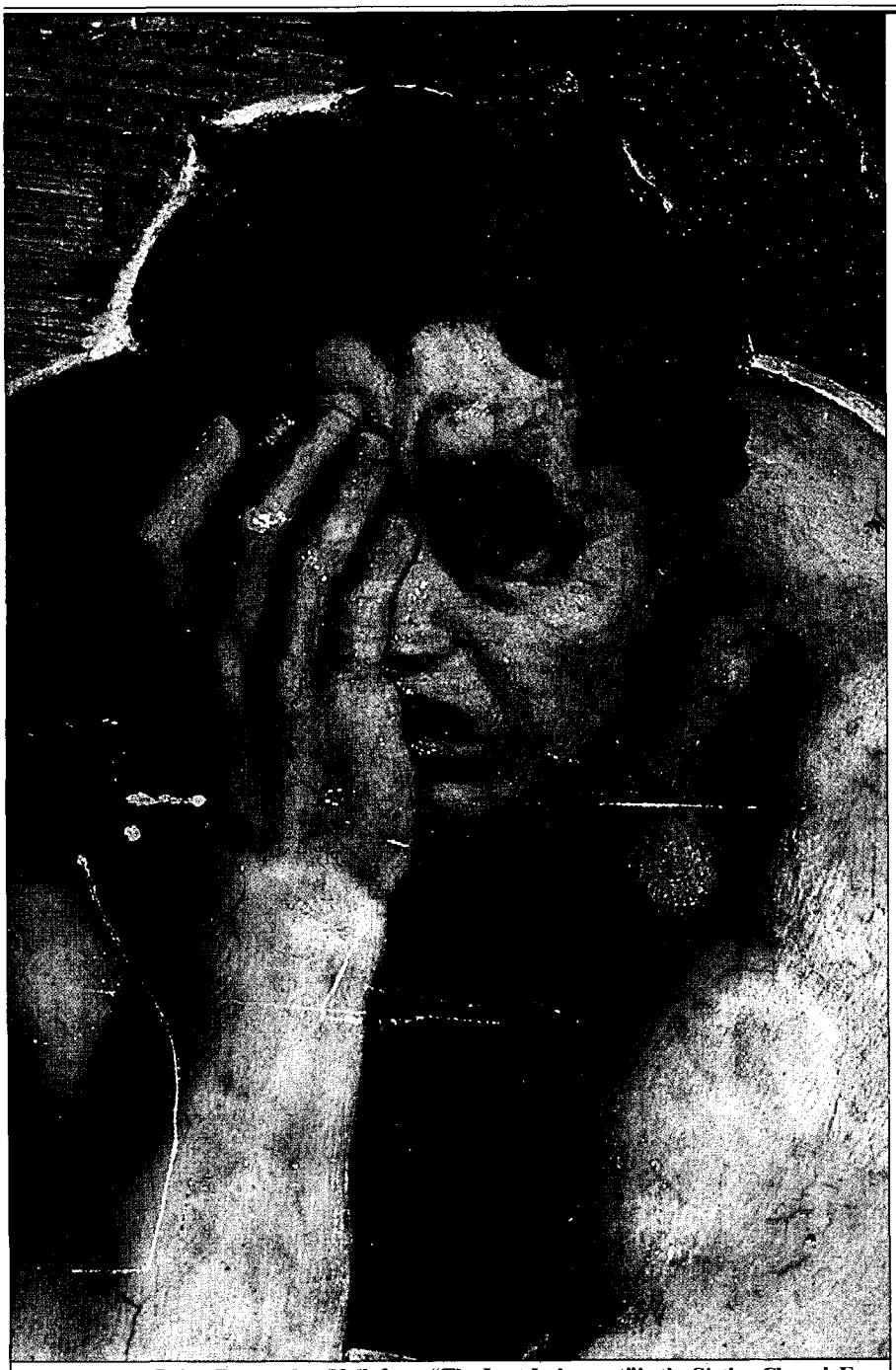
Three views of the arch—Meyerowitz's fascination became pictures that range from dark and brooding to flat, hot, almost crass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

John Canaday

The Sistine Ceiling Up Close



The Damned Being Dragged to Hell, from "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. For $4,500, you too can discover the Sistine's smallest details.

First, the price: $4,500 for two 17-by-20-inch volumes of reproductions of Michelangelo's Vatican frescoes, with a smaller volume of text by the French art historian Andre Chastel. So far, only the first volume, given over to the Sistine Ceiling, is available for examination, but that's enough. Presuming an equal level of reproduction in the second, which combines the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel and less well-known frescoes in the Pauline Chapel, and the price for *The Vatican Frescoes of Michelangelo* (Abbeville Press) is right, if you can afford it.

For $4,500 you could take a nice little trip to Rome and see other postcard sites in that inexhaustible city, but if the main object of the visit is to see the Sistine Ceiling, you might do better with the book. Even under the best conditions a visit to the Sistine Chapel is a disappointing experience—which is not to say that the ceiling itself is inherently disappointing. It remains the climactic expression of the Italian Renaissance, a contender for the title of the greatest work of Western painting —if one has to choose—and certainly the most majestic summary outside the Bible of the Judeo-Christian story of our creation, our frailty, and our hope of redemption.

Yet we always see this phenomenal work of art once-removed from what we expect. Standing on the floor and craning our necks, we never manage quite to get within its presence. I know of no one with a wide experience of art who would name his first sight of the ceiling as the most moving of his experiences with painting. Giotto's Arena Chapel, yes; Grunewald's Isenheim altarpiece, yes; the Lascaux caverns, back in the days when you could get into them, yes. But not Michelangelo's ceiling.

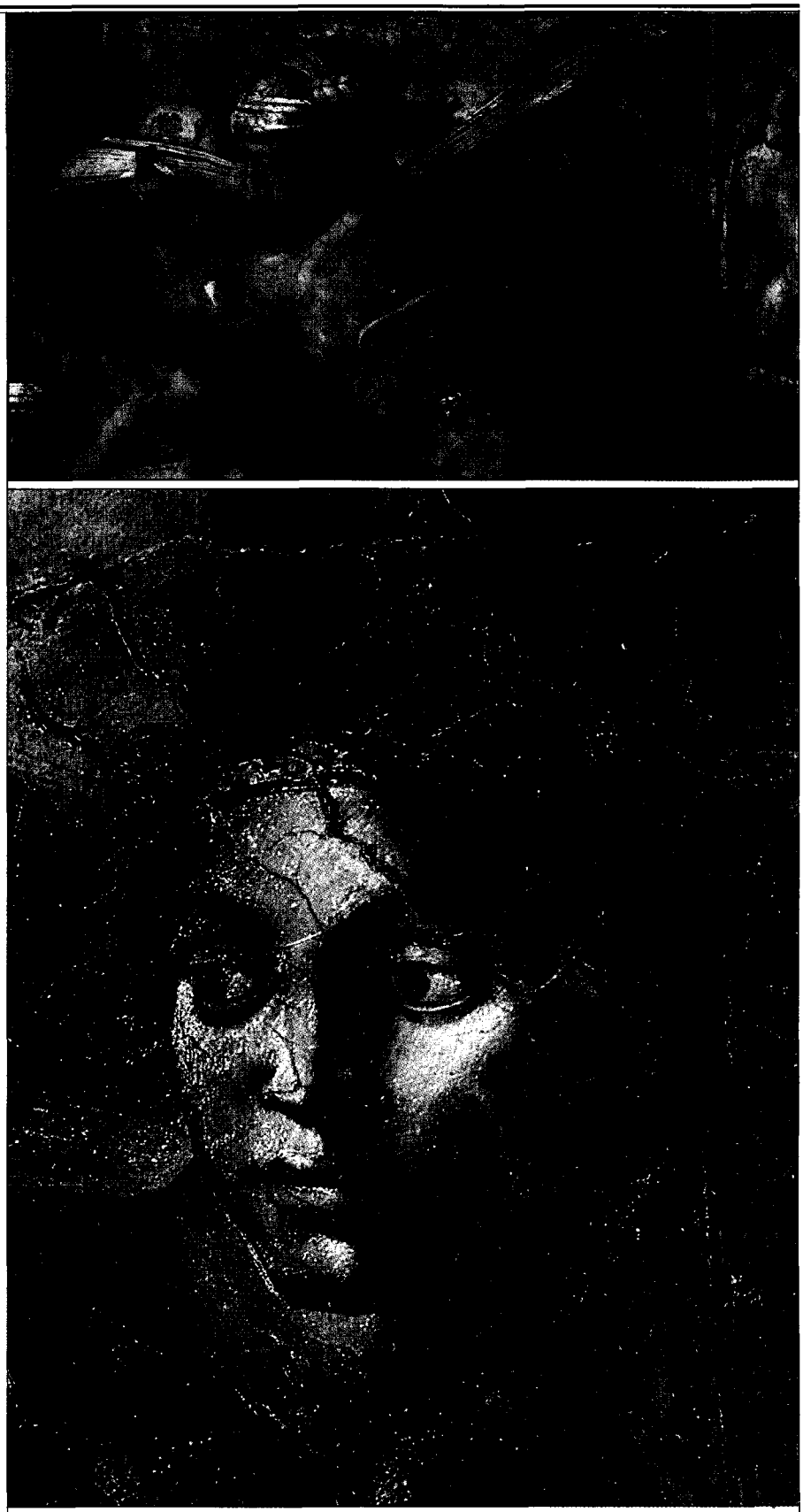
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Part of the trouble is, of course, the sheer distance—65 feet—between it and us. We never feel close to it because we never *are* close to it. The other trouble is the ceiling's length. We see a section at a time, with the rest stretching away like an enormous tapestry incongruously pasted onto a barrel vault. We want to be bowled over, but aren't. The kind of person who goes in for visiting the birthplaces of famous people may experience an associative thrill in the knowledge that Michelangelo slept here—he did, atop his scaffolding, many nights during the four years it took him to paint the ceiling—but it doesn't work for me.

The new book is made from photographs taken on scaffolding that brought the camera close to the ceiling, and brings you closer with it. It may be inconsistent to regard this as a virtue when Michelangelo never expected the observer to see his work at close range. Yet with the exception of enlarged scale and a certain exaggeration of definition that I'll go into in a moment, he continued to paint as if the work was to be seen at the usual distance from which we look at large paintings.

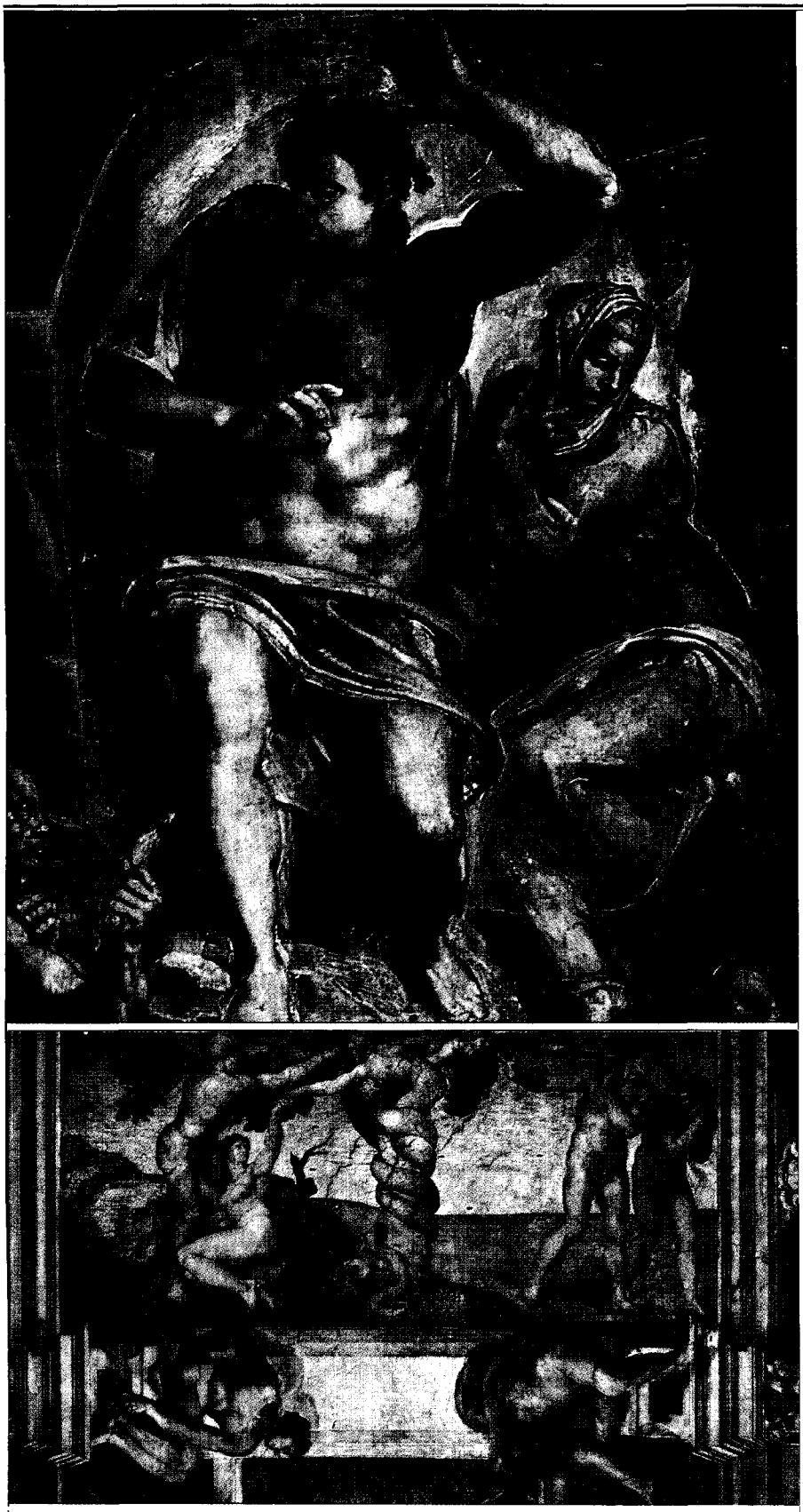
Among the dozens of different editions of color plates of the ceiling made over the years, there are such wide variations that an area may turn up blue-gray in one print and tawny in another. In a recent otherwise excellent study, the famous Adam of the Creation scene sported a beautiful suntan in the general view—but turned baby pink in a detail on the facing page.

The color in the new plates, which is no doubt as accurate as we will ever get, is not radically different from the best previous examples, but in general is cooler, clearer, with less contrast between light and dark areas. The great change is in close-range details that are invisible from the floor, including brush strokes that have been mushy in even the best photographs heretofore taken with telescopic lenses. Plate after plate shows heads or other details at full size, with the painter's hand vividly present. The revelation is that the ceiling is not one vast painting but one vast drawing in color. Contours are defined with absolute precision, with such magical description of the forms they bind that



Details from the Libyan Sibyl (top) and *ignudi* (bottom). The Abbeville Press's new book discloses Michelangelo's breathtaking powers as a draftsman.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Details from Christ the Judge and the Saints (top) and The Fall of Man bordered by *ignudi* (bottom). The ceiling, up close, is one vast drawing in color.

the modeling within the contours is hardly necessary.

This kind of drawing, so different from Michelangelo's drawings on paper, is only partially explained by the medium (fresco demands an essentially linear definition) and the scale (the largest of the heads turn out to be about twice life size). I hazard the conclusion that Michelangelo employed exaggeratedly strong linear definitions as a means of making forms legible from the floor. But up close these boundary lines are wonderfully firm, decisive, and at the same time subtle in their description of the forms within them. (It is a long stretch historically, and an even longer one conceptually, but these much more muscular, sculptural, and aggressive linear definitions of contours have close relatives in the delicate pencil drawings of Ingres three centuries later.) In the *ignudi*, those 20 beauteous naked youths of ambiguous iconographical status posed in ornamental attitudes on pedestals along the length of the ceiling, no two resembling one another and all marvels of invention, Michelangelo exerted his fullest powers as a draftsman, and the book reproduces a series of the heads at full size.

In the early 1930s workmen went over the ceiling inch by inch, injecting adhesive behind areas where the plaster was separating from the vault. A friend of mine, a student in Rome at the time, was lucky enough to have been allowed on the scaffolding within arm's length of the frescoes, and was astounded by the graininess and waviness of their surface. Unless he was exaggerating, the new photographs fail to reveal such texture and such variations, but they do catch with almost illusionistic precision the cracks, joints (between the plaster of one day's working area and the next), stains, and other imperfections that play a significant part in the total experience of seeing works of art that have survived for centuries. Until the Vatican installs a miniature aerial tramway for the benefit of tourists, *The Vatican Frescoes of Michelangelo* brings you as close as you are going to get to the Sistine Ceiling. ■

John Canaday's latest book is What Is Art? *(Knopf).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas H. Middleton

Getting Into "Into"

It used to be that we walked into rooms or buildings or walls, or we'd bump into our friends (except in New York, where we'd *bunkinta* them). "Into" always implied some sort of action, even if it was the inaction of "three goes into 21."

In the past 10 or 20 years, *into* has acquired a new function. People are now able *to be into* things. I'm sure that many thousands of us find this locution irritating. A few years ago, I found it not only irritating, but almost infuriating. I told myself that it was an ephemeral linguistic fad. "I'm into macrame," "She's into body-building," "He's into Mozart." I would tell myself not to let it get me. This will pass rather quickly, I thought at first.

I'm glad I didn't decide to hold my breath. *To be into* as a phrase is, I believe, going to outlast me without even getting winded.

It's not a bad idea to look at the bright side of *to be into*—there must be a bright side. The phrase probably would not be so durable if it didn't have some useful semantic function.

Into in this sense holds simultaneous static and kinetic qualities. The first time I heard of someone's being into something, it was Zen he was talking about. He said something like, "I'm heavy into Zen these days."

"These days" points up the usefulness of the popular phrase. *Being into* has a temporary connotation absent from *being in*. It's that implication of simultaneous stasis and kinesis, I think.

If we hear of someone who is in the theater, for instance, we assume he is a professional actor, director, producer, playwright, or some such thing—the theater is his life. But saying that someone is "into theater" carries an implication of more or less transitory interest in things theatrical. And so it was, of course, with the guy who was heavy into Zen. No one would ever say that a Japanese Zen master is "into" Zen or that the Pope is "into" religion.

Therein lies the value of *to be into* as a phrase. It is useful in expressing transitoriness. We may not like it, but I have a strong feeling that the expression itself is neither transitory nor faddish.

As I said, I used to find *to be into* infuriating, but that was a few years ago. Most of us—even those of us who are sensitive to linguistic sports—begin to accept peculiar neologisms after continued exposure to the offending phrases. And it seems to me that when it becomes clear that the phrases are destined to linger, we do well to ask ourselves what purpose they serve, because if they have staying power they usually do serve a purpose.

On the other hand, some changes in language seem quite meaningless. I was reminded of one in church not long ago. A notice announced a forthcoming "potluck dinner" with a number to call "for your food assignment."

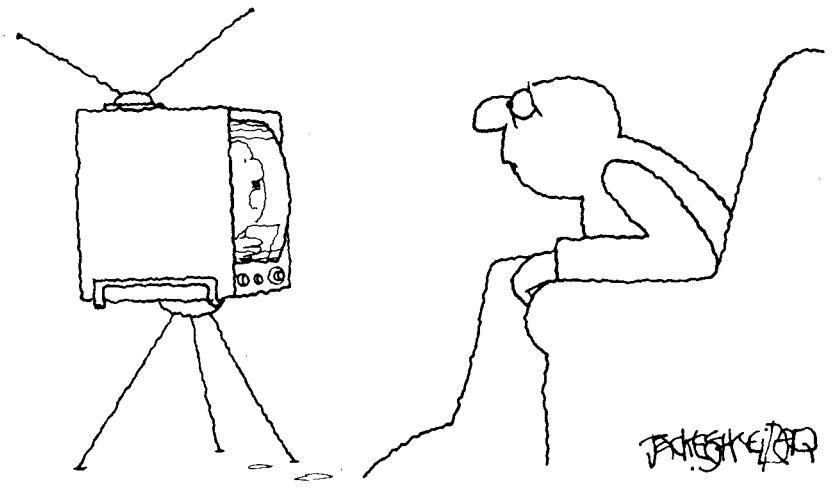
This new meaning for *potluck* crept in during the Fifties, I think. I don't know anyone under about 40 who knows the earlier and, to me, still official meaning of the term.

Today, a potluck dinner is what we used to call a "community supper," a social function where the host might have supplied the drinks and the hors d'oeuvres, Maxine brought her fabulous lasagna, Florence made her Waldorf salad, and Angela whipped up a couple of lemon meringue pies.

In those days, *potluck* meant, in theory at least, that you took your chances. In practice, it usually meant "nothing fancy," but its origin lay in a soup or stew pot that supposedly could be heated up and supplemented to provide a meal for family and friends.

This quite unnecessary change of meaning must have taken place while I was out of the country during the early Fifties, because to my mind there was nothing gradual about it. As far as I'm concerned, one day potluck meant pot luck, and the next day it meant community supper.

It's disconcerting, but that's the way it goes when you're into meanings. ■



"The trouble is not in your set—the President actually said that."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

Imitations and Images

News from New York University. A current ad for its School of the Arts "announces a new program in dramatic writing" because "the dramatic text is enjoying a resurgence of interest." Well, you could have fooled me—I mean, about a previous decline in such interest. I hadn't noticed it, quantitatively, in the flux of productions on or off Broadway or in the comments of people I know who read plays for theaters. But let's hope that NYU, along with other schools that have been presenting such programs for decades, can help improve the mediocrity, and worse, of torrential American playwriting.

Nuts, for instance. This play by Tom Topor is an ace example of the prevalent Drama of Seeming Seriousness. A grave subject, as in *The Shadow Box* and *Getting Out*, is jammed into a conventional mold, with all the conventional buttons to push for audience response, and the result is commercially ideal—a piece of safe merchandise that can masquerade as a daring probe.

The setting of *Nuts* is a courtroom in the psychiatric wing of Bellevue Hospital in New York. We attend a judicial hearing to determine whether the protagonist, played by Anne Twomey, is sufficiently sane to stand trial for manslaughter. A trial is what she wants; otherwise, the rest of her life will be spent in one commitment after another to mental hospitals. Her testimony comes last, of course; before her, we hear the Bellevue psychiatrist and her mother and stepfather. Each of them has a long scene on the stand under examination and cross-examination; each goes through the same pattern, from composure to explosion or breakdown. Not only is the pattern pat, so is the climactic reversal of ostensible character—with the older pair, anyway; and the information from their outbursts explains Twomey's disturbances in a pat, movie-psychology way. The mother reveals her hatred of her first husband, Twomey's father, who walked out on her for other women and left her, frightened, with a small child and only $6.50. The stepfather breaks down and tacitly admits that, after bathing the girl for years when she was little, he offered her $100 to let him do it again when she was 16. In collapse, this formerly brusque businessman then pulls out his checkbook and wants to post the bail for her that he had previously refused.

Plays in this genre build on gimmicks, not on characters.

If you hadn't been told earlier, you would now be ready for the fact that the daughter, herself divorced, has become a prostitute. (Deserted and broke as was mom, see? Accustomed to money offers for her body, see?) The man she killed was, I assume, a customer who was beating her up. The daughter, in hospital pajamas and bathrobe throughout, is tough, sullen, self-reliant. The role is carefully written and performed to get our sympathy—the misunderstood loner who comes on, after we've heard all the misconstructions of her, to set things straight. Through long experience, the audience knows the essential shape of this play and picks up its cues. For myself, it was hard to believe that this young woman, as played, was the daughter of an ultra-genteel suburbanite, and even with his hemstitched psychologizing, Topor gives no explanation of how Twomey moved directly from divorce and a job—at NYU, incidentally!—to hustling. (And when *she* explodes and details her price list for specific services, her prim mother never blanches.)

The judge's summary decision at the end could just as easily have gone the other way, I'd say, on the evidence. But Topor knows what's wanted. Then, using a device adapted from the closing titles of many films, he has the court reporter step forward and tell us some subsequent facts, mostly ironic.

The die-stamped characters and carpentered insights are typical of this genre. That's because in the Drama of Seeming Seriousness—*Whose Life Is It, Anyway?* and *Children of a Lesser God* are other instances—the author seems first to have hit on a juicy situation, then rubbed his hands in glee, then set about inventing a story to utilize it. The gimmicks are where the play begins, not the people—in this case, a Bellevue courtroom where a patient pleads sanity in order to stand trial. But, like other DSS writers, Topor, having found a novel situation, exploited. The result is just what's wanted: a new sauce on an old dish.

The director, Stephen Zuckerman, had relatively few choices to make; the rises and falls of intensity in courtroom drama are almost ritual. The one original touch is the performance of the judge by Ed Van Nuys. His bored authority, crinkly humor, and patiently suffering tedium do a great deal, quietly, to hold the show together.

What NYU probably means in its oddly phrased ad is that, for the last 20 years or so, a lot of avant-garde theatrical energy has gone into work other than the traditional writing and producing of plays. In many countries,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILENE JONES

Top: Ed Van Nuys as the judge provides *Nuts* with its one original touch. Anne Twomey as the patient and Paul Stolarsky as the psychiatrist act out die-stamped characterizations. Below: Richard Zobel as Twomey's lawyer tries hard to mine our sympathies.

adventurous companies have concentrated on the creation of theater pieces. A company may begin with a text that has no concern with characterization or story, or one that is only a scenario; or the company may begin without a text at all and either evolve one in rehearsal or else never use anything but movement and sound. The critic Bonnie Marranca has aptly dubbed this kind of work the Theater of Images.

The most famous person working in this vein is Robert Wilson, whose company has been wildly hailed in America and Europe. The first Wilson work I saw, *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* (1973), ran from 7 PM to 7 AM. It's precisely to the point to note that, in the almost three hours I saw, there was no mention of Stalin. There were lovely settings, lighting effects, sounds, tableaux—one bit disconnected from the next and the components of any one bit not necessarily unified. ("In my work," says Wilson, "each element is a text by itself.")

In the last six years, Wilson's chief collaborator has been an autistic boy named Christopher Knowles, now 21; together they have produced a series of pieces called *Dialogs*. The latest, an 80-minute piece called *Dialog/Curious George*, suggested by some children's books about a monkey called Curious George, was presented recently at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater in Lincoln Center, New York City, following performances in Belgium, Italy, Poland, and Holland. It's for two persons, Wilson and Knowles, and has one setting. The childlike decor is from drawings by Knowles, realized by Wilson. The words were selected by Knowles—more accurate than to say he wrote the text—and a lot of them (as in previous Wilson-Knowles works) are repetitions, aimless exchanges and snips of TV/radio commercials. At one point Knowles repeats innumerable times: "Crazy Eddie must be insane."

Satire is not the point; disjunction is. The irrational and the anti-orderly have been a venerable tradition in art for some time, even before the Cafe Voltaire in Zurich brought forth Dada in 1916. The trouble with irrationality in art is that it's so limiting, which is why so many dadaists and surrealists change styles after a while. Wilson's additional trouble is that his collaborator's eccentricities don't, to put it delicately, always seem optional.

But my chief complaint about *Dialog/Curious George* is not aesthetic, it's economic. Wilson is seemingly suffering from the recession. He was trained as a painter and has a rich visual imagination. His productions from *Stalin* to *Einstein on the Beach* (at the Metropolitan Opera), however else they affected me, were ravishing to the eye. A group of 25 would dance just one number in particular costumes, gigantic sets would follow one another, lighting variations were complex. Now Wilson seems to have trouble getting grants and subsidies; this new show has only a few Poverty Row ingenuities. He didn't even commission music this time.

Without money—considerable money—Wilson is hobbled. Spending and spilling are quintessential for his spectacular vision. The famous imperative of the wonderful Polish director Jerzy Grotowski is: Toward a Poor Theater. Not Wilson. His motto, for his talent's sake, must be: Toward a Fat Subsidy. The recession is stifling the best in him. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

Irving Kolodin

Celebrating Aaron Copland

This summer must be remembered as Aaron Copland Year at the annual Tanglewood Music Festival, based in the Massachusetts Berkshires. When Copland appeared to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in an evening of his own works last month, he was greeted with a standing ovation. When he finished, there were cheers. In fact, the evening could hardly have been surpassed as a celebration marking a convergence of events: Copland's approaching 80th birthday (November 14); his polished conducting of his own music; and the 40th anniversary of the founding of the Berkshire Music Center, to which Copland has devoted exactly half his years.

For those who have only recently become acquainted with Copland at similar performances elsewhere, it is important to remember that within that smiling, benign, avuncular figure of today there lingers a fighting heart and a combative nature that have done more to establish the good repute of serious American music than the efforts of any other man in this century.

To be sure, much of his success derives from the vitality and the variety of his compositions. At Tanglewood, his stature as a composer was brilliantly reviewed in the *Fanfare for the Common Man*, *El Salon Mexico*, the clarinet concerto, and excerpts from *The Tender Land* and *Rodeo*. After the accomplishments of George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, and Jerome Kern in the 1920s, nobody needed to be told that America's popular music was as good as any in the world, and better than most. But there was still some skepticism that American composers could produce serious music of equal quality—until Copland said it could be done, and did it himself.

But it was not in Copland's nature to play the lone exception. As early as 1928, he organized, together with Roger Sessions (now 84 and still active), a series of concerts to promote the interests of young composers less fortunate than Copland and Sessions. Moreover, Copland's crusading temperament led him to organize and energize support for any composer whose work he thought was being downgraded, even when the composer wasn't American—as with Gustav Mahler in the 1930s.

Indeed, even before his Latin American sympathies brought about *El Salon Mexico* (in 1936), Copland affiliated himself with such musicians as Silvestre Revueltas and Carlos Chavez, working together, learning together, finding common cause on this side of the Atlantic. It wasn't a matter of forming connections and issuing proclamations, but rather of letting audiences in one country hear what was being written in the other—and finding, through exposure, that some of it wasn't so bad.

Fortunately, Copland could draw upon a great orchestra, with an enterprising conductor, whose affinity for new music could be enlisted and exploited. That was the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky. Copland had met Koussevitzky in a rather informal way, as a student in Paris in 1923, before the name of either meant very much to American music lovers. Soon after Koussevitzky began his long tenure in Boston, and before the first season was out, he had introduced Copland's Symphony for Organ and Orchestra, written for Nadia Boulanger to play on her first American tour. A renowned organist, Boulanger had also been Copland's teacher. After the first performance, Koussevitzky did not lavish compliments on Copland. He simply asked, "What are you writing next?"—leaving no doubt that he wanted to program and perform it.

Rather than guarding this open door to the throne room, Copland used it as a way of ushering into the Presence the work of a whole generation of developing American composers: Roger Sessions, Roy Harris, Randall Thompson, Walter Piston, William Schuman, and Samuel Barber.

Copland modestly denigrates the extent of his own contribution to these developments. "You have to remember," he said recently, "that Koussevitzky was a very enterprising man who did the same thing in Paris for young composers before he came to Boston. I only kept him informed of what was going on in America, a scene he knew little about." But Koussevitzky quickly learned more, through Copland's unambiguous—and unbiased—guidance than he would have from any other source available to him.

To stress Copland's directness and lack of bias is merely to underline characteristics that were as fundamental to his character as his prominent, often-caricatured nose. Clarity of thought is as much a part of his attitudes on literature, politics, mores, and movies (in which he had more than a casual part during the Forties and Fifties) as it is on music. In the program he conducted with great authority at Tanglewood, you could search for one superfluous note in two hours of music and not find it.

Copland's lack of bias also helped him to respond to talent in young musicians, whatever their idiom or vocabulary. A jazz-oriented pianist he heard during an evening at George Gershwin's, for instance, piqued Copland's interest in a sonata the pianist was trying to write. The young musician was Oscar Levant. Copland encour-

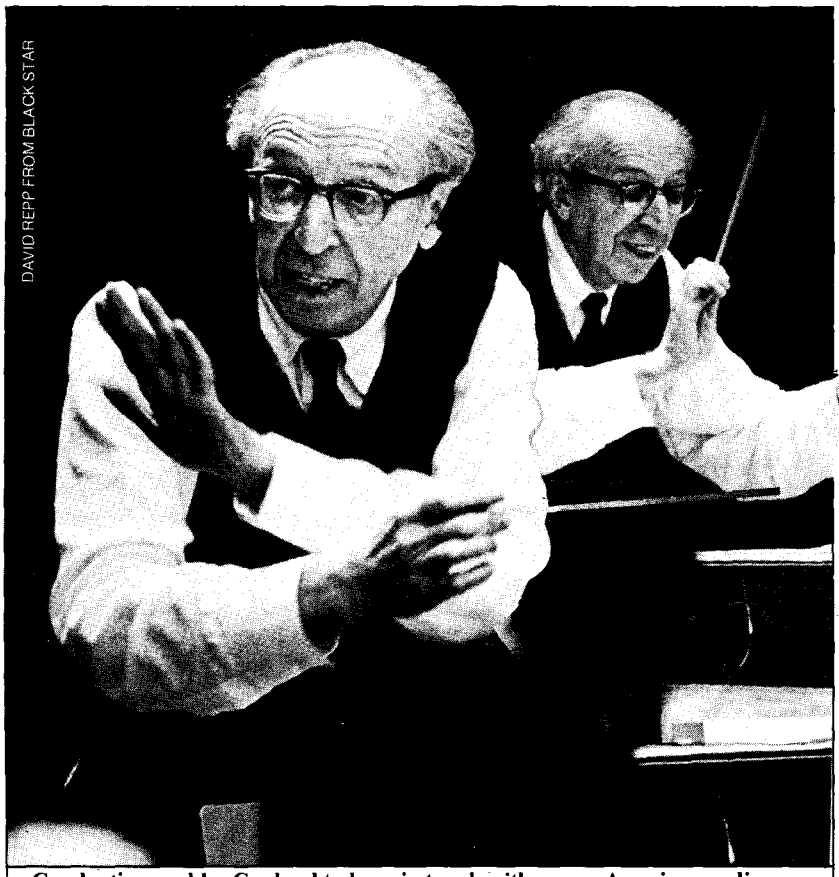
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aged Levant to finish the sonata, promising him a performance at the Yaddo Festival that Copland was organizing in Saratoga, New York, for the following spring (1932). Similarly, a Harvard student he met at a dance recital given by Anna Sokolow in New York City impressed Copland with his stimulating mind and musical nature. "Keep in touch," Copland told Leonard Bernstein.

To both, at various times, Copland applied the same analytical candor when either showed him a new work in progress. "Too much Berg," Copland said to Levant, several years after Yaddo, "but keep working." "That's lousy," Copland admonished Bernstein in the early Forties. "Awful lot of Scriabin, but keep at it." Levant didn't persist, Bernstein did. Perhaps that's what makes composers.

Much was made in the Fifties of the "discovery" of Charles Ives. The first music of Ives that I heard (five songs) was at the Yaddo Festival. When Ives came into his own in the Fifties, it was in large part through the effort of Leonard Bernstein. In 1932, Bernstein was only 14, so his interest in the subject was doubtlessly stimulated by Copland.

Between 1940 and 1965, Copland spent part of every year at the Berkshire Music Center working with, talking to, or merely smiling at, the summer's influx of young musicians. In the other months, he not only composed, traveled, lectured, and occasionally wrote a book, but found time to apply himself to practical problems with which serious composers (himself included) were confronted. One was the inequitable manner in which ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers) distributed royalties from radio performances. Instead of accepting an honorary position of prominence with ASCAP, Copland fought for and, with the support of some fair-minded popular-music composers, achieved a distribution of income in keeping with a serious composer's professional status, rather than merely his total of "air checks" (performances).



Conducting enables Copland to keep in touch with young American audiences.

Taken together, dates and places have little specific identity with Copland's influence, or the manner in which it was dispensed. He can't today tell you where he first met Roy Harris, but he remembers him as "a cowboy who wanted to write symphonies. What an idea." (Koussevitzky played them almost as soon as they were written, beginning in 1933).

American music has profited enormously from the ground-breaking, hell-raising, pugnacious force with which Copland espoused the right of young American composers to be heard in their own country. Beginning, of course, with himself.

Copland has not offered the world a major work since *Inscape*, in the late Sixties. A recent interviewer suggested that he was, perhaps, "bogged down," to which Copland replied, "You never can tell when I might become bogged up." Perhaps, as in the case of the late Jean Sibelius, who kept the world waiting for an eighth symphony that never arrived, Copland has his own reasons for secrecy. But then, Verdi wrote relatively little between completing the *Requiem* (1874) and astonishing the world with his opera *Otello* in 1886.

Copland has hardly been idle during the last decade. The time he has devoted to conducting has greatly sharpened his ability to convert the idiomatic sounds of what he has put on paper into their orchestral performances. Much of his communication is achieved through sharp shoulder movements, thrusts of the left hand, well-directed glances, and adroit rhythmic pulsations of the body. Conducting has not only satisfied a long suppressed urge, but has enabled Copland to keep in touch with young audiences all across the country.

He is reluctant to assess the state of American composition in 1980 because of inadequate personal contact with young composers. "I will say, however," he allowed, "that the quantity of young people writing music today is a healthy sign. If you have 10 composers writing, one may be good. If you have a hundred, you can hope for 10."

One who is very good has been biblicized by Leonard Bernstein, who summed up Copland's contribution: "Aaron is Moses." ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANCE

Walter Terry

Vaudeville Revitalized

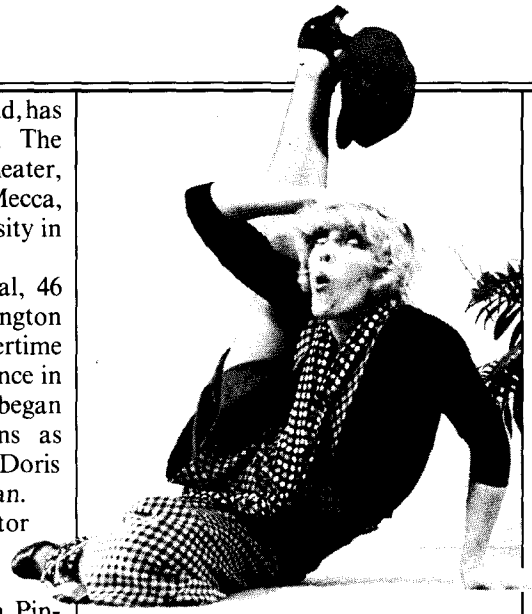
Vaudeville, long presumed dead, has made a rousing recovery. The scene is not New York's Palace Theater, formerly every vaudevillian's Mecca, but the campus of Duke University in Durham, North Carolina.

The American Dance Festival, 46 years old if one counts the Bennington College antecedents, is a summertime center for American modern dance in instruction and performance. It began in Vermont, under such titans as Martha Graham, Hanya Holm, Doris Humphrey, and Charles Weidman.

This summer, current director Charles Reinhart recreated—on a modest scale, to be sure—the great days of vaudeville. Klarna Pinska, one-time Denishawner, coached the young Elisa Monte of the Martha Graham Dance Company in two exotic St. Denis solos, *The Street Nautch* and *Dance of the Red and Gold Sari.* Though no dancer could re-create the stellar impact of St. Denis herself—the display of bare feet and a nude midriff in 1906 had caused the *Boston Herald* to headline: "Darkness Hid Blushes as Ruth St. Denis Danced" —Monte did recapture the lasting beauty of two wonderfully youthful and colorful passages from America's dance past.

Joe Roth, though not a dancer, was properly asked to participate. His act, the hilarious attempt to open a deck chair, is nearly 50 years old, and the theme of a mere mortal's endless battles with the complexities of gadgets never changes. But the blend of wordless acting with comic timing hasn't changed either: It is still virtuosic.

Roth's classic, *Something That May Have Happened to You on a Day at the Beach,* was given a brand-new dance counterpart in Michael Tracy's solo from *The Empty Suitor*, part of the Pilobolus Dance Theatre repertory. In it Tracy has a run-in with a park bench and takes a dizzying journey across a river on floating logs. Roth and Tracy may be generations apart, but they use expertly timed movement in the same way—to tell a joke. No matter what the date happens to be, that's vaudeville.



"Hurricane" Betsy, following in the bizarre footsteps of the eccentric dancer.

The program also offered the unique dancing of Howard "Sandman" Sims, who describes himself as a hoofer ("I use the whole foot") rather than a tap dancer (toe and heel). and performance by Francois Szony, with his present partner Catherine Caplin, who comes from the tradition of exhibition ballroom dancers that began with Vernon and Irene Castle and included such later vaudeville and supper-club headliners as Veloz and Yolanda, the De Marcos, and Raye and Naldi.

The eccentric dancer was also a regular in vaudeville. Long-legged Charlotte Greenwood would walk over furniture (or even an Austin sports car) before going into her song-and-dance routine; Gil Lamb, noted for agility in spinal flexibility, could shame the sinuosity of a snake; and handsome Tommy Wonder had a life-size rag doll as his partner. Following in their slightly bizarre footsteps is "Hurricane" (so named because she could never sit still) Betsy Baytos from Ohio, who became an eccentric dancer by chance.

While attending art school in California, Betsy studied ballet, tap, and jazz dancing with vaudevillian John Zerby. The super-limber young woman had a slight problem—she kept kicking the back of her head. Zerby took her aside, showed her some comedy steps, and at 19 "Hurricane" Betsy became an eccentric dancer.

Betsy has since studied with Gil Lamb and has spent a year and a half in a real vaudeville show—dances, blackout sketches, comedy skits, songs, magic—with Will B. Able on dinner theater circuits. At five feet ten and one-half inches ("and still growing"), she invented an ostrich routine last spring, and submitted it to Jim Henson of *The Muppet Show.* This fall, she'll appear as Betsy Bird with the Muppets, dancing with Kermit the Frog and doing a Varsity Drag as a flapper bird in a speakeasy.

Under Reinhart, the prestigious American Dance Festival has rediscovered some of the vaudeville roots of modern dance. Young Americans, attracted to the old form, are giving it new vigor and perhaps some new direction—but they are learning from veteran masters.

It is very possible that vaudeville, both class and flash, was reborn this summer on the concert stage of Page Auditorium, Duke University, revitalized by the lively limbs of Hurricane Betsy, Michael Tracy, Francois Szony and Sandman Sims. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matthew Gurewitsch

Two New Brandenburgs

With over two dozen complete recordings of J.S. Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos* on the market, the need for more can hardly be said to be pressing. And yet, in these days of retrenchment, the industry continues to depend on "hits" to sell. Two new performances of the ever-popular *Brandenburgs* are those by the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon) and by Wendy Carlos on the synthesizer (*Switched-On Brandenburgs*, CBS Masterworks). Both are striking—for different reasons.

Karajan and Carlos observe the conventions as their taste and intelligence dictate, but they do not seek authenticity in ancient instruments. Karajan employs a modern orchestra, with harpsichord in the continuo and with cellos in place of the two *viole da gamba* in the sixth concerto. Electronic-age Carlos throws out the whole ensemble: She's all alone with her noise-making machine.

Her purpose in this exercise is hard to fathom. Do we need an analogue of the sounds made by acoustic instruments (a kind of orchestral Sweet 'n Low)? But the success of the enterprise, after all, must be judged by the beauties of the results.

The beauties are few. The first concerto may not exhaust Carlos's electronic palette, but it does give a fair sample of her range, and the addition of new sounds soon loses its interest. In the opening movement, the booming, bouncing bass and the twangling upper voices weave, for about four minutes, an alluring texture of upbeat, good-time music, like a steel drum on a city street, with a steel drum's hazy echo. The second-movement adagio, scored as a duet for violino piccolo and oboe, presents Carlos with the difficulty of producing an electronic legato.

Carlos: technology wins out over Bach.

The synthesizer's "natural" phrasing comes out as a softish staccato, but by the secrets of her craft, Carlos does manage to fabricate a credibly coherent line; unhappily, it is also cooing and glutinous, and the movement is further handicapped by little "harpsichord" flourishes so dewy as hardly to register at all. Carlos confesses that she dislikes the much repeated minuet in the first concerto's finale; and evidently she wants no one else to enjoy it either. With each *da capo* the din grows more blaring and painful. Toward the end, the disc sounds like it is being played by a rusty nail.

In the same movement, Karajan first plays the minuet with forbidding pomp, then gradually scales it down so that, at last, the dance is light and amiable. But this handsome, imaginative shaping is only one of countless arresting features of Karajan's burnished, finely detailed performance. A few brief passages aside, the rhythms are supple, lightly and delicately inflected, dispelling all suggestion of the metronome, and the intonation of the Berlin Philharmonic ensemble and soloists is nowhere less than glorious.

The violin and flute in the second movement of the fifth concerto (*Affettuoso*) sing the parallel and counterpoint passages with a ravishing purity that combines mathematical exactness with supreme introspective expression. In the opening allegro of the same piece, the multiple trills from the harpsichord hover in an unearthly glimmer over the bustle of the tutti. (In the switched-on rendition, these trills are unearthly, too, but shocking and hideously front and center.)

Karajan and Carlos both depart from the (nonchronological) order of the presentational manuscript in which the concertos first appeared together, but only in the performance by the living orchestra do the transpositions serve a discernible artistic purpose. Karajan begins with the fifth concerto, against whose festive brilliance the reedy, mellow timbres of the first (which in Karajan's sequence comes next) take on a special radiance.

There are listeners for whom Karajan's sleek efficiency with the virtuosi of the Berlin Philharmonic recalls a technician's mastery over a perfectly tuned machine, as if the orchestra were one of the purring Maseratis the maestro likes to propel into overdrive. It may be the fate of all formalists to be branded as remote and chilly. But Karajan displays a profound and responsive love for the sounds and moods as well as for the forms of music. In what Carlos styles her "reorchestration," one would listen for the expression of such love in vain. ■

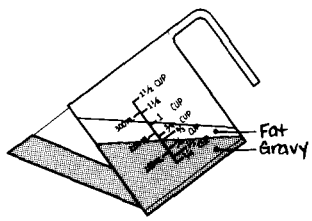
Matthew Gurewitsch frequently reviews classical recordings.

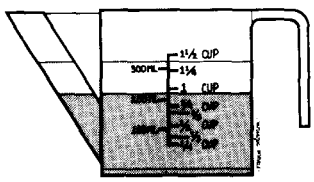
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOOLS FOR LIVING™

Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful. If you want to recommend a product based on your experience with it, write us at the address below.

SEPARATOR CUP

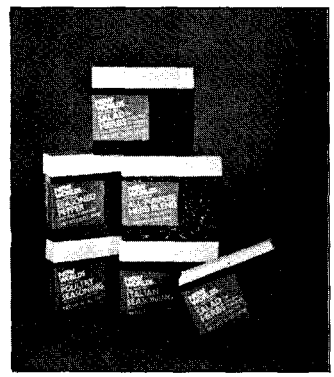




The bottom-spout design of this unusual cup provides a quick, effective, one-handed way to separate the fat from gravies, stocks, soups and sauces. It works for making clarified butter, too. Just pour in melted butter, wait a moment for the impurities to rise, and then pour off the clarified butter from the bottom up. The cup is made of tough clear Lexan (it is dishwasher safe) and is calibrated in milliliters and ounces for liquid measurements up to 1½ cups. This cup is a recent addition to the line of Hoan products, which are respected for their good design and quality of manufacture. This unusual new separator cup is $9.50 postpaid (SRA188). For bigger jobs, a 3-cup version costs $13.95 postpaid. (SRA189)

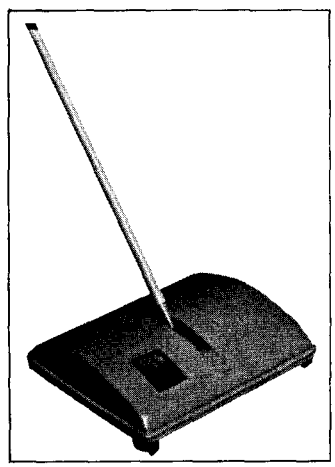
SALT & SUGAR FREE SEASONING

Blended seasonings will add zip and sophistication to just about anything you serve—dips, soups, salads, meats, fish, vegetables and even cheeses. That is why careful blends of herbs and spices are the secret weapons in any gourmet kitchen. But there is a problem with almost all the blended seasonings on the market today. They are made up largely of salt, sugar, or a combination of the two (for the expedient reason that salt and sugar are a lot cheaper than fresh herbs and spices). The commercial blends usually also include chemical preservatives and monosodium glutamate (the culprit that causes attacks of nausea and dizziness). It's hardly worth doing a favor to your palate if you are insulting your body with pollutants! But now it is possible to obtain fully natural seasoning blends free of salt, sugar and all chemicals. We've used these seasonings



(put out by a company called New Worlds) and we found them outstanding: savory and aromatic, full of the essential oils that give herbs their characteristic flavors. These 4 oz. size seasonings will be a welcome accessory for any cook who specializes in gourmet or natural foods cooking—or who must cook for someone on a salt-free or sugar-free diet. We can supply a selection of the 6 most popular New Worlds seasoning mixes to meet a variety of everyday cooking needs: Vinaigrette, creamy salad, Italian, poultry, seasoned pepper, all purpose herb blend, all for $12.95 postpaid. (SRA187)

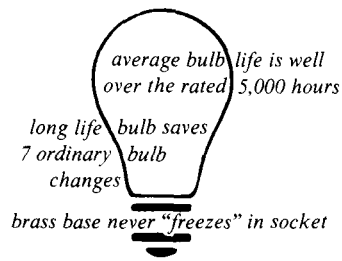
A CLEAN SWEEP



Do you find yourself lugging out the vacuum cleaner a dozen times a week because the baby left a graham cracker on the rug and you stepped on it, *and* because the kitty litter bag had a hole in the bottom, *and* because half the sandbox somehow ended up inside the kids' shoes, *and* because your husband mowed the lawn with his cuffs rolled and then left small deposits of grass clippings wherever he went? Is that what has you down? Well, the Carpet Cat® will brighten your life. The Carpet Cat is a newly designed, non-electric lightweight carpet sweeper that cleans like gangbusters. It even works on bare floors and makes quick work of those bothersome small cleanups that seem to pop up at least twice a day. It is also perfect for those hard-to-clean places like stairs and closets. The Carpet Cat is noiseless, only 9″ wide, half the weight of the traditional carpet sweeper, and equipped with corner brushes for getting into hard-to-reach places. It is also extremely well made, with all-steel construction and a replaceable boar-bristle rotor brush. Its trim size makes it a natural for boats, recreation vehicles and campers. This mechanical broom is a first-class trouble-saver that costs only $29.00 postpaid. (SRA183)

LONG-LIVED LIGHT

You are probably used to paying $1.00 apiece for standard 100-watt lightbulbs. The surprising news we have is that you can save a substantial amount of money by spending $3.50 per lightbulb. Here's the arithmetic and some background information behind that claim. Standard lightbulbs have a rated lifetime of 750 hours. The comparable long life bulbs we have located from an industrial supplier, American Guaranteed Lighting, Inc., are rated at 5,000 hours, but continually last over 8,000 hours. Their long life bulbs last longer because the filaments are sturdier, the lamps burn cooler, and the filaments are far better supported than in ordinary bulbs. These features also mean greater light output per watt, so a 90-watt long life bulb gives essentially the same illumination as a standard 100-


average bulb life is well over the rated 5,000 hours
long life bulb saves 7 ordinary bulb changes
brass base never "freezes" in socket

watt bulb. So here is how the savings add up. First you save at least the cost of 7 regular bulbs over this bulb's 5,000-hour-plus lifetime: $7.00. Then you save 50 kilowatt hours of electricity (the 10-watt usage difference over the life of the bulb). Figuring electricity costs as a modest 5¢ per kilowatt-hour, that's an additional $2.50 saved. Now from the total $9.50 saving, subtract the $3.50 cost of the long life bulb. The *total net saving* is $6.00! We think these figures speak for themselves. You can also order the bulb in a 68 watt version that gives the same illumination as a standard 75 watt bulb. Here's how to order: six 90 watt—$21.00 (SRA145/1), six 68 watt—$21.00 (SRA146/1), or three each of 90 watt and 68 watt—$21.00 (SRA147/1). All prices are postpaid.

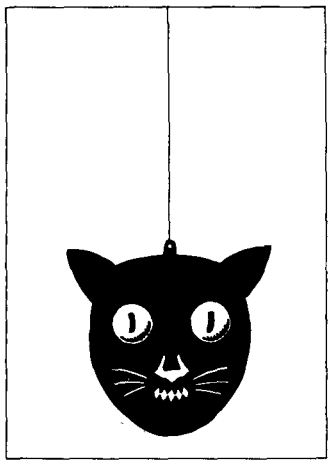
PRODUCED BY AGENTZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEF'S SOAP

The name reflects the fact that the soap is favored in many professional kitchens in France, and has also been a mainstay of French households for over 200 years. This pure mild unscented soap comes in a generous block, nearly a pound, that will last a gratifying length of time. We like the fact that this mild soap does not "melt" and leave a mushy residue in the soap dish the way ordinary bar soaps do. If you want to put something beautifully French yet astoundingly practical with its own pure maple soapdish in your home, we can oblige. For $12.95 we'll send two blocks (nearly a six month supply) and one wooden soap dish. Chef's Soap makes an ideal housewarming or hostess gift, too. (SRA184)

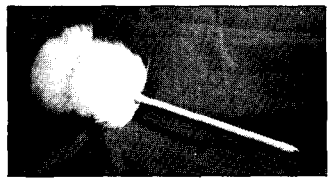
A WORKING CAT

There are 20 million black cats in France. Not the ordinary kind of cats with fur and purr, but *Le Chat Noir*, clever cat impersonations pressed from metal plate. These silhouette cat faces, just under 6" square, have clear glass eyes that glint at the slightest bit of light and create an uncanny impression of a real cat. *Le Chat Noir* is made to work. Hung in the garden, in fruit trees, by the grape arbor, they keep birds, mice, rabbits and other pests away from your delicacies. It is a simple, silent, humane way to protect fruits and vegetables from your animal neighbors. (City dwellers can just as effectively keep their windowsills free from the annoyance of pigeons.) But the cats don't have to work to be enjoyed. They can decorate window panes or whathaveyou. Imported from France, *Le Chat Noir* is $7.95 postpaid. If you are a cat person, you're sure to enjoy their company. (SRA143/1)



DUST MAGNET

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. It

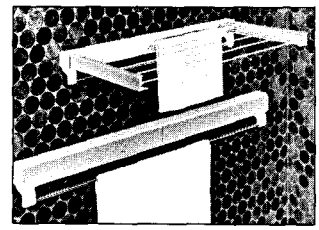


evokes memories of all those movie scenes of starched maids humming happily to themselves as they dust endless feet of library shelves. On its own it actually *attracts* and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Its magnetic qualities also are perfect for gathering cobwebs from the tops of windows or from ceiling corners. When the duster is soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water, let it dry and fluff it out. We are happy to offer a 20" authentic lambswool duster imported from England for only $9.95 postpaid. (SRA163/1)

Bernard Baruch's law for determining old age: Old age is always 15 years older than I am. (We found this quote in Paul Dickson's book "The Official Rules").

DISAPPEARING DRYING RACK

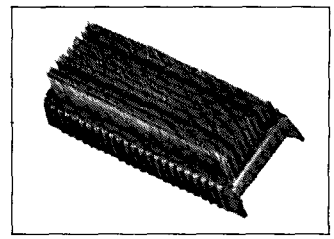
Because European houses and apartments, on average, are smaller than those in America, space is very much at a premium. So it is no surprise that the best-designed fold-away rack we've seen comes from Europe. Open, the rack provides 11½ linear feet of hanging space with a cleverly conceived and constructed set of 5 hangers on slide-out



tracks. Closed, the rack is only 2" deep by 28" long. A removable chrome towel bar hangs below the rack housing. The quality of the manufacturing is outstanding. The whole lightweight unit goes up on the wall with only 2 screws (there is a template right on the box, so there is no problem positioning the screws exactly). The disappearing rack will go anywhere that you want to turn 28" of wallspace into 140", a sleight of hand well suited to shower, bathroom, kitchen, pantry, balcony or basement. This like-magic spacemaking tool costs $32.95 postpaid. Even if you are not sorely pressed for space, this rack will delight you for its sheer practicality, good looks and smooth operation. (SRA185)

SCRUB-A-DUB

Surgeons wash their hands more painstakingly than normal folks, using a brush to get into all the wrinkles and crannies where the skin hides dirt and bacteria. But you don't have to be headed to surgery to enjoy the deep cleaning and pleasant sensation that a real "scrub" wash provides. These scrub brushes designed by a surgeon are 4" long, made of molded polyethelyene with more than 1400 soft tapered bristles to do the work. The brushes are extremely comfortable to use, far softer than their barbed appearance suggests, and so durable that they will maintain their scrubbing power for a long time. They are gentle enough to use for complexion care or on a baby's hair, yet rugged enough to clean vegetables or even auto parts (they are impervious to chemicals). If you have young children, the brushes are a real joy: they make handwashing so much fun that the kids show up at the table glistening from fingertips to elbows. Now there's a *real* operation! At 4 for $5.95 postpaid, you can put one in the kitchen, one in bath, use one for the workshop and the other for travel. (SRA186)



TOOLS FOR LIVING, c/o Saturday Review Magazine, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

item #	qty	description	price

☐ check or money order enclosed (no cash please) — order processing charge .50

☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA — total

card # _____ exp. date _____

signature _____

send to _____ (Please Print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.)
Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. SRO80

ADVERTISEMENT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GIVEABLES

The advertisers on these pages offer varied and exciting gift suggestions for yourself and others. Browse through the next three pages and then fill out the easy order form on page 88 to receive the catalogues and items that you want.

If page 88 of your copy of *Saturday Review* has already been used, just send these pages directly to Saturday Review Giveables, P.O. Box 2757, Clinton, Iowa 52732 with the items you want clearly circled. Be sure to enclose a check or money order made out to *Saturday Review* for the total amount of your order.

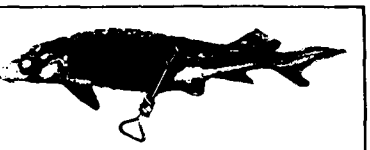
1.

Lilly Pulitzer's new catalogue. Offering you the best selection of Women's, Junior's, Men's, Children's designs, and boutique items. Dresses, sportswear, swimwear and everything one could want for fun in the sun. Order our free catalogue.

Lilly Pulitzer

Palm Beach, Florida 33480

2.



Why Our "Bottom of the Barrel" is Your Best Buy in Caviar

Let us tell you a secret about the caviar business that will save you nearly 70% of the cost of the genuine Caspian sturgeon product.

The beautiful grey eggs of the rare Beluga caviar are frequently broken at the bottom of the barrel. This is the caviar that we pack under the Kamchatka label. It may not look as fancy as the whole grain, and it doesn't crunch as well. But for splendid flavor it compares with anything you can buy at four times the price.

A case of 12 one ounce jars is a bargain at $60. This includes shipment anywhere in the U.S. Or you can order a sampler of 3 jars for $16.95 postpaid. Including our catalog of great food specialties at very low prices.

Remember, we are talking about real imported sturgeon caviar, vacuum packed to keep months without refrigeration. No added color, and not an imitation of anything. Kamchatka is the ideal light summer snack with icy vodka or lemonade.

Kamchatka is the most popular caviar we sell and we're sure you will enjoy it. Or we will make immediate refund for the unused jars, and thank you for trying it.

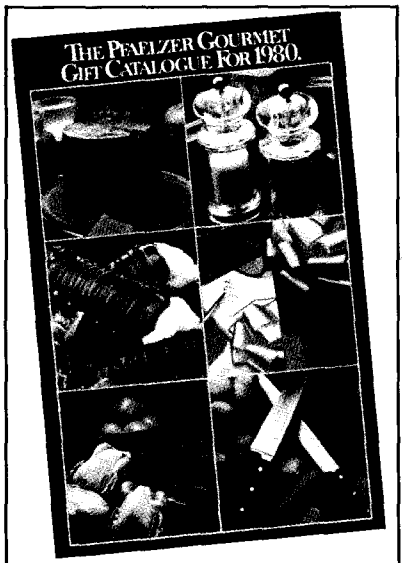
MAIL CHECK OR PHONE (212) 759-7410. AMERICAN EXPRESS CARDS, MINIMUM $25. SPECIFY NUMBER AND EXPIRATION DATE.

Caviarteria INC

CAVIAR-CENTER USA

29B East 60th St., N. Y., N.Y. 10022

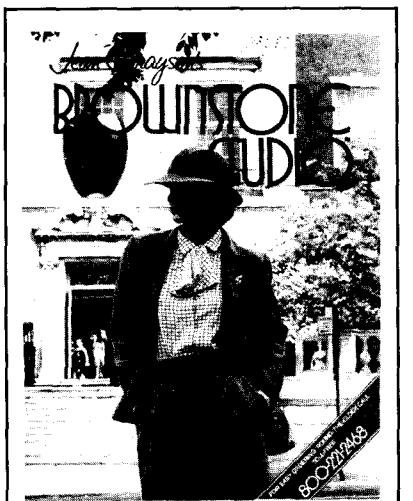
3.



Some of the most wanted gifts in the world can be found in this new full color catalogue: 44 pages of delectable, world-famous gourmet beef, veal, lamb, pork, poultry and seafood . . . plus an outstanding selection of cheeses and cooking accessories. $1.00

The Pfaelzer Gourmet Gift Catalogue For 1980

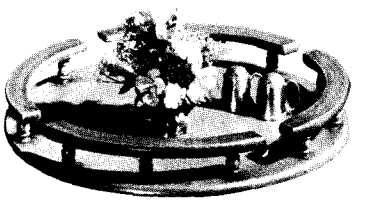
4.



Brownstone Studio puts together your guide to New York fashion and shows you how to get it without leaving home. Each season within its pages you'll find ready-to-wear and coordinated accessories from the better New York fashion houses. Shopping this way is like visiting a fine specialty shop—and—a shop that never closes. 4 full color brochures a year. Free subscription. Brownstone Studio, 342 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10173, Dept. SR.

5.

THE GALLERY SUSAN



Our Country Gallery Susan, with complete gallery rail & concealed ball bearing swivel, is a most attractive table-top companion for condiments, canape's, fruit or freshly cut flowers. Pine & hardwood.

Order Today! Gallery Susan

13" dia.
☐ UNFINISHED $20.00 & $2.75 post.
☐ FINISHED $25.00 & $2.75 post.
18" dia.
☐ UNFINISHED $25.00 & $3.45 post.
☐ FINISHED $30.00 & $3.45 post.

Backed By Our 90 Day Guarantee

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Yield House®

Dept. R08A • Box 1000
N. Conway, New Hampshire 03860

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6.

Peachtree Report is a special magazine combining the editorial outlook of a fashion monthly with the buying opportunities of a catalogue. On every page, you'll find the newest, most exciting trends in designer fashion, beauty, gift-giving and home wares. Send $1 to receive our catalogue for one year. **Peachtree Report, Dept. SR-20, 4795-F Fulton Industrial Blvd., Atlanta, Georgia 30336.**

7.

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
58 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL'S FIELD TESTER CAP

This is a comfortable sportsman's billed cap. Black mesh (air cooled) and adjustable to any size head, with an official "Jack Daniel's Field Tester" patch on the front. Guaranteed to shade your eyes and start a lot of conversations. My **$5.25** price includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to above address.

8.

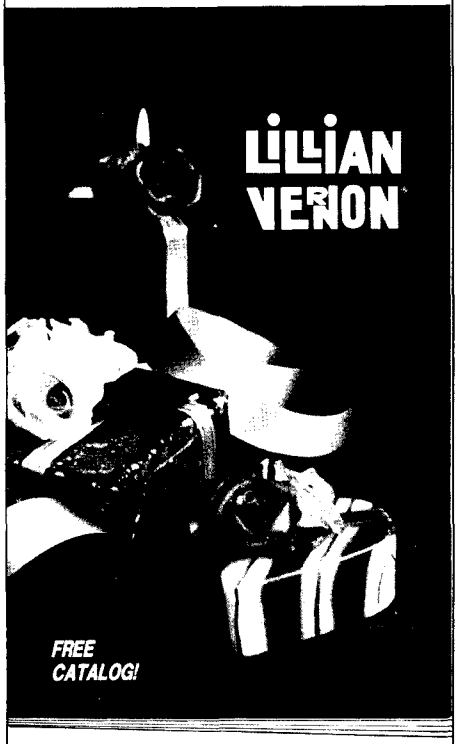
SPECIAL COLLECTORS EDITION

- Antique bronze sculptures
- Hand cast using the ancient lost-wax technique
- Base - genuine, hand rubbed, oiled walnut
- Overall height — 4" ● Limited Edition only 250 of each sculpture will be issued
- Price - $175 each — Visa & Master Charge accepted

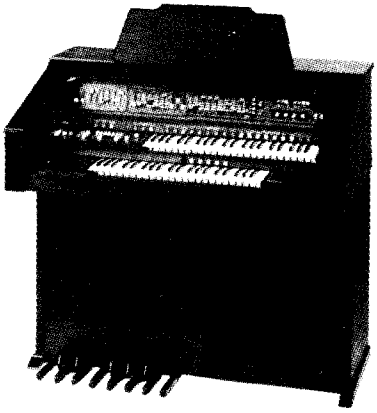
THE CANDIDATES
Rhode Island Jewelers Guild Limited
211 West Park Street
Providence, Rhode Island 02908
(401) 272-9847

FOR COLOR BROCHURE SEND $1.00

9.



10.



EMINENT ORGANS

Model F217 illuminated deluxe spinet features 25 stops and 9 adjustable tibia/reed pitches with polyphonic percussion. 5 Total Organ Presets plus piano, vibes, harpsichord, panflute, telestar (and more) arpeggiomatic, world renowned STRING ENSEMBLE, and technology of tomorrow make this the world's most complete preset organ.

For FREE brochure on all EMINENT ORGANS circle No. 10 on reader response card.

Manufacturers' Centre Holland U.S.A. Inc.
955 West Pratt Blvd. Elk Grove, Illinois 60007

11.

"MAGIC" UNDERWEAR THAT REALLY BEATS THE COLD!

Imagine feeling warm, dry and comfortable—no matter how cold the weather or how long you stay out!

You *can* with Damart underwear, because it's made of a new miracle fabric—Thermolactyl. Damart not only retains and reflects your natural body warmth—it's knitted to let perspiration out. No other underwear does this.

What's more, feather-light and soft Damart lets you be as active as you like. Without ever getting that clammy cold sensation, inevitable with layers of heavy, restrictive clothing.

The Mt. Everest climbing expedition wears Damart so does the Chicago Bears Football Club, the New England Patriots and the Philadelphia Eagles.

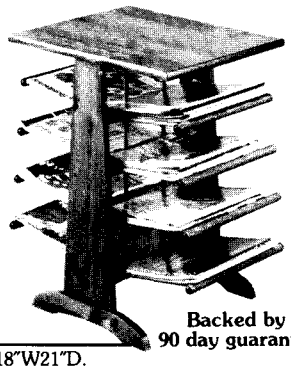
Our free color catalog tells the full Damart Thermolactyl story, displays the whole Damart line for men, women, and children. Send for your FREE copy now!

THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!
Damart Thermawear, Dept. 13090
1811 Woodbury Avenue
Portsmouth, New Hampshire 03805

Damart Thermawear

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

12.



Backed by our 90 day guarantee.

23"H18"W21"D.

HOLDS OVER 100 ISSUES on 8 shelves. Magazine End Table of pine & hardwood. 16"D top accommodates a reading lamp.

Buy Quality Pine Furniture Direct & Save!

Order Today! Magazine End Table
☐ EASY KIT: $37.25 & $4.25 post.
☐ FINISHED (dk. Pine): $53.50 & $4.25 post.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Yield House®
Dept. R08B • Box 1000
N. Conway, New Hampshire 03860

13.

Fashions for Fall 1980

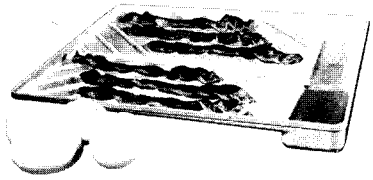
The Classic Johnny Appleseed's look in sportswear, dresses, and coats...plus a fabulous assortment of loungewear, sweaters, and footwear...all in this, our full-color, 54 page catalog for fall. satisfaction garanteed; this is our 34th year.

Johnny Appleseed's
90 Dodge St., Beverly, MA 01915
Toll-free Telephone: 800-225-0786

14.

microwave designed:

Special bacon rack of break-resistant "micro-proof" plastic delivers *appetizingly crisp, flat bacon every* time. Cleans easily, dishwasher safe. 10x12". **10-02072 $5.75** plus $1.50 shipping and handling.



Send for **FREE BROCHURE** of exciting new microwave cook-and-serve ware and accessories designed and tested to give the best results.

micro·cook PRODUCTS
DEPT. SR808, 3012 COMMERCIAL AVENUE
NORTHBROOK, ILLINOIS 60062

15.

Welcome to Cotton Country

Naturally yours . . .
100% pure cotton . . . a natural fiber that really breathes.

CLASSIC COTTON FLANNEL DRESS.

Small plaid of gray and wine with white, imported yarn-dyed 100% cotton flannel. Tiny stand-up collar, front button placket, narrow shoulder yoke, deep armholes, smart bias cummerbund. Below knee length. Gently machine wash.

Sizes S-M-L ..... $42.95 ppd.
Size XL ..... $45.95 ppd.

Write for color catalog

J. JILL LTD.

Dept. SR 80, Stockbridge Rd., Great Barrington, MA 01230

INSTRUCTIONS

To order catalogues, circle the appropriate numbers on this coupon. Where prices are indicated, total the cost, and mail coupon in an envelope with your check or money order (no stamps) payable to Saturday Review. Send to:

Saturday Review Holiday Giveables
P.O. Box 2757
Clinton, Iowa 52735

1. Lilly Pulitzer Catalogue ..... Free
2. *Caviarteria Catalog ..... Free
3. Pfaelzer Gourmet Gift Catalog ... $1
4. Brownstone Studio Brochures.. Free
5. *Yield House Catalog..... Free
6. Peachtree Report Catalogue $1
7. *Lynchburg Hardware and General Store Catalog..... $1
8. *Rhode Island Jewelers Guild Brochure..... $1
9. Lilian Vernon Catalog ..... Free
10. *Manufacturers' Centre Holland Brochure..... Free
11. Damart Catalog ..... Free
12. *Yield House Catalog..... Free
13. Johnny Appleseed's Catalog ... Free
14. *Micro-Cook Products Brochure..... Free
15. *J. Jill Ltd. Catalog ..... Free

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total Amount $.....

Please allow 5-7 weeks for delivery.
This coupon expires November 30, 1980

**If you wish to order merchandise offered in these ads, please follow specific advertiser instructions on advertisement.*

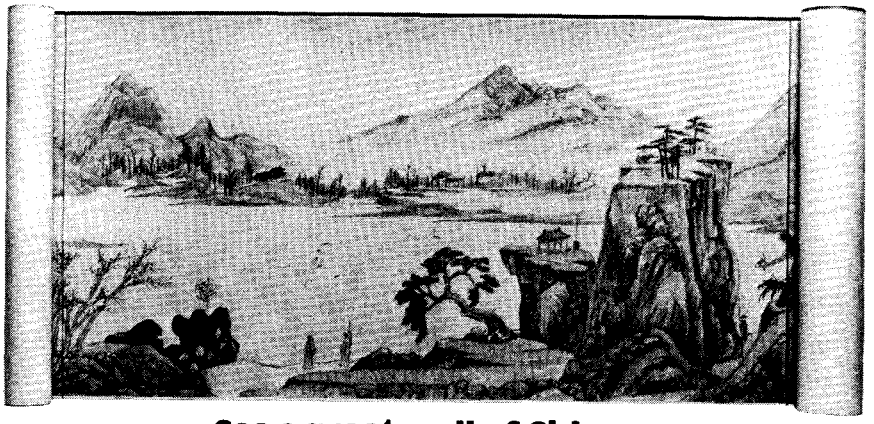
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get lost in Ancient Assyria.

Take in the French country-side.

Relive the Renaissance.

Make an expedition to India.



See a great wall of China.

The L.A. County Art Museum It's the Best Sightseeing In Town.

You can take the whole family on a 'round the world trip without ever leaving L.A. And if you want, you can see it all with a guide who knows every step of the way. It only costs $1.00 for adults. Or 50c for students and senior citizens. But if you come on the second Tuesday of each month, between noon and 9:00 p.m., it's free.

It's all at the L.A. County Art Museum on Wilshire, two blocks east of Fairfax. Open Tuesday through Friday, from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Saturday and Sunday from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. For more information, call (213) 937-4250. The L.A. County Art Museum. Any way you look at it, it's the best sight-seeing in town.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHILD ABUSERS ARE MORE HELPLESS THAN THEIR CHILDREN.

A Public Service of The Advertising Council

You'd think parents who abuse their children would have some choice in the matter. But most are truly unable to help themselves.

Most child abusers were also abused while growing up, so they've learned no other way to raise their own children. Studies show that these people also have many emotional needs that aren't being satisfied. As a result, they can't cope very well, and often take out their frustrations on their own sons and daughters.

Child abusers are as much the victims of a vicious cycle as the children they abuse — whether the abuse is physical, sexual, emotional, or neglect. The cycle can be broken, and child abusers can be helped, if enough people care enough to do something about it. There's a lot that **you** can do, and we can tell you all about it.

HELP DESTROY A FAMILY TRADITION. WRITE:
National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates for insertions within a contract year (minimum ad, 10 words): 1 time, $2.50 per word; 3 times, $2.25 per word, per insertion; 6 times, $2.15 per word, per insertion; 12 times, $2.05 per word, per insertion. Box numbers, SR Box numbers and telephone numbers count as two words each. Names of cities and states count as one word each. No charge for zip codes. For advertisers using SR Box numbers, please include an additional $3.00 (domestic) or $5.00 (foreign) handling charge for forwarding service during a contract year. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: ONE COLUMN WIDE, NO FRACTIONS. ONE INCH = $135. TWO INCHES = $270. To avoid delay in publication, please include your permanent address, telephone number and sample, brochure or supportive literature about the product/service being advertised. Mention preferred issue date and suggested heading. Full payment must accompany order and be received by closing date (6 weeks prior to issue date). Send check or money order, made payable to Saturday Review, to Classified Department, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. *Replies to SR Box numbers should be sent to the same address.*

BOOKS

FREE color catalogue offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28BH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles & prices. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 10, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

*PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS 2,000 titles, all subjects: Free Catalogue: Hamilton, 98-*60 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

MINATURE BOOKS. Free catalogue. Mosaic Press, Dept. 48, 358 Oliver, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

TOTAL MIND POWER. (How to use the other 90% of your mind). FREE BOOKLET, Total Mind Power Institutute #15, Larkspur, Calif. 94939.

USED CARS—Handy, fully-illustrated guide books detail how to compare, how to look for defects, financing and insurance, pros and cons for most types of cars. BE AN INFORMED BUYER! Send $6.00 to ED-ACT, Box 87, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

BOOKS—OUT-OF-PRINT

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it —we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HOME IMPORT MAIL ORDER Business. Start *without capital. Free Report. Mellinger, Dept. C1398,* Woodland Hills, Calif. 91367

BUMPER STICKER PRINTING DEVICE. Cheap, Simple, Portable. Free details. Bumper, P.O. Box 22791(DF), Tampa, Fla. 33622.

OPPORTUNITIES for consultants/instructors. Conduct proven personal development seminar, Adventures in Attitudes. National scope, fulfilling, exciting. Inquire Beighley, 1155 Sunset, Platteville, Wis. 53818.

REPRESENTATIVES, responsible introduction (dating) service. AMFI, Drawer AX, New Haven, Conn. 06525.

500 WAYS TO GET RICH IN MAIL ORDER. Free information. Januz D-3050, Box 1000, Lake Forest, Ill. 60045.

CAMPS

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Great athletic program in a fine arts camp? Write! Find out! BROCHURE! Co-ed 6-18. ACA, APC approved. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 14, N.J. 08318. (609) 358-2472.

EDUCATION

OXFORD: Semester - Year Abroad - January Term - Summer Sessions. Details: Warnborough College, Oxford OX1 5ED, England.

COLORSLIDES - Art-Educational-Travel. 200,000 High Quality Individual or Sets with cassette. Samples —Listings $2. Visuals, Box 381215, Miami, Fla. 33138.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING PROGRAMS IN BEAUTIFUL Oxford. Details: Warnborough College, Oxford OX1 5ED, England.

MASTER OF ARTS, Goddard College. Self-initated non-resident program, centered around student's interests and needs. Supervision by Goddard Graduate Program Core faculty and individually appointed tutor-mentor (field faculty). Interdisciplinary problem-centered studies may be done as well as more traditional study in humanities, social sciences, life sciences and the arts. Enrollment possible in the U.S., parts of Canada, the Caribbean, and Western Europe. Goddard College is an innovative, accredited institution which offers other unusual B.A., M.A. and M.F.A. programs; students admitted without regard to sex, race, religion, ethnic origin or handicap. Financial aid available. Veteran's benefits. Write Graduate Program, Goddard College, Box S, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for self-motivated adults. Two-week residences in Vermont alternate with 6-month home study projects under faculty supervision leading to fully accredited B.A. Also unusual Residential, Graduate and Teacher Certification programs available. Approved for payment of Veterans' benefits. Write Box S, A.D.P., Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. 05667. Goddard College admits students without regard to race, color, nationality, sex or *handicap.*

PROFESSIONAL WRITING—M.A. plus Graduate Certificate in Professional Writing, Non-Fiction Writing, Writing for Organizations, Television Scripting, etc. Send for Catalogue; Professional Writing Program, Graduate School of Corporate & Political Communications, Fairfield University, Fairfield, Conn. 06430. Phone (203) 255-5411 (ext. 2527).

THE BEST (AND FASTEST) WAY TO LEARN FRENCH? 1) In France. 2) In a small town (90 minutes from Paris) where very few people speak English. 3) Living with a french family. 4) Taking small intensive classes through an individual, progressive program. Thus getting round the clock exposure to the language. If interested (and motivated) contact us at the French American Study Center, BP 176 Cedex, 14100 Lisieux, France.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

JOBS ON SHIPS! Men-Women. American. Foreign. Worldwide Travel. No experience necessary. Guide $3. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National, 940-SR Bender Building, Washington, D.C. 20036.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,000-$50,000+. Free Information! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

JOB OVERSEAS...(Including Alaska.) Free Details. Global Employment, Box 808-SR, National City, Calif. 92050.

CRUISESHIPS, SAILING EXPEDITIONS CLUB MEDITERRANEAN! NEEDED: Sports Instructors, Office Personnel, Maintenance! Europe, Caribbean, Tahiti, U.S., Mexico, Worldwide. Send $5.95 for APPLICATION, CURRENT OPENINGS REFERRALS to CRUISEWORLD SR 9, Box 60129, Sacramento, Calif. 95860.

AUSTRALIA — NEW ZEALAND WANTS YOU!! Big pay! All occupations. Free Transportation. Latest Employer listings $2.00. Plus information 68 other countries. AUSTCO, Box 4116-W, Hayward, Calif. 94540.

FOR EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE/RENT HOMES for economical vacations. Free brochure. HOLIDAY EXCHANGES, Box 878S, Belen, N. Mex. 87002.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home, SR Box 635.

FOR RENT

OAK PARK—the unique Chicago suburb famous for its Frank Lloyd Wright architecture and diverse population. Free apartment referral agency helps you find the perfect place! Just 12 minutes from Chicago's Loop by public transportation. Excellent schools, day care, year-round recreation. Ms. Wright, Oak Park Housing Center, 1041 South Blvd., Oak Park, Ill. 60302. (312) 848-7150.

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights...A new environment for apartment living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

WELLFLEET, Cape Cod. On sabbaatical? Writing a book? Use quiet secluded 3 bedroom hilltop home this winter. $195.00 month. All amenities. Reply SR Box 2544.

SENECA LAKESHORE, GENEVA, N.Y. Unique apartments in magnificent villa (restored monastery). Sailing. Elegant 70' pool. Lovely terrace. Formal garden. $288-700 month. Minimum 1 year lease. Brochure: Geneva On The Lake, 1001 Lochland Rd., Geneva, N.Y. 14456, (315) 789-7190.

FOR SALE

GOVERNMENT LANDS...FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods, Shaker Heights Housing, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

BIG...NEW...FREE...FALL CATALOGUE! Over 2,700 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

4-BEDROOM A/C, zoned Residential/Commercial, Woodstock, N.Y., good condition, insulated, new septic system, oil heat, inexpensive, full/partial furnished. $30,000. (914) 679-7291.

STONINGTON, CONN. - Charming Seaport village home, lovingly rehabilitated. $120,000. (203)535-0765.

NEWFANE, VERMONT - 20 acres, driveway, house site, well, Marlboro music, skiing. $27,500. (617)862-3466.

GAMES

CUSTOM CROSSWORDS! Also Crostics. The absolutely unique tailor-made gift—reminiscent, humorous, kind, very special, in its own handsome, personalized folder. Write: CUSTOM CROSSWORDS, Rt. 2, Box 128-AA, Sturgeon Lake, Minn. 55783.

LINGO - EXCITING NEW WORD GAME. Deal from a deck of letters; form words in challenging new versions of poker, cribbage, casino, rummy. Great for solitaire. Deck and full instructions, $9.95. Money back guarantee. David Vowell, P.O. Box 4891, North Hollywood, Calif. 91607.

COMPUTER CHESS. $4.95/manual. R. Belanger, 35 W. Charlotte, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

DIAMONDS - More challenging than Checkers! Free details. Ohme, 4185 Cherry Oaks, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIFTS

AUDUBON PRINTS 39½ x 26½", $50.00 up. List 50¢. Ornithologist, P.O. Box 663, Vienna, Va. 22180.

BRASS CRAB ASHTRAY! $12.98. Order Today! CWJ Enterprises, 10124 Campus Way South # 102SR7, Upper Marlboro, Md. 20870.

CHESS BOOKPLATES, $3.50. Chess notepaper, $5.00. Postpaid. Brochure, 25¢. GALLERY NINE, 143 Main, Los Altos, Calif. 94022.

GOURMET INTERESTS

PERFECT BISCUITS EVERYTIME. Recipe with tips $1.00. Rosie's Kitchen, 2409 Hird, Orange, Tex. 77630.

GOOF PROOF ITALIAN SAUCE RECIPES. Quick and slow method. Authentic. $2.00 Corcoran's Kitchen, Box 473, West Hartford, Conn. 06107.

RECIPES - Superior Dry Skin Hand Creme, goumet spice mixture. Six exceptional dishes. $2. Box 225, Galena, Ill. 61036.

MY FABULOUS FIRST COURSE. 2 versions. $2 plus SASE. Mme. Gres, Box 4223, Key West, Fla. 33040.

QUICK AND EASY Italian meatballs. $1. Box 21, Atglen, Pa. 19310.

KISS THE COOK. Handsomely calligraphed. Red letters on white heavyweight stock 8x10. $4.00. Pegasus, 1611 Edith, Berkeley, Calif. 94703.

GULACEY'S HUNGARIAN delicacies!! 5 favorites served to three generations. $3.00 to Gulacey's, 30280 Marimoor, Birmington, Mich. 48010.

LUCY SEVEN recipes for Quiches, classic and new. $1.00, SASE to Mem's Kitchen, 5063 Wilder Drive, Soquel, Calif. 95073.

OLDEST IS THE BEST. 50 recipes, some over 100 years old. $3.98. Martha, 405 E. Park Ave., Greenwood, Miss. 38930.

30 EASY HOME-MADE PASTA recipes. Delicious, nutritious. $3.50 Obranoel, Box 63, Franklin Square, N.Y. 11010.

KINGA'S CREATIVE CUISINE - ten delicious recipes. Send $2.95. Kinga, 3032 Park, Evanston, Ill. 60201.

NOODLE KUGEL RECIPE $1. SASE. Toby, Box 124, Ingleside, Ill. 60041.

REALLY QUICK BREADS. 8 recipes. $2.00 + SASE. Curtis, Mt. Vernon, Union, S.C. 29379.

HEAVENLY DESSERT SOUFFLE. Delicious hot or cold. Recipe $1.00 SASE: ATCO, P.O. Box 2371, Littleton, Colo. 80161.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

S-U-R-P-L-U-S J-E-E-P-S—$19.30—C-A-R-S—$13.50—650,000 ITEMS!—GOVERMENT SURPLUS—MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE TELLS HOW, WHERE TO BUY—YOUR AREA—$2—MONEYBACK GUARANTEE—"GOVERNMENT INFORMATION SERVICES," DEPARTMENT P-13, Box 99249, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94109.

MUSIC

SEND $3.98 - Six Bach Brandenburg Concerti - Pro Musica. Quality guaranteed — Free catalogue - CLASSICAL CASSETTE, Box 506 SR, Saddle River, N.J. 07458.

POEMS—SONGS WANTED. Broadway Music, Box 7438-SR, Sarasota, Fla. 33578.

RECORDS-TAPES! Discounts to 73%; all labels; no purchase obligations; newsletter; discount dividend certificates; 100% guarantees. Free details. DISCOUNT MUSIC CLUB, 650 Main St., Dept. 13-0880, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Please enclose one dollar with your request for our catalogues. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

HARPSICHORDS, FORTEPIANOS, CLAVICHORDS, VIRGINALS. Kits and superb finished instruments. Catalogue free. Zuckermann Harpsichords Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORD, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Catalogues from MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

KITS Lute, harps, viola da gamba, vielle, psaltery, hammer dulcimer, dulcimer. Finished intruments. 50¢ for brochure. James Cox, Luthier, 429 Fawcett St., Baltimore, Md. 21211.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, Spinets, and Clavichords—Professional instruments in kit and completed forms. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 4921 N. 57th, Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

FEDER HARPSICHORDS. Custom finished instruments and Authorized Agent ZUCKERMAN HARPSICHORDS KITS at lowest factory direct prices. Chestnut Hill, Killingworth Conn. 06417.

WANTED genuine Wheatstone Concertina in perfect playing condition. Please furnish description of instrument including number of keys, condition of case and asking price. SR Box 2542.

NECKTIE NARROWING

WIDE TIES RECUT AND RESHAPED to the new narrower look. $4.50 per tie —4 tie minimum. Send for free tie mailer or mail direct. Satisfaction guaranteed. Roblin Tiemaster, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081, or call (215) 566-2132.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., N.Y.C., 10021. (212) 628-1666.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS $25.00 by a graduate of the Graphology Workshop, The New School for Social Research. Mary L. Orloff, SR Box 2303.

OLD LETTERS WANTED: Presidents authors, composers, scientists, military and naval leaders. Catalogues issued. Doris R. Haris Autographs, 5410 Wilshire, Los Angeles 90036.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

MEXICO—RANCH HOTEL - in private valley, sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room and meals; $20-$24. Brochure from APDO 1-1187S, Guadalajara, Mexico.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566W, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells, Newton, Mass. 02159.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. $15. Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: SR, RD1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25¢. SR Box 658.

WALKING STICKS, CANES. Free color brochure. Marchele, Dept. SK, 1123 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10010.

PENFRIENDS. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927SR Fifteenth, Washington, D.C. 20005.

GET FREE PUBLISHED RECOGNITION for your accomplishments, work, skills, talents, handiwork. Free details. Achievers International, Box 299-SR2, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

ANCESTRY TRACED—competent, professional genealogist...nationwide...*free* details; Windover, 91 Maple Street, North Adams, Mass. 01247.

RESIDENCE FOR CHRONIC PSYCHIATRIC PATIENTS. A new residential program for recently hospitalized long-term psychiatric patients will start in Philadelphia this summer. Situated in a handsome fieldstone home, this specialized program promoting each resident's independence and skills, will under the *guidance of Friends Hospital, America's first private* nonprofit psychiatric hospital, founded by Quakers in 1813. Thirteen patient limit. $80 per diem. For more details, write Diane Attenborough, R.N., Greystone House, Friends Hospital, 4646 E. Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, Pa. 19124. (Phone (215) 831-4600).

WANTED: COMMITTED, TRADITIONAL PROFESSIONAL MAN, preferably in law or medicine, 45-55, who values permanence in relationships, performing arts, literature, imbued with sense of self-worth to correspond with equivalent counterpart who awaits sharing relationship. SR Box 2543.

ASTROPSYCHIC RESEARCH PROJECT seeks participants. Confidentiality assured when results published. Send three 15¢ stamps for details, application. Psyresearch (S), Drawer AF, University, Ala. 35486.

YOUNG OLDER WOMAN. Intellectual with healthy capacity for fun. Attractive, interesting - an artist would enjoy correspondence with older educated man. SR Box 2546.

CAROL BROWN'S IRISH TWEEDS AND BLANKETS wear a long time! Cotton khadi, hastina, Liberty, shirtings. Handkerchief linen. Silks. Bedspreads, cotton or wool. Bayeux Tapestry. Special clothes. "Sherlock Holmes" and "London Bobby" capes to order. NO SYNTHETICS. Send 50¢ and large SASE for color brochure. Better still, COME TO PUTNEY, Dept. SR, Putney, Vt. 05346.

YOUR BIOGRAPHY—You tape, I write, BIOG, P.O. Box 2595, Chicago, 60690.

LEARN proper furniture care. New guide-$2.00. WOODCARE, P.O. Box R-905, Wappingers Falls, N.Y. 12590.

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used-book store! Details, SR Box 1009.

MT. ST. HELEN'S VOLCANIC ASH. Sample from the May 18th eruption in clear plastic container. $3.00, shipping included. Ash, Box 823, Ellensburg, Wash. 98926.

RETIREMENT LIVING

UNIQUE VILLAGE - live independently, inexpensively. Ranch house - life lease $8,500 or $95 month, plus improvement charges, modest monthly fees. Apartments too. Bristol Village, Waverly, Ohio 45690.

YOU'VE EARNED A SECURE FUTURE. LIVE IT AT WESTMINSTER-CANTERBURY. It's for those over 60 who don't intend to retire from life. Opening in 1982 on the Chesapeake Bay, a comfortable lifestyle and lifetime medical care start with a *minimum one-time founder's fee of* $35,200, *plus* reasonable monthly fee. For color brochure with full information, write: Westminster-Canterbury, 4700 Thoroughgood Square, Dept. S, Virginia Beach, Va. 23455. (804) 460-4434.

LENOX & OXFORD CHINA discontinued patterns bought and sold. JACQUELYNN'S CHINA MATCHING SERVICE, Dept. SR, 4770 North Oakland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 962-7213.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SERVICES—LITERARY

RESEARCH, WRITHING, STATISTICS—All subjects. Confidential. Professional team. FREE details! INTELLEX, Drawer 7000, Dayton, Wash. 99328. (509) 382-2545.

CREATIVE, IMAGINATIVE WRITER. Articles, novels, biographies. Bob Hogrogian. (201) 489-0637.

ENGLISH STYLIST. Ghostwriting. Dissertations, these, research papers, books. Dr. Robert Henry Brown, Box 901, Alpine, Calif. 92001.

WRITERS UNLIMITED. Writing. All fields. Professional team. Confidential. Prompt. Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715 Mastercharge/Visa.

EDITING, REVISING. manuscript typing. Marye Myers, Box 1019, South Pasadena, Calif. 91030.

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Free AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION. Write Dorrance & Company, Dept. CA, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pa. 19003.

I HAVE WRITTEN AND SOLD 1,000,000 words. Manuscript evaluations. For low rates write Critiques, Box 42034, Tuscon, Ariz. 85733.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. SR Box 644.

SERVICES

LENOX & OXFORD CHINA discontinued patterns bought and sold. JACQUELYNN'S CHINA MATCHING SERVICE. Dept. SR, 4770 North Oakland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 962-7213.

TRAVEL

CASTLES HOTELS OF EUROPE, 5th Edition paperback (updated supplement): 507 authentic castles, monasteries, manor houses, palaces; 18 countries, 478 photos, 17 in color; rates, maps, histories; 196 pages. $5.55 postpaid, Robert P. Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

FOR THE BEST HOTEL VALUE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., it's the WAYSIDE HOTEL GROUP, four charming, comfortable hotels in the heart of the city. Convenient to monuments and museums, restaurants and clubs, government agencies, central business district. Studios, one-bedroom accommodations, deluxe suites. All amenities, many rooms with kitchenettes. Prices from $35 to $65 per night per person. Write for color brochure, Wayside Sales Office, 2121 P Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037. For reservations or information, call (800) 424-2884.

SAN FRANCISCO'S COMFORTABLE CHEERFUL small hotel. Modest rates, kitchenettes, selected pets welcome. Near Union Square; cable cars. Beresford Arms, 701 Post Street 94109. (415) 673-2600.

THIS AD + $19.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, N.Y.C. 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$34.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

LONDON BOUND? Enhance your trip with unique pocket-sized loose-leaf guide. Brochure - NORTH STAR TRAVEL, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262.

SAN FRANCISCO TIME MACHINE - Beautifully restored 1929 Classic Hotel. 60's prices in 1980! Rates start at $20-$35 per night; $85-$150 per week. The Gaylord, 620 Jones St., San Francisco 94102. (415) 673-8445.

EXTRAORDINARY SOUTH PACIFIC EXPEDITIONS. Write GoodTravel Tours, 5332 College Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST BUY—Hotel Cecil—one block from Union Square. A warm welcome awaits you in a charming European atmosphere. Courtesy coffee—Sun Deck—Family rates. Write for brochure: 545 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 673-3733.

TRAVEL GUIDE BOOKS—Literary and historical guides—Exploring unusual places. . .FREE catalogue! Wayfarer Books, Box 421-SH, Bountiful, Utah 84010.

PHOTOGRAPHIC/ART WORKSHOPS IN THE Yucatan of Mexico. 11 day tours with professional Anthropologist/Photographer. GIBSON, Box 590, Cavecreek, Ariz. 85331.

BHUTAN, NEPAL SRI LANKA-yak trek, leopard safari - $5,200. CAPERS, Box 5489, Beverly Hills 90210.

MEXICO: Exclusive doesn't mean expensive. Charming hotel—pool, near beaches, nightlife in the real Acapulco. Brochure: PUNTA PENASCO, 517 Washington, San Fransciso, Calif. 94111. (415) 781-3967.

SAVE ON LUXURY CRUISE! (passenger ship or freighter). How? Ask TravLtips, 163-09 Depot C108, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

SUDAN, EGYPT, TANZANIA - Tribes/wildlife. Depart December 13 - $5,500. Capers, Box 5489, Beverly Hills 90210.

$AVE - traveling anytime, anywhere. Free baggage insurance? Tip 18; cruise freebies? Tips 82-84; 97 more saving tips, unusual, unique. Guaranteed. Only $4.00, SAVE, Box 819S, Fairlawn, N.J. 07410.

SAN FRANCISCO ON $60.00 A WEEK INCLUDING MEALS! Unique residence club beats the high cost of living. The Kenmore, 1570 Sutter St., 94109. (415) 776-5815.

GOING TO THE BRITISH ISLES? Our experience will help you enjoy all of Britain on any budget. Individual itineraries planned. Free brochure. Inner Britain, Inc., 3445 Wedgewood, Roanoke, Va 24015.

TAKE A THRIFT TRIP to San Franciso. the Hotel Manx, located in the heart of the city, 350 feet from Union Square, offers cable cars at the door. World famous shops, fine restaurants and theatres nearby. Reasonable rates. Write for color brochure. Hotel Manx, 225 Powell Street, San Franciso, Calif. 94102. (415) 421-7070.

FOTO TOURS to world's most photogenic destinations with professional photographer Lisl Dennis, author of *How to Take Better Travel Photos*. 1981 destinations: India, Egypt, China, and Tahiti. International Travel Bureau, Box SRL, 380 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.

VACATIONS

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. We're a country inn 3600 feet closer to Heaven than the sea. Spectacular mountain scenery. Private 18-hole golf course. 8 tennis courts. (Special golf/tennis package available.) Skeet & Trap. Stocked lakes (bass & trout). Swimming. Boating. Archery. Stables. Hiking & Jogging trails. Children's activities. Write or phone: (704) 743-2411. High Hampton Inn, 166 Hampton Road, Cashiers, N.C. 28717.

AN IMPOSSIBLY ROMANTIC private island paradise, in the Grenadines, with beach, pool, tennis, sailing and snorkeling. Limited to 50 guests. Brochure. YOUNG ISLAND. 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco. 94102.

UNSPOILED ANGUILLA (snorkeling, tennis). RENDEZVOUS BAY HOTEL (reasonable). Brochure. SR Box 1053.

200-YEAR OLD SPANISH RANCH. Unexcelled riding, great birding, delightful dining, sunshine, quiet. Open year-round. Rancho de la Osa, Sasabe, Ariz. 85633.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE coast. Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $325.00—no extras. Brochure: (207) 437-2851 or (207) 763-3137. Schooner Timberwind, Box 247 F, Rockport, Maine 04856.

WANTALFEGO LODGE and CABINS—Maine family vacation on Webb Pond in scenic Penobscot-Acadia region. Good fishing, library, home-cooked meals, informal atmosphere. RD 1 R, Franklin, Maine 04634.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

TRANQUIL GREEK VILLAGE, sunny Florida! Brochure. Box 802, Tarpon Springs 33589.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES! Sail the Maine coast aboard a schooner! Food, fun, accommodations for six carefree days: $295.00 - $325.00 complete! Box 617B, Camden, Maine 04843.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - Tortola. Summer vacation superior to USA. Rent private villa, furnished, 3 bedroom, overlooks beaches. $300/wk. Box 177, Short Hills, N.J. 07078.

JAMAICA. Luxury cottages, with private swimming pools; air conditioned suites, rooms apartments. 3000 ft. beach. 18-hole championship golf course. 11 tennis courts, 4 squash courts. Montego Bay's most exclusive complete resort. All inclusive vacation plans. 7 days/6 nights from $344.50 - $524.50 per person double Apr. 16 - Dec. 14. HALF MOON CLUB. Call (800) 423-2922 or your travel agent.

BAHAMIAN OUTISLAND RESORT - "Summer is better in the Bahamas" and so are the rates. Magnificent fishing, swimming, snorkeling and scuba diving. Brochure: Box 5474, Madison, Wis. 53705. Rock Sound Club, Eleuthera, Bahamas. (809) 334-2243.

1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; no pressure. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pa. 18370. (717) 839-7206.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33548.

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA ISLAND, PUERTO RICO, waterfront, sleeps six. Snorkeling, scuba. Weekly. Box 526, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708. (914) 961-6591.

SANIBEL ISLAND, FLORIDA - Charming furnished 4-bedroom house at conjunction of Bay & Canal. Dock, heated pool, adjacent to Bird Sanctuary. January 20 to March 20, 1981. H. Colburn, 207 Ashbourne Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43209. (614) 258-5944.

THE IMPROBABLE INN, Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538. Artists, vacationers. American Plan. Adults. Brochure!

VERMONT - Enjoy delicious food, superb accommodations - Relax, hike, bikè, jog, explore ... Saxtons River Inn. Saxtons River, Vt. 05154 (802) 869-2110.

SEABROOK ISLAND - Charleston, S.C. Private villas for weekly rental. Ocean, golf, tennis. Dept. SR Box 32099, Charleston, S.C. 29407.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM. Beautiful, serene, secluded. Cottages. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

MILLOOK, CORNWALL, ENGLAND. Fully furnished cottage in magnificent coastal setting. SR Box 2451.

RELAX ON LUXURY HOUSEBOAT. Beautiful Lake Powell vacation in magnificent Grand Canyon setting. Sept. 15-19. $350. Group discussion, interaction, The opportunity to experience adventure education, away from daily pressures. Competent professional seminar staff. Write GROWTH ASSOCIATES, Suite 212, Litwin Bldg., 110 N. Market, Wichita, Kans. 67202.

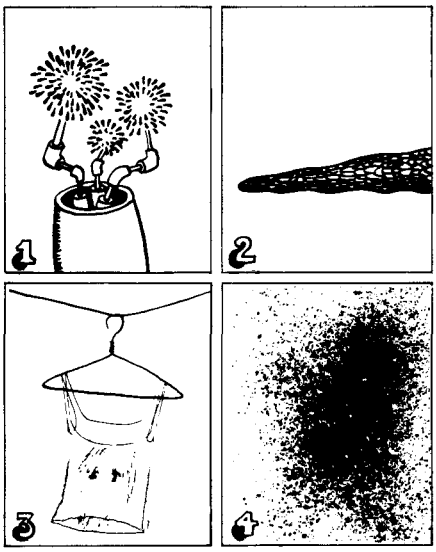
ON THE BEST BEACH IN BARBADOS...Cool summer magic on St. James Beach at the Coral Reef Club, Sandpiper Inn and Settler's Beach. Air-conditioned rooms, suites and apartments for singles, doubles and families. Swimming pools, all water sports, exchange dining. Brochure: R. LOCKE, 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

HANALEI, KAUAI, HAWAII - beachfront 2 bedroom condominium on picturesque North Shore. (213) 540-5637.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIVERSIONS

SR Competition No. 11



The above objects keep turning up on the editor's desk. The three readers who can describe any two (2) of them with brevity and wit will receive our thanks in the form of $25.

Entries for Competition No. 11 must be received by September 5 and the winners will be announced in the November issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 11, Saturday Review, 150 East 58th Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 8

The lateness of the May issue, in which this Competition was announced, made the deadline shockingly close, for which we apologize. We feel, however, that we have been sufficiently punished by Emilie Nott of New Orleans, whose entry was itself a stern reproof:

For SHAME, SR!
You SHAPE your deadline
So as to 'SCAPE the entries fine
Of us beyond the SCOPE of the U.S. Mail.
Your SCORE is "Fail"
And worthy only of my SCORN.

Thanks, Emilie, we needed that. Well, the hundreds of contestants who ignored the deadline and showered us with "Word Golf" entries evidently knew that we would be as blithely indifferent to that date as they were. *Every* submission that reached us before the moment of judging was considered.

If one may judge by the number of entries, "Word Golf" is too popular to require any restatement of the rules here, but we should like to send thanks to Mel Rosen of Standfordville, New York, and Ray Comes of Lancaster, Massachusetts, both of whom wrote to inform us that the game was invented by Lewis Carroll, who called it "Doublets." The first such contest ran in the magazine *Vanity Fair* in the spring of 1879. Competitors had to take all their words from an official Glossary, but this limitation left plentiful room for skill. Carroll gave as an example his own "chain" of APE to MAN in seven moves (APE-ARE-ERE-ERR-EAR-MAR-MAN), which someone promptly beat by APE to MAN in six (APE-APT-OPT-OAT-MAT-MAN). Incidentally, we have just promoted E.J. Kahn Jr., of Truro, Massachusetts, to the Department of Funny Coincidence: His entry matched the last one letter for letter. If you wish to try APE to MAN in still fewer moves, kindly use the same Glossary.

Special thanks to Prof. Michael Bowling of Columbia, Missouri, who sent us an offprint of his article, "Word Chains: a Simulation of Proof." The Reverend Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) would surely be delighted to learn that his mental toy had been put to pedagogical use.

But to our contest. We kept no actual count, but our impression is that the number of people who changed PALE to FIRE and WORD to GOLF could organize the Vladimir Nabokov Memorial Choir, while those who changed LOVE to HATE might supply the audience.

First prize (as you might have guessed) to Emilie Nott, whose entry (above) is original and clever.

Second prize to Alice Webber of Berkeley, California. The spare elegance of her entry inspires in us a kind of metaphysical shudder.

ALL-AIL-NIL

Another entry by the same contestant held our attention by its equally cheerless, if less all-encompassing, suggestion of another sort of passage:
LUST-MUST-MUSK-MUSE-MUTE
MATE-SATE

Third prize to Vivi Andersen of Augusta, Georgia, for something entitled "Variation on 'The Shiek'":
DUSK-MUSK-MURK-LURK-
LARK-DARK-DARN!-DAWN

A copy of Nabokov's *Pale Fire* and $25 to our three winners.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 156

OKE BQ QYE BAGS EUK
LCGBST IST EKOO QIT
QEGCYKO GR EUK TKIEU
GR NYSLQ.

QUINKQAKICK

Wit Twister No. 168

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

What ———— wrote evoked wraith-haunted dreams.
His teacher ————, but fought unbidden screams.
Was one supposed to ———— these morbid works
Or cane him for his necrophilic quirks?

A.S.

Answers next issue

July Answers

Literary Crypt No. 155

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

Thomas Carlyle

Wit Twister No. 167

negroid, ignored, groined, Eroding, redoing.

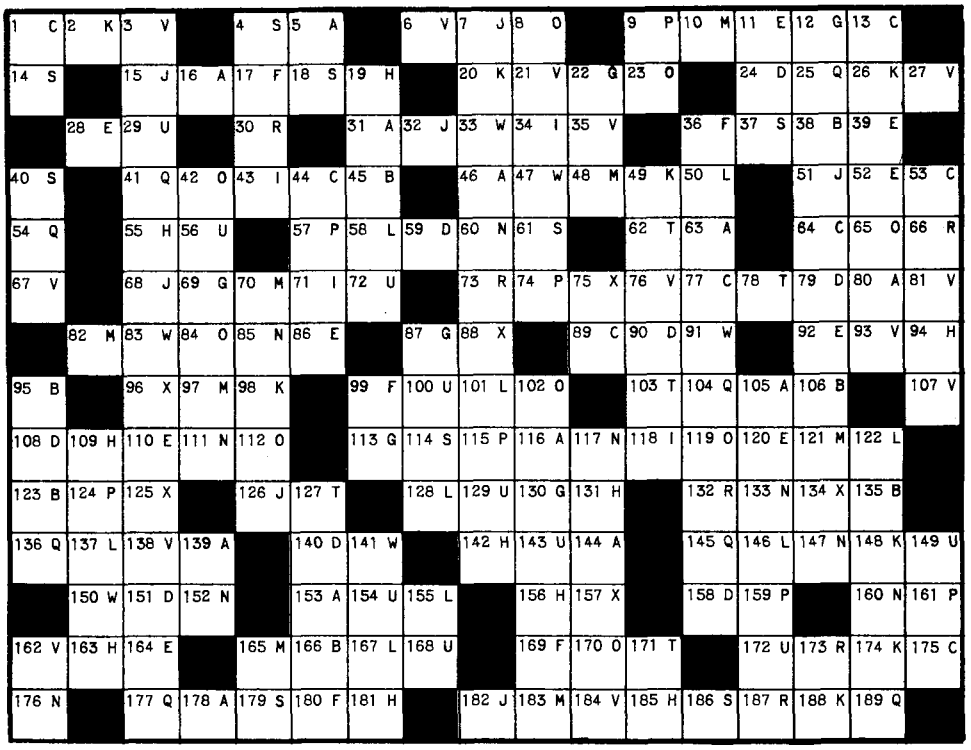
Middleton Double-Crostic No. 197

KEN FOLLETT:
EYE OF THE NEEDLE

There was community singing in the air raid shelters, and fashionable women carried their gas masks in couturier-designed containers. They talked about the Bore War. It was at once larger-than-life and trivial, like a moving picture show.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Double-Crostic No. 198 by Thomas H. Middleton

A. Horseplay, shenanigans
46 63 80 105 116 139 144 153 178 5
16 31

B. "Pleas'd to my soul ___ I cry" (2 wds.; Whitman, "Joy, Shipmate, Joy")
38 45 95 106 123 135 166

C. English poet and painter (1828–82; "The Blessed Damozel")
175 1 13 44 53 64 77 89

D. "In twisted braids of lilies ___" (Milton, "Comus")
24 59 79 90 108 140 151 158

E. Palatable
164 11 28 39 52 86 120 92 110

F. Sentry, guard
169 17 36 99 180

G. Teem
22 69 87 113 130 12

H. Established; got under way
55 94 109 131 142 156 163 181 185 19

I. Mind or intellect (Greek philosopher)
34 43 71 118

J. Tommyrot, bunk
7 32 182 51 68 126 15

K. Not expressed or released
2 26 148 174 188 20 49 98

L. Prophetess cursed by Apollo
128 137 155 50 58 101 122 146 167

M. Chinese artichoke
48 97 121 165 183 10 70 82

N. Modern
111 147 60 85 133 117 152 160 176

O. "Ye shall ___ of the land" (3 wds.; Genesis 45:18)
8 84 102 119 42 65 112 170 23

P. "___, archangels, in your dim abode" (2 wds.; Yeats, "Rose of the World")
161 74 57 115 159 9 124

Q. Winning, attractive; hiring
136 177 189 104 145 25 54 41

R. 1775 Sheridan comedy (after *The*)
132 187 173 30 66 73

S. Entrancing, enchanting
18 40 186 4 61 37 14 114 179

T. European noctuid, *Plusia gamma* (comp.)
171 103 127 62 78

U. Cleopatra's nurse in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra"
29 56 100 72 129 143 172 149 168 154

V. Solitaire; play by Sherwood (2 wds.)
184 27 107 162 6 138 35 76 67 93
81 21 3

W. 1955 winner of Preakness and Belmont Stakes
141 47 91 83 33 150

X. Wanderers
88 157 75 96 125 134

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business. 160 major corporations know that dance is important to the people important to them. That's why they are investing in nine of America's greatest dance companies through The National Corporate Fund for Dance. Don't let your company sit this one out. Contact William S. Woodside, President, American Can Company c/o The National Corporate Fund for Dance, Inc., 130 West 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

THE NATIONAL CORPORATE FUND FOR DANCE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR RECOMMENDS

Books

Fiction

Music for Chameleons, by Truman Capote (Random House, 262 pp., $10.95). A glittering collection of stories and a novella, blending fact and fiction. More technical ingenuity than literary heart, unfortunately, but nonetheless satisfying.

Rough Strife, by Lynne Sharon Schwartz (Harper & Row, 200 pp., $9.95). An almost flawless anatomy of the flawed institution of marriage, this book intelligently traces the ebb and flow of a turbulent but vibrant 20-year relationship.

The Second Coming, by Walker Percy (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 360 pp., $12.95). Will Barrett, protagonist of Percy's equally formidable *The Last Gentleman*, is back—now a rich widower who has everything but peace of mind. With a born storyteller's grace and wit, Percy examines life, its meaning, its worth.

Blackbird Days, by Ken Chowder (Harper & Row, 230 pp., $9.95). A cheerful first novel about three brothers, members of what used to be called the Woodstock generation, each struggling to make a separate peace with impending middle age.

Consenting Adults, or the Duchess Will Be Furious, by Peter De Vries (Little, Brown, 221 pp., $9.95). Ted Peachum is an intellectual and a furniture mover, who spends most of his time thinking about women. Grist for a giggle, but the giddiness never lets up long enough for a character or the narrative to develop.

Nonfiction

Soldiers of the Night, by David Schoenbrun (Dutton, 489 pp., $15.95). An account of some lesser-known World War II heroes—the tens of thousands of Resistance fighters who fought with courage and patriotism—this book is a powerful counterweight to Marcel Ophul's harrowing film *The Sorrow and the Pity*, which documented French collaboration with the Nazis.

China Men, by Maxine Hong Kingston (Knopf, 308 pp., $10.95). Sooner or later you are bound to read Maxine Hong Kingston. In *The Woman Warrior* she traced her family's female line. Here she writes about several generations of China men who left heart and home for an America that exploited and rejected them.

Freud: The Man and the Cause—A Biography, by Ronald W. Clark (Random House, 652 pp., $19.95). Clark demythologizes the founder of psychoanalysis without abusing or under-valuing him. A balanced, human, and much-needed alternative to previous writings by the disciples of Freud.

Film

The Last of the Blue Devils, Bruce Ricker's documentary of the glory days of Kansas City jazz in the Thirties and the survivors of its top band, the Oklahoma City Blue Devils, overflows with heart, homage, and good music. Count Basie, Jay McShann, Big Joe Turner, and many others are viewed in loving, artless style.

SR's Phoenix Code

- Outstanding
- Excellent
- Good
- Notable

The Blue Lagoon. A Garden of Eden fantasy based fairly, squarely, and beautifully on Henry DeVere Stacpoole's 1903 novel about two children shipwrecked on a tropical island and their coming-of-age without adult guidance or inhibition. Directed by Randal Kleiser, it's a refreshment for adults and ideal for the 12- to 17-year-olds barred by the foolish R rating.

Fame. The overflowing young talent in Alan Parker's latest film will restore your faith in the future of the performing arts. At New York's High School of Performing Arts we follow a handful of youngsters through auditions and four years. The drama bogs into suds and bathos but when it sticks to the students' talents it's as energizing as it is energetic.

Theater

Home (Cort Theater, New York City). The Negro Ensemble Company comes as close to being a true ensemble as any troupe around. Its actors have made this story—of a young black farmer trying out city life, then returning to the land and to clarity—into their own, overcoming its weaknesses, fulfilling it.

Billy Bishop Goes to War (Theater De Lys, New York City). An inventive one-man (two if you count the piano player) musical about a World War I flying ace. Eric Peterson plays the Canadian pilot—and several other characters, from a romantic and suicidal British colleague to a fierce English noblewoman—with warmth, humor, and a tinge of tragedy.

Records

Leontyne Price—Prima Donna/ Volume 5. Great soprano arias from Handel to Britten (RCA). With the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philharmonia Orchestra, Henry Lewis, conductor. In lustrous vocal estate, Price succeeds admirably in this adventuresome anthology. Highlights: A rapt *Liebestod*, sumptuously sung; and from Weber's *Oberon*, Rezia's florid, heroic apostrophe to the sea, "Ozean, du Ungeheuer."

Six Trio Sonatas, Jan Dismas Zelenka (Archive, 2 LPs). Heinz Holliger and Maurice Bourgue (oboes); Klaus Thunemann (bassoon); Saschko Gawriloff (violin); Lucio Buccarella (double-bass); Christiane Jaccottet (harpsichord). This set of small-scale Baroque compositions, played with infectious delight, bespeaks a musical mind of refreshing originality. The sonatas are by turns buoyant and pensive, never academic.

Quartet in D, Op. 20, No. 4 and **Quartet in G minor, Op. 74, No. 3**, Haydn (RCA). The Guarneri Quartet. Full-bodied in tone and confident in attack, the Guarneri players—Arnold Steinhardt, John Dalley, Michael Tree, and David Soyer—respect Haydn's classical decorum in readings that are also appropriately vivid and robust.

Rosamunde, Schubert, complete incidental music (Seraphim). Willi Boskovsky conducting the Staatskapelle Dresden and Leipzig Radio Chorus with Ileana Cotrubas (soprano). The Staatskapelle Dresden's lively spirit and warm sound are ideally suited to Schubert's stage music, which flopped at the theater but went on to immortality in the concert hall. Boskovsky captures the score's lyricism and drama.

Fidelio, Beethoven (London, 3 LPs). Hildegard Behrens (Leonore), Peter Hofmann (Florestan), Hans Sotin (Rocco), Theo Adam (Pizarro), Sona Ghazarian (Marzelline); Sir Georg Solti conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. As Leonore, Behrens combines musicianship, conviction, and theatricality. The rest of the cast falls short of her standards, however, and under Solti's leadership, the Chicago Symphony's contribution is vigorous rather than profound.

Art

The Avant-Garde in Russia, 1910-1930: New Perspectives (Los Angeles County Museum of Art). For two decades the artistic avant-garde in Russia channeled revolutionary energy into all imaginable art forms—paintings, sculpture, and architecture; stage, book, fabric, and china design; and art in the streets, often involving masses of people. Except for a few big names, little of this art is known and shown in America. (Most is in Russia, under wraps.) Los Angeles has gathered a mammoth sampling, much of it by names familiar only to specialists, all of it worth investigating (through September 28).

Tiffany's Tiffany (Corning Museum of Glass, Corning, New York). Louis Comfort Tiffany filled American homes early in the century with the languorous curves of Art Nouveau and the gaudy brilliance of stained glass. The Corning Museum, housed in a new building of paneled plate glass, has on view 79 works by America's finest glassmaker. The choicest items: several stained-glass windows, designed by Tiffany for his own home and miraculously spared when the house burned down (through November 2).

American Impressionism (The Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston). This show is quite literally a sunny interlude. No, the Americans don't rank with the greatest French Impressionists (a few are minor by most standards) but there are plenty of accomplished, inventive painters who could—and still can—soothe a tired eye (through August 31).

Photography

The New Vision: 40 Years of Photography at the Institute of Design (Philadelphia Museum of Art). An exhibition that brightly celebrates one of this country's most influential (and beneficial) photography schools, the American version of the Bauhaus, begun in Chicago in the early 1930s.

Dance

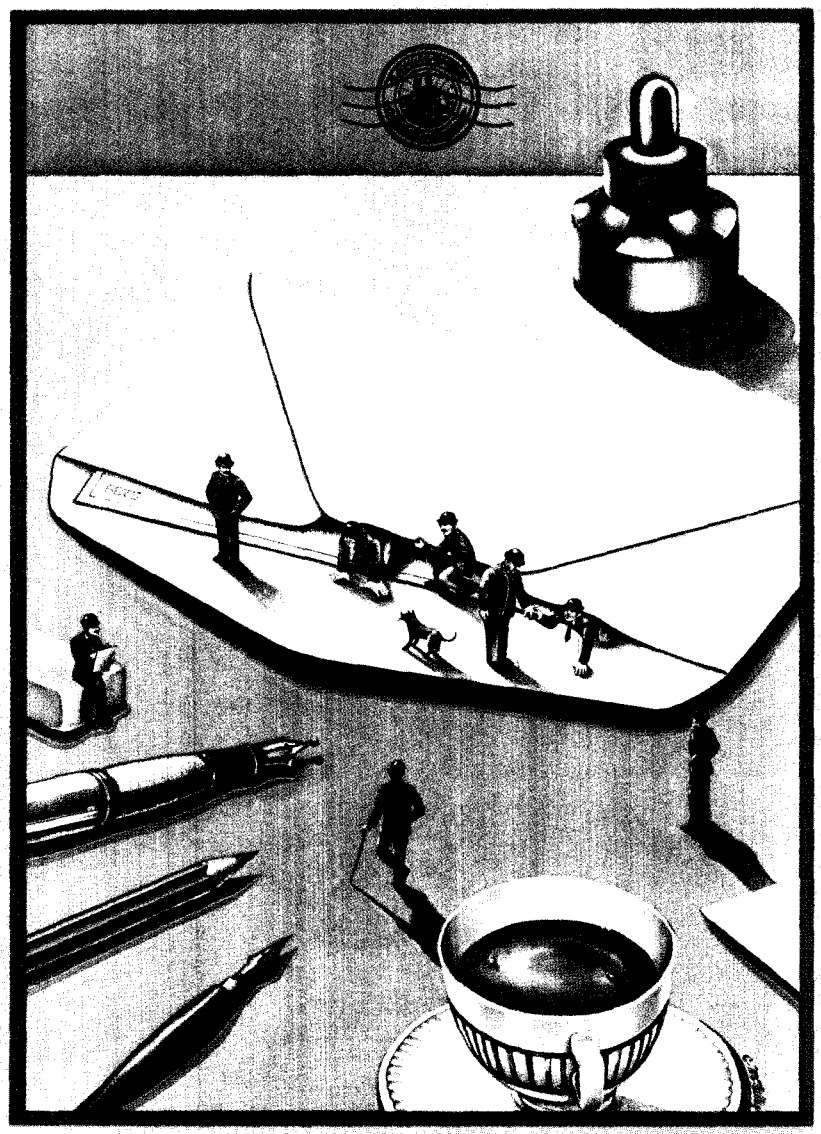
The Hartford Ballet (American Stage Festival, Milford, New Hampshire). Most of the works of the Connecticut company's first repertory season, under the artistic direction of Michael Uthoff, will be on view this summer in Milford. Diversified programs range from classical ballet to jazz, but look for Uthoff's *Mulheres*, set to music of Villa-Lobos, a radiant work about Latin women, the strong and the gentle (August 26-28).

Margaret Beals in 39 Margarets (White Barn Theater, Westport, Connecticut). The dance world's marvelous maverick, who has enchanted audiences with innovative programs of dance, conversation, improvisation, and even rhythmic charades, presents a panorama of portrayals, including four characters from the poems of Carl Sandburg. Directed by Broadway's Donald Saddler (August 16, 17).

Ritha Devi (on tour). A dancer from India, Devi is an extraordinary virtuosa, a remarkable exponent of the often serene and contemplative dance of the East. Included among her solos is a most curious and powerful portrait, *Ardha-Nareeshwara Shabdam*, a dance of the Lord Shiva in which the god appears as half male, half female. A mesmerizing dance experience. (Edinburgh, Scotland, August 27; Riverside Studio, London, August 30, 31).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Chief, there's more to this case than meets the eye!"



Tricky things, envelopes. They're so much a part of our lives we tend to forget what they come from.

Last year, some two million trees were harvested to produce the 112 billion envelopes you and we used to package our communications.

Which means our essential need for envelopes could conflict with our emotional attachment to trees.

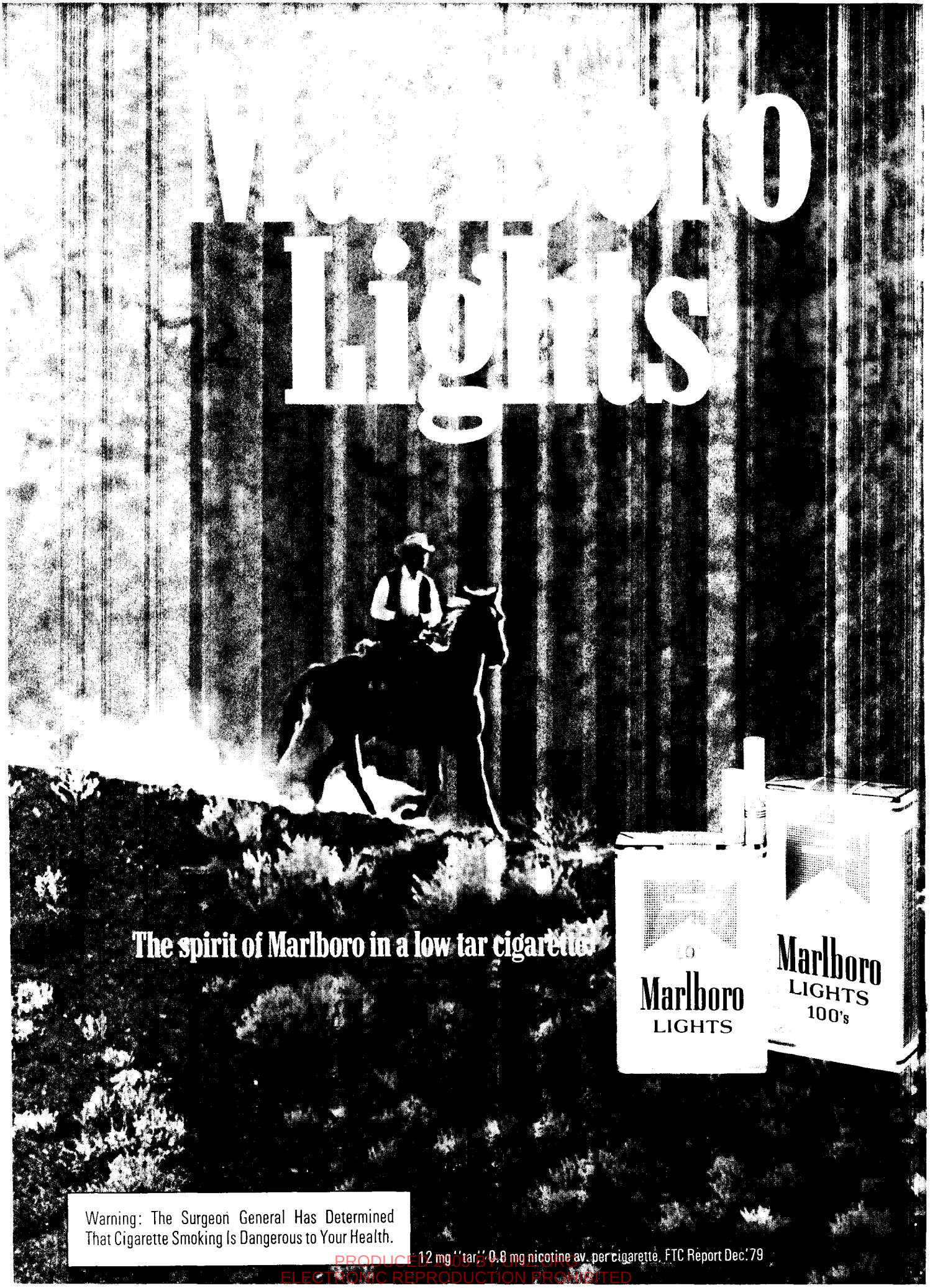
Boise Cascade is a leading manufacturer of envelopes and manager of trees, so we're acutely aware of this conflict and our obligation to reconcile it.

That's why we plant five seedlings for every tree we harvest, why we explore new techniques that promise more trees per acre, more wood and paper per tree.

By managing our resources prudently we can provide the jobs, products and profits we all need while sustaining the forests we all love.

Boise Cascade Corporation
Wood and paper for today, trees for tomorrow.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Lights
The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.
Marlboro
LIGHTS
Marlboro
LIGHTS
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

PRODUCED BY ARCHIVE OF
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED